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INTRODUCTION TO HISTORIES, VOL. II.

AN ESSAY

ON

THE THREE PARTS OF KING HENRY VI., AND KING RICHARD III.

WITH REFERENCE TO THE OPINION THAT THE THREE PARTS OF KING HENRY VI. WERE NOT WRITTEN ORIGINALLY BY SHAKSPERE.

AN ESSAY, &c.

§ I.

THE Dramas of Shakspere are in no particular more remarkable than in the almost complete absence of any allusion to their author—any reference to his merely personal thoughts and circumstances—any intimation, that might naturally enough have been conveyed in Prologue or Epilogue, of the relations in which the Poet stood with regard to his audience. There are only ten of his plays in which any one of the characters, at the conclusion, comes forward as an actor to deprecate censure or solicit applause. There are only two out of these ten plays in which the *Author*, through the actor, directly addresses the spectators. In the Epilogue to the Second Part of Henry IV. the Dancer says, in a light manner, "Our humble Author will continue the story." In the concluding Chorus to Henry V., the Poet, then in the very zenith of his popularity, addresses himself to the audience, of course through the actor, more seriously and emphatically:—

> "Thus far, with rough and all unable pen,
> Our bending author hath pursued the story;
> In little room confining mighty men,
> Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.

> Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd
> This star of England: fortune made his sword;
> By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
> And of it left his son imperial lord.
> Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
> Of France and England, did this king succeed;
> Whose state so many had the managing,
> That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
> Which oft our stage hath shown; and for their sake,
> In your fair minds let this acceptance take."

"The story" which the author "hath pursued thus far" is the story which began with the deposition of Richard II. The story of the triumphant progress of the house of Lancaster, up to the period when the son of Bolingbroke had "achieved the world's best garden," had been told by the poet in four dramas, of which Henry V. was the concluding one. These dramas had been linked together with the most scrupulous care, so that, although for the purposes of representation there were necessarily distinct pauses in the action, they were essentially one great drama. They were written, it is highly probable, almost consecutively; for not only does the external evidence show that they were given to the world during the three last years of the sixteenth century, but their whole dramatic construction, as well as their peculiarities of style, determine them to belong to one and the same period of the poet's life, when his genius grasped a subject with the full consciousness of power, and revelled in its own luxuriance, whether of wit or fancy, without timidity. But there was another great division of the story, which had been previously told. As the glories of the house of Lancaster, consummated in the victory of Agincourt, had been traced through these four great dramas, so the ruin of the house of Lancaster, and all the terrible consequences of the struggles between that house and the other branch of the Plantagenets, even up to the final termination of the struggle at the field of Bosworth, had been developed in four other dramas of an earlier date:—

> "Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
> Of France and England, did this king succeed;
> Whose state so many had the managing,
> That they lost France, and made his England bleed;
> *Which oft our stage hath shown.*"

Of this other series of dramas thus described—the second in the order of events, the first in the order of their composition and performance—"the bending author" in his chorus to Henry V. makes no equivocal mention. The events which "lost France" and made "England bleed" had the "stage" of Shakspere often "shown," in dramas which had long been familiar to his audience, and were unquestionably in the highest degree popular. As early as 1592 Thomas Nashe thus writes: "How would it have joyed brave Talbot, the terror of the French, to think that after he had lien two hundred year in his tomb he should triumph again on the stage; and have his bones new embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators at least (at several times), who, in the tragedian that represents his person, behold him fresh bleeding!"* In 1596, when Ben Jonson produced his 'Every Man in his Humour,' he accompanied it with a Prologue, † levelled against what appeared to him the absurdities of the romantic drama, in which is this passage:—

> "With three rusty swords,
> And help of some few foot and half-foot words,‡
> Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
> And in the tiring-house bring wounds to scars."

* Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil.

† Gifford has clearly demonstrated that the Prologue appeared originally with Jonson's first Comedy, and was not appended long afterwards, as the commentators have supposed, for the sake of sneering at Shakspere's later dramas.

‡ Jonson, in another place, has translated the "*sesquipedalia verba*" by this phrase.

That the play in which the brave Talbot triumphed "again on the stage" was what we call the First Part of Henry VI., there can be no reasonable doubt; that what we call the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI, and perhaps Richard III., were those in which were fought over "York and Lancaster's long jars," is equally clear. Shakspere, as it appears to us, does not hesitate to adopt this series of plays as his own. The author of Henry V. asks that the success of these earlier dramas should commend his later play to a favourable reception:—

"For *their* sake,
In your fair minds let *this* acceptance take."

Is this language which Shakspere would have publicly used if three of this series of dramas had in no proper sense of the word been his own? if he had written not a line of the First Part of Henry VI.; and of the Second and Third Parts had produced a sort of *olla podrida* from the works of some other dramatist, contributing, out of 6043 lines of which these plays consist, 1899 of his own, adopting 1771 without alteration, and mending 2373?* Yet such is the received opinion of these dramas in England. Malone, who is the founder of this opinion, does not doubt of Shakspere "supplicating the favour of the audience to his new play of King Henry V., *for the sake* of these old and popular dramas, *which were so closely connected with it.*"† It was to bind the Henry V. with the Henry VI. and the Richard III. that he writes this *Epilogue*: *that* was to be the link between the new play of 1599 and the much earlier plays. The Richard II. and the Henry IV. were not separated from the Henry V. by any long interval in their performance;—they required no *Prologue*, for this reason, to hold them all together. The Henry V. was the *triumphal* completion of the story which those plays had begun. But if the *disastrous* continuation of the story had been the work of another man, we doubt whether Shakspere would have desired thus emphatically to carry forward the connexion. Malone holds that, to a certain extent, they were connected in their authorship, and that this connexion is implied in the address to the favour of the audience,—"for the sake of these old and popular dramas which were so closely connected with it; and *in the composition of which, as they had for many years been exhibited, he had so considerable a share.*"‡ This is the point which we desire to examine. We hold that Shakspere associates these old dramas with his own undoubted work, because he was their *sole author.* The words of the Chorus, as we conceive, (agreeing thus far with Malone,) distinctly imply some authorship. If this be doubted altogether, we are content with the expression of a contrary opinion: for the question, not of the meaning of the Chorus (for that is a very unimportant matter), but of the ORIGINAL AUTHORSHIP of these plays, *which point the Chorus raises*, is the subject of this Essay.

It is not our intention to give this essay the form of an answer to Mr. Malone's 'Dissertation on the Three Parts of Henry VI., tending to show that these plays were not written originally by Shakspeare.' We shall endeavour, indeed, not to pass over any important argument in that celebrated treatise, the learned dust of which, even to this hour, hath somewhat obscured the vision of antiquarians as acute as Mr. Collier, and of critics as far-seeing as Mr. Hallam. In England, at least, in our own day, Malone's verbal subtleties and laborious computations are pretty extensively held for the only true doctrine in this matter, supported as they are by the ready assent of such authorities as we have named. Mr. Collier says, "They" (the 'History of Henry VI.,' the 'First Part of the Whole Contention,' and the 'True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York') "*were all three in being before Shakespeare began to write for the stage.*"§ Mr. Hallam, not quite so strongly, observes, "It seems probable that the *old* plays of the 'Contention of Lancaster and York,' and the 'True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York,' *which Shakspeare remodelled* in the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., were in great part by Marlowe. . . . . . In default of a more probable claimant, I

* This is Malone's computation. † Dissertation, p. 592. ‡ Id.
§ Annals of the Stage, vol. iii., p. 145.

have sometimes been inclined to assign the First Part of Henry VI. to Greene."* Such opinions render it impossible that we should dissent from Malone's theory rashly and lightly. But still we must dissent wholly and uncompromisingly. The opinion which we have not incautiously adopted is, in brief, this—that the three disputed plays are, in the strictest sense of the word, Shakspere's own plays;—that in connexion with Richard III. they form one complete whole,—the first great Shaksperian series of Chronicle Histories;—that although, in common with all the Histories, they might each have been in some degree formed upon such rude productions of the early stage as 'The Famous Victories,' and 'The True Tragedy of Richard III.,' the theory of the remodelling of the Second and Third Parts upon two other plays of a higher character, of which we possess copies, is altogether fallacious, the 'First Part of the Contention,' and the 'Richard Duke of York' (more commonly called the 'Second Part of the Contention'), being in fact Shakspere's own work, in an imperfect state;—and that their supposed inferiority to Shakspere's other works, and their dissimilarities of style as compared with those works, are referable to other circumstances than that of their being the productions of an author or authors who preceded him.

The question whether the three parts of Henry VI. were or were not originally written by Shakspere, or by some other poet, is, it might be thought, sufficiently complicated without the introduction of any new and entirely different question. It is held, however, that the play first printed in the folio edition of Shakspere's works under the title of the First Part of Henry VI.—(the same play that we find from Henslowe's papers was acted thirteen times in the spring of 1592, by "Lord Strange's men," under the title of 'Henery the VI.')—was not only not written by Shakspere, but was written altogether by a different person from the unknown author—the Marlowe, or Peele, or Greene, or all of them together—to whom are ascribed the plays which are printed in the folio edition as the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., and which had been previously printed as the 'First Part of the Contention,' and the 'True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York.' Malone has *proved* this, after his own minute fashion, to which we shall have occasion subsequently to advert; at present we shall only give his judgment in his own words: "It appears to me clear that neither Shakspeare, nor the author of the 'First Part of the Contention,' &c., or the 'True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York,' &c., could have been the author of the *First* Part of King Henry VI." It is to this second point that we first address ourselves. We proceed to inquire, not whether Shakspere was the author of the First Part of Henry VI., but whether that play was written by the author or authors of the Second and Third Parts, in the form in which they were originally produced, (the form in which we have reprinted them,) before, upon the prevailing theory, they were remodelled by Shakspere.

"It is plausibly conjectured," says Mr. Collier, "that Shakspeare never touched the First Part of Henry VI. as it stands in his works, and it is merely the old play on the early events of that reign, which was most likely written about 1589."† Dr. Drake, in the fulness of his confidence in this plausible conjecture, proposes entirely to exclude the play from any future edition of Shakspere's works, as a production which "offers no trace of any finishing strokes from the master-bard."‡ We take, then, the First Part of Henry VI., in the only original form in which we find it, bearing improperly, it is said, the name of Shakspere, without a trace of Shakspere's hand; and we proceed to compare it with the two other Parts of Henry VI., in the form also in which they are held not to contain a single line or word by Shakspere. "What Shakspeare contributed to the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. may be seen by a comparison of them with the two old quartos, reprinted by Steevens in 1766."§ We have again reprinted these early copies, in a manner which may enable the reader fairly

* Literature of Europe, vol. ii., pp. 376, 380.
† Annals of the Stage, vol. iii., p. 145.
‡ Shak. and his Times, vol. ii., p. 297.
§ Collier, Annals of the Stage, vol. iii., p. 145.

to compare the original and the revised dramas.* The text of the First Part of Henry VI., as it stands in our own edition, and the text of the two Parts of the 'Contention' as modernized in their orthography, &c., by us, are thus equally fitted for a comparison addressed to the general reader. But they are still each in that state in which, according to the prevailing opinion, Shakspere has not written one line of either of them. That, however, we beg to repeat, is not the point to which we first address ourselves; it is simply whether they were written by one and the same man.

The theory that the First Part of Henry VI. was not written by the author of the Second and Third Parts, in their unrevised state, must assume one of two things;—either, that it was intended as a whole, as a single and complete play looking to no continuation,—or that the continuation has been lost. Into this mode of viewing the subject Malone does not at all enter. Drake, however, departing from his usual safe course of submission to the authority of others, says, "It would be but doing justice to the original design of Shakspeare to insert for the future in his works only the two pieces which he remodelled. . . . . This may the more readily be done, as there appears no necessary connexion between the elder drama and those of Shakspeare (those remodelled by him) on the same reign." Upon this theory, then, that the Second and Third Parts have no connexion with the First Part of Henry the Sixth, we turn to the 'First Part of the Contention,' and we find that the scene opens with the following lines :—

> "*Suf.* As by your high imperial majesty's command,
> I had in charge at my depart for France,
> As procurator for your excellence,
> To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
> So in the ancient famous city Tours,
> In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
> The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretaigne, and Alençon,
> Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
> I did perform my task, and was espous'd:
> And now, most humbly on my bended knees,
> In sight of England and her royal peers,
> Deliver up my title in the queen
> Unto your gracious excellence, that are the substance
> Of that great shadow I did represent:
> The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
> The fairest queen that ever king possess'd."

This is a singular commencement of a drama which has "no necessary connexion" with a previous drama. There is an abruptness in it which can scarcely be accounted for upon any other principle than that of "necessary connexion." The same abruptness prevails in the other two plays, of which the "necessary connexion" is admitted by all men. The 'Second Part of the Contention' opens with

> "I wonder how the king escap'd our hands."

It is the first exclamation of Warwick after the results of the battle of St. Alban's are detailed to him; and the scene continues the detail. The link is manifest; for the 'First Part of the Contention' concluded with the battle of St. Alban's. In the same way, the address of Suffolk to the King, which we have quoted, is the connecting link between the 'First Part of the Contention' and the First Part of Henry VI. "The command," to which Suffolk refers, is thus given in Henry's speech in the concluding scene of that play :—

> "Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
> Agree to any covenants; and procure
> That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
> To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
> King Henry's faithful and anointed queen."

* See p. 67.

This appears to us to offer quite sufficient ground to justify a more prolonged inquiry, whether that *unity of action* which would render the one drama an integral portion of its successors prevails in the First Part of Henry VI. and the two Parts of the 'Contention;'—whether, in fact, with reference to this unity of action, they are not essentially one and the same drama, divided into parts only for the convenience of representation. This inquiry may be more conveniently conducted by inquiring, at the same time, whether there is a similar *unity of characterization*. If the action in these plays were the same, but with a different development of character, there would be reasonable grounds for believing that the author of the Second and Third Parts had, with little difficulty, continued the action of the First Part, without attempting, or attempting in vain, to identify the characters of each. Involved in these two inquiries, though of less importance, is the further question of *identity of manner*. We shall pursue each of these questions, separately or in connexion, as, in our judgment, may best illustrate the entire subject.

The action of the First Part of Henry VI., which is spread over the period from the accession of the infant king to his marriage, is twofold. Its chief action is the war in France; its secondary action is the progress of party-discord in England. The scenes in which Talbot and Salisbury and Bedford are "raised from the grave of oblivion, and brought to plead their aged honours in open presence,"* possessed, as we know, a wondrous charm for the audiences of the early drama. The brave Talbot had "his bones new embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators." This we can readily understand; for the scene between John Talbot and his father, and the death scene of Talbot, in this play possess a power unto which, we may venture to say, the audiences in 1592 had never before yielded up their tears. But it was not by poetical fervour alone that they were subdued. The exhibition of their "forefathers' valiant acts," in the rudest fashion, was to them, according to Nashe, a new source of the highest pleasure. In another passage Nashe says, "What a glorious thing it is to have King Henry V. represented on the stage, leading the French king prisoner, and forcing both him and the dolphin to swear fealty." This is the concluding scene of the coarse and unpoetical 'Famous Victories.'† The stage had thus early possession of the subject of Henry V. The continuation of that story, with reference only to the wars of France under the regent Bedford, had enough in it to furnish materials for a spirit-stirring drama of equal popularity. But the author of Henry VI. carried his views beyond this point; and it is for this cause that he gives us a two-fold action. The principle upon which he worked rendered it essentially a drama to be continued. Taken in itself it is a drama without a catastrophe. So, it may be said, is Shakspere's Henry V.; and we add, that it is intentionally so. The catastrophe is to be found in the plays which preceded it in the order of composition, but followed it in the order of their events.

The main action of the First Part of Henry VI. terminates with the inglorious condemnation of Joan of Arc. The peace that immediately follows that event is essentially linked with the continuation of this play. To York this peace is a cause of unmingled apprehension:—

> "Oh Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
> The utter loss of all the realm of France."

To the followers of the French king it is but a hollow paction:—

> "And therefore take this compact of a truce,
> Although you break it when your pleasure serves."

Preceding the conclusion of that ominous peace, we have the scenes between Suffolk and Margaret; and the play concludes with the ratification of the promises which Suffolk has made to Regnier:—

> "Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd."

That these scenes had most distinct regard to a continuation there can, we think, be no doubt.

* Thomas Nashe, 1592. † See Introduction to Henry IV.

Suffolk has no sooner, in the subsequent play, communicated the result of his mission, than the forebodings of York are realized by the denunciations of Humphrey of Gloster:—

> "*Hum.* Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
> To you duke Humphrey must unfold his grief;
> What, did my brother Henry toil himself,
> And waste his subjects for to conquer France?
> And did my brother Bedford spend his time,
> To keep in awe that stout unruly realm?
> And have not I and mine uncle Beaufort here
> Done all we could to keep that land in peace?
> And are all our labours then spent quite in vain?"

But in truth the entire conduct of the play of Henry VI., with reference to the issue of the war in France, is of a gloomy and foreboding tendency. The author gave the tone to the whole progress of the action in the opening scene. He goes out of his way, in this scene, to anticipate the disasters which, after a long interval, followed the death of Henry V. Would he have done this had he intended the play to have stood by itself? There were enough materials in the career of Bedford for a song of triumph; but he has chosen to exhibit to us the most desperate valour fruitlessly exerted,—success and misfortune going hand in hand,—treachery and supineness losing what honour and courage had won,—and murderous victories terminating in a base revenge and an inglorious peace. This is certainly not the course that would have been pursued by the author of the First Part of Henry VI., had he regarded that part as a whole. It is not the course, even, that would have been pursued by an author careless altogether of dramatic effect, beyond the rude art of embodying in successive scenes the events of the Chroniclers; for the events so dramatized are not, in the material parts of their relations to each other, the events told by the Chroniclers. But it is the course that would have been pursued by a poet who had also conceived the plan of the subsequent dramas, in which the consequences of the reverses in France, and the abandonment of the conquests of Henry V., are never lost sight of as long as they influence in the remotest degree the conduct of the story. We will trace a few of the allusions to this portion of the action of the First Part of Henry VI. which occur in the old copies of the succeeding plays.

In the first scene of the 'First Part of the Contention' York thus exclaims:—

> "*York.* Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!
> Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
> Even as I have of fertile England."

In the third act of the 'First Part of the Contention'* York repeats the same sentiment in the same words:—

> "*King.* Welcome, lord Somerset; what news from France?
> *Som.* Cold news, my lord, and this it is.
> That all your holds and towns within those territories
> Is overcome, my lord; all is lost.
> *King.* Cold news indeed, lord Somerset;
> But God's will be done.
> *York.* Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
> Even as I have of fertile England."

In the first act of the 'Second Part of the Contention,' Henry denies that the loss of France is to be imputed to himself:—

> "I am the son of Henry the fifth, who tam'd the French,
> And made the dauphin stoop, and seiz'd upon
> Their towns and provinces.
> *War.* Talk not of France, since thou hast lost it all.
> *King.* The lord protector lost it, and not I;
> When I was crown'd I was but nine months old."

* There are no divisions into acts and scenes in the original copies; but for the convenience of reference and comparison we have made these divisions in our editions.

In the third act of the same Part Warwick twits the followers of Henry with his abandonment of the conquests of his father:—

"*Oxf.* Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
That did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And after John of Gaunt, wise Henry the fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the world;
And after this wise prince, Henry fifth,
Who with his prowess conquered all France;—
From these our Henry is lineally descent.
War. Oxford, how haps that in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henry the sixth had lost
All that Henry the fifth had gotten?
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that!"

The audience is constantly kept in mind of the connexion of the events by which Henry VI. both

"lost France, and made his England bleed."

The unhappy marriage with Margaret of Anjou is as constantly exhibited as the main cause of these misfortunes. In the scene of the second act of the 'First Part of the Contention' where the protector detects the impostor at Saint Alban's, the calamitous treaty between Suffolk and Regnier is thus sarcastically alluded to:—

"*Suf.* My lord protector hath done wonders to-day;
He hath made the blind to see, and halt to go.
Hum. Ay, but you did greater wonders when you made
whole dukedoms fly in a day.
Witness France.
King. Have done, I say, and let me hear no more of that."

In the great scene (Act I. Scene IV.) of the 'Second Part of the Contention,' York thus upbraids the queen with the poverty of her father:—

"She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue's more poison'd than the adder's tooth!
How ill beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph like an Amazonian trull
Upon his woes whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, vizard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent by use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriv'd,
'T were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman."

More emphatically than all, in the next act, the sons of York connect the marriage of Margaret not only with the loss of France, but with the whole course of the civil wars of England:—

"*Rich.* Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Thy father bears the title of a king,
As if a channel should be called the sea:
Sham'st thou not, knowing from whence thou art deriv'd,
To parley thus with England's lawful heirs?
Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make that shameless callet know herself.
Thy husband's father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the French, and made the dauphin stoop:
And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory till this day.
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,
Then that sunshine bred a shower for him,

Which wash'd his father's fortunes out of France,
And heap'd seditions on his crown at home.
For what hath mov'd these tumults, but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title yet had slept:
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age."

We have no hesitation in expressing our belief that, except for the purposes of continuation, the wooing of Margaret by Suffolk, and the intrigue by which he induces Henry to consent to the marriage, would have formed no portion of the First Part of Henry VI. These scenes come at the end of that drama, if it is to be regarded as a whole, as an episode entirely out of place. But the devotion of Suffolk to Margaret, as exhibited in the First Part of Henry VI., is essentially connected with their unholy love, as shown in the 'First Part of the Contention.' We will give a portion of each of these scenes, in apposition, not only as furnishing an example of the unity of action, but of the identity of characterisation and of manner :—

FIRST PART OF HENRY VI., ACT V., SC. III.

"*Suf.* Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[*Gazes on her.*
O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.
I kiss these fingers [*kissing her hand*] for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.
Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples; whosoe'er thou art.
Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.
Yet if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.
[*She turns away as going.*
O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes."

FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION, ACT III., SC. II.

"*Queen.* Sweet Suffolk, hie thee hence to France,
For if the king do come, thou sure must die.
Suf. And if I go I cannot live: but here to die,
What were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the new-born babe,
That dies with mother's dug between his lips.
Where from my (thy) sight I should be raging mad,
And call for thee to close mine eyes,
Or with thy lips to stop my dying soul,
That I might breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
By thee to die, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torment more than death:
Oh, let me stay, befal what may befal.
Queen. Oh might'st thou stay with safety of thy life,
Then should'st thou stay; but heavens deny it,
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repeal'd.
Suf. I go.
Queen. And take my heart with thee.
[*She kisses him.*
Suf. A jewel lock'd into the wofull'st cask,
That ever yet contain'd a thing of worth.
Thus, like a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death. [*Exit* SUFFOLK.
Queen. This way for me. [*Exit* QUEEN."

We now proceed to the secondary action of the First Part of Henry VI.,—the growth of civil discord in England. And here, as it appears to us, the unity of action and of characterisation in this play and the two Parts of the 'Contention' are so manifest, that we incur the risk of attempting to prove what is self-evident. It is still, however, necessary that we should conduct this inquiry, even with the danger of being tedious, by regular advances.

The quarrels of Gloster and Beaufort commence even over the bier of Henry V. Bedford here restrains the rivals:—"Cease, cease these jars." In the third scene their hatred breaks out into open violence. The forced reconciliation of these angry peers, in the third act, terminates the quarrel, as far as it proceeds in the First Part of Henry VI. Can we imagine that, if this play had been written without regard to a continuation, this part of the action would have thus terminated? Exeter, in this scene, anticipates the consequences of these dis-

sentions. But it is in the 'First Part of the Contention' that they are carried forward to a catastrophe. Let us compare portions of the scene in the parliament-house, in the First Part of Henry VI., and the scene at St. Alban's in the 'First Part of the Contention:'—

FIRST PART OF HENRY VI., ACT III., SC. I.

"*Win.* Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloster? if thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.
Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree;
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.
Win. Gloster, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissention, who preferreth peace
More than I do,—except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that, that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know, I am as good——
Glo. As good?
Thou bastard of my grandfather!—
Win. Ay, lordly sir: For what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?
Glo. Am I not protector, saucy priest?
Win. And am I not a prelate of the church?
Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.
Win. Unreverent Gloster!
Glo. Thou art reverent,
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life."

FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION, ACT II., SC. I.

"*Suf.* My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master soars a falcon's pitch.
Hum. Faith, my lord, it's but a base mind
That soars no higher than a bird can soar.
Card. I thought your grace would be above the clouds.
Hum. Ay, my lord cardinal, were it not good
Your grace could fly to heaven?
Card. Thy heaven is on earth, thy words and thoughts
Beat on a crown, proud protector, dangerous peer,
To smooth it thus with king and commonwealth.
Hum. How now, my lord? why this is more than needs!
Churchmen so hot? Good uncle, can you do't?
Suf. Why not, having so good a quarrel,
And so bad a cause?
Hum. As how, my lord?
Suf. As you, my lord, and't like your lordly lord's protectorship.
Hum. Why, Suffolk, England knows thy insolence.
Queen. And thy ambition, Gloster.
King. Cease, gentle queen,
And whet not on these furious lords to wrath,
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.
Card. Let me blessed for the peace I make
Against this proud protector with my sword.
Hum. Faith, holy uncle, I would it were come to that.
Card. Even when thou dar'st.
Hum. Dare? I tell thee, priest,
Plantagenets could never brook the dare.
Card. I am Plantagenet as well as thou,
And son to John of Gaunt.
Hum. In bastardy.
Card. I scorn thy words.
Hum. Make up no factious numbers,
But even in thine own person meet me at the east end of the grove.
Card. Here's my hand, I will.
King. Why, how now, lords?
Card. Faith, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man cast off so soon, we had had
More sport to-day. Come with thy sword and buckler.
Hum. God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown.
Card. Protector, protect thyself well."

Is there or is there not unity of action in these scenes of two different plays? Is there not unity of characterization? Is there not identity of manner? The angry passions which, in the First Part of Henry VI., are unrestrained even by the immediate presence of funereal solemnity, are only terminated in the 'First Part of the Contention' by the murder of Gloster and the terrible deathbed of Beaufort.

In the mean while, nourished by these dissentions, a fiercer contest is about to begin, whose catastrophe is far distant. The scene in the Temple-garden of the First Part of Henry VI. is the cloud before the storm. Connected with the future conduct of the story, it is thrown thus early into the series of plays with wonderful dramatic skill. Standing by itself it has no issue but in the quarrel of Vernon and Bassett in the fourth act. With the same dramatic skill, with reference to a continuation, is the early scene between Plantagenet and Mortimer. The object of the poet in the introduction of these scenes is most emphatically marked in several presaging passages of this play. At the close of the Temple-garden scene Warwick thus exclaims:—

> "And here I prophesy,—This brawl to-day,
> Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
> Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
> A thousand souls to death and deadly night."

After Henry has taken his pacific course in the quarrel between Vernon and Bassett, Exeter leads us onward to some undeveloped result of the fearful tragedy to which these quarrels are but the prologue:—

> "Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice:
> For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
> I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
> More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
> Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
> But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
> This jarring discord of nobility,
> This should'ring of each other in the court,
> This factious bandying of their favourites,
> But that it doth presage some ill event.
> 'T is much, when sceptres are in children's hands:
> But more, when envy breeds unkind division;
> There comes the ruin, there begins confusion."

The speech of York in the first scene of the 'First Part of the Contention' knits all these circumstances together, linking that play and the preceding one as closely as if the action had been continued without any division of the entire drama into separate portions:—

> "Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!
> Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
> Even as I have of fertile England.
> A day will come when York shall claim his own,
> And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
> And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey:
> And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
> For that's the golden mark I seek to hit;
> Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
> Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
> Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
> Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
> Then, York, be still awhile till time do serve:
> Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
> To pry into the secrets of the state,
> Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of [illegible]e,
> With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,

And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars;
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd,
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I 'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down."

The connexion which we have thus endeavoured to establish between the First Part of Henry VI. and the 'First Part of the Contention' had been already briefly noticed by Dr. Johnson:—"It is apparent that this play (Henry VI., Part II.) begins where the former ends, and continues the series of transactions of which it presupposes the first part already known. This is a sufficient proof that the Second and Third Parts were not written without dependence on the First, though they were printed as containing a complete period of history." To this, Malone thus replies:—"Dr. Johnson observes very justly that these two Parts were not written without a *dependence* on the First. Undoubtedly not: the old play of King Henry VI. (or, as it is now called, the First Part) certainly had been exhibited before these were written in *any form*. But it does not follow from this concession, either that the 'Contention of the Two Houses,' &c., in two parts, was written by the author of the former play, or that Shakspeare was the author of these two pieces as they *originally appeared*." This, to our minds, is an evasion, and not an answer. If the author of the two Parts of the 'Contention' had merely taken up the thread of the story where it is dropped in the First Part of Henry VI., we should have had no proof that the three plays were written by one and the same author. But not only does the author of the 'Contention' continue the story, with perfect unity of action, of character, and of manner, but the author of the First Part of Henry VI. has written entire scenes for the express purpose of continuation,—scenes incomplete in themselves, and excrescences upon his drama if it is to be regarded as a whole. We have shown these points, we trust, with sufficient distinctness. Upon the identity of manner we have the less dwelt, because, in the versification especially, each of the plays is admitted by Malone to be constructed upon the same model.* And what then has Malone to urge against the dependence, the unity of action, the identity of characterization, the similarity of manner, which all prove, as far as such a subject is capable of internal proof, that the First Part of Henry VI. and the two Parts of the 'Contention' were written by one and the same man, whoever he be? We will endeavour to state his argument with becoming gravity:—1st. The author of the First Part of Henry VI. does not seem to have *known* how old Henry VI. was at the time of his father's death. In the fourth act he makes the king say, speaking of Talbot—

"When *I was young* (as yet I am not *old*),
I do remember how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword."

Shakspere, it appears from a passage introduced by him in the revised copy of the Second Part of Henry VI., did *know* that Henry VI. could not have remembered what his father said; and therefore *he* could not have been the author of the *First* Part of Henry VI. But in the 'Second Part of the Contention' there is an evidence of similar knowledge by the author of that play:—

"When I was crown'd I was but nine months old;"

and this is a "decisive proof" that the two plays could not have been written by the same person. 2nd. The First Part of Henry VI. exhibits Mortimer dying in the Tower a state prisoner. The 'First Part of the Contention' makes Salisbury say that Owen Glendower

"Kept him in captivity till he died."

* 'Dissertation,' p. 564, Boswell's edition.

Furthermore, the First Part of Henry VI. correctly states the issue of Edward III., and the title of Mortimer to the crown; whereas the 'First Part of the Contention' incorrectly states these circumstances. This is literally the whole of Malone's evidence in proof of his assertion; and he thus triumphantly concludes: "Those two plays, *therefore*, could not have been the work of one hand." It is scarcely necessary to attempt a reply. All readers of Shakspere are perfectly aware of the occurrence of such slight inaccuracies, even in the same play. In the First Part of Henry VI. Malone himself points out that Winchester is called "cardinal" in the first act; while in the fifth act surprise is expressed that he is "call'd unto a cardinal's degree." According to this reasoning, therefore, the fifth act could not have been the work of the same hand as that which produced the first act. The First Part of Henry VI., we see, states correctly the title of Mortimer to the crown; the next play of the series states it incorrectly. But the argument may be carried a step further. The First Part of Henry IV. mistakes even the person of this Mortimer, confounding the Earl of March, a child, with Hotspur's brother-in-law. Shakspere wrote the First Part of Henry IV., but according to Malone he did not write either of the older plays in which we find correct and incorrect genealogy. But if the argument is to be pursued to its conclusion, he *did* write the 'First Part of the Contention,' which is inaccurate in this particular, because he *did* write the First Part of Henry IV., which is also inaccurate. One more example of the fallacy of such reasoning. In the Richard II., after the King has been deposed—after Bolingbroke has said,

> "In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne,"—

Richard thus addresses Northumberland:—

> "Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
> The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne."

There was no one present but Richard, the Queen, and Northumberland. Shakspere, of course, wrote the Richard II. But in the Second Part of Henry IV., Bolingbroke, then king, uses these words, speaking to Warwick:—

> "But which of you was by,
> (*You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember*,)
> When Richard,—with his eye brimful of tears,
> Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—
> Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?—
> Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
> My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;—
> *Though, then, heaven knows, I had no such intent*."

Here are two important differences. When the words were spoken "cousin Nevil" was not by; and before the words were spoken Henry had actually ascended the throne, instead of having "no such intent." Upon Malone's argument, then, these extraordinary contradictions furnish "a decisive proof" that the Richard II. and the Second Part of Henry IV. "could not have been the work of one hand." Which shall we give up?

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§ II.

The line of inquiry which we have pursued up to this point, with reference to the question whether the First Part of Henry VI. and the two Parts of the 'Contention' were written by one and the same person, we shall now follow up by a parallel course of inquiry whether these three plays were written by the author of Richard III. And here we may pause for a moment to observe that the argument upon which Shakspere has been held, in England, during the last fifty years, to be one of the most unblushing plagiarists that ever put pen to paper, has been conducted throughout in a spirit of disingenuousness almost unequalled in literary history. Malone, indeed, cannot be accused, as Lauder was, of having falsified quotations, or invented passages that had no existence; but he is certainly open to the charge of having suppressed minute facts with which he must have been perfectly acquainted, because they made against his theory. Of these hereafter. We impute not to his dishonesty, but to the weakness of his intellectual grasp, that it never occurred to him to institute a comparison between the two Parts of the 'Contention'—we mean the original plays, and not the remodelled ones—and the Richard III. of Shakspere. He chose to isolate the two Parts of the 'Contention' from the play which preceded them and the play which followed them. By this process he was disencumbered from the troublesome necessity—fatal, as we think, to his theory—of looking at the four plays as one great whole—one drama of four parts. The Richard III. stands at the end of the series as the avowed completion of that long tragic history. The scenes of that drama are as intimately blended with the previous scenes of the other dramas, as the scenes that belong to the separate dramas are blended amongst themselves. Its story not only naturally grows out of the previous story,—its characters are not only, wherever possible, the same characters as in the preceding dramas,—but it is even more palpably linked with them by constant retrospection to the events which they had exhibited. If Malone could have shown by his array of figures,—his enumeration of original lines, of lines altered, and lines added,—that the resemblances between the Richard III. and the two previous plays had been confined to the passages which are not found in the original copies of those plays, or even if he could have established that there was a more marked similarity in the passages added,—he would probably have rendered the present essay perfectly unnecessary. But he has not even made the attempt to compare together, in the slightest manner, the work which he alleges to be spurious and the work which all men hold to be genuine. Let us endeavour to supply the omission.

The dramas which we now propose to compare are the First and Second Parts of the 'Contention,' as printed by us in this edition, and the Richard III. as given in our own text.* In any incidental notice of the First Part of Henry VI. we shall now assume that it is written by the author of the two Parts of the 'Contention.'

There is a remarkable link between the first of this series of plays and the last, in the continuance of Margaret of Anjou upon the scene, almost to the conclusion of Richard III.

* There are passages in the folio edition which are not found in the quartos; and many lines of the quartos have been re-modelled. But these minute differences are not important in the present inquiry.

She is the only one character that runs through all the four plays. In the First Part of Henry VI. she is painted in slight but brilliant colours,—beautiful, haughty, ambitious, and somewhat free. In the 'First Part of the Contention' we find her, eager for power, revengeful, tyrannous, unfaithful, and bloody. Energy and decision essentially belong to her character, with indomitable courage. In the 'Second Part of the Contention' her evil qualities put on a more heroic attitude; but she is still the "she-wolf of France." In the Richard III., where the poet has kept her on the stage against the fact of history, but with the very highest truth of art, her retrospects of the past and her prophecies of the future are as sublime as anything in the compass of poetry. There she stands, widowed, childless, outcast, surrounded by her enemies;—but the miseries which she has felt are they also doomed to feel, and she rings in their ears the bitter memory of what they are and what they were, as if she were herself the minister of offended justice. We will select a passage from the 'Second Part of the Contention,' and another from the Richard III., and we will ask, without hesitation, if they are not both written by Shakspere?—

SECOND PART OF THE CONTENTION.

"*Queen.* Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this mole-hill here,
That aim'd at mountains with outstretched arm,
And parted but the shadow with his hand.
Was 't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
Or where 's that valiant crook-back'd prodigy,
Dicky, your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, 'mongst the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York, I dipp'd this napkin in the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of thy boy:
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas! poor York: but that I hate thee much,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I prithee grieve to make me merry, York;
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;
York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York, and, lords, bow low to him.
So, hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.
Ay, now looks he like a king.
This is he that took king Henry's chair,
And this is he was his adopted heir.
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his holy oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king
Till our Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you impale your head with Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?

RICHARD THE THIRD.

"*Q. Mar.* If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,
[*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.
Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.
Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!
Duch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.
Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead that kill'd my Edward;
The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this frantic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,

Oh, 'tis a fault too, too unpardonable.
Off with the crown; and with the crown his head;
And whilst we breathe take time to do him dead."

Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither: But at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, the dog is dead."

Can any one here doubt of the absolute identity of character,—of the similarity of manner, even to the nicest structure of the verse? If the reader will compare the speech of Margaret to York, as printed above from the 'Contention,' with the text of the same speech in the Third Part of Henry VI., he will find that three lines are omitted. They are these:—

"What! was it you that would be England's king?"
"Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus."

Malone, by his arithmetic, has shown that these are the only three lines of the speech of Margaret that were written by Shakspere!

Of the characters which fill the 'First Part of the Contention,' only three, Margaret, Edward (afterwards Edward IV.), and Richard (afterwards Duke of Gloster), are found in the play of Richard III. They have all been swept away, for the most part by the course of those fearful events which these dramas record. Nor are there any allusions in the play of Richard III. to circumstances which had occurred in the 'First Part of the Contention.' But as the unity of action and character is completely carried on from the 'First Part of the Contention' to the Second, and as no doubt has ever existed of these two Parts being by the same hand, when we trace the action and the characterization onward to the Richard III. we equally establish the unity between the two Parts and the Richard III. Of the principal characters, then, in the Richard III., which are found in the 'Second Part of the Contention,' beside Margaret, already mentioned, there are Edward IV., Elizabeth his queen, the Duke of Clarence, and the Duke of Gloster. It is not with the real succession of events that we have here to deal. The poet, in the first scenes of Richard III., gives us the committal of Clarence to the Tower, the funeral of Henry VI., and the fatal sickness of Edward IV. But this play, in its dramatic action, is as closely allied to the preceding play, the 'Second Part of the Contention,' as if it were one and the same play. The 'Second Part of the Contention' thus concludes:—

"And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs and mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasures of the court?"

The Richard III. thus opens:—

"Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures."

The last scene but one in the 'Second Part of the Contention' is the murder of Henry VI.; the second scene of the Richard III. is the funeral of Henry VI. But the poet is not satisfied with this marked connexion of the dramatic action of the two plays. He,—Shakspere,—scatters over his Richard III. allusions to very minute circumstances in the former play, which he is alleged not to have written. We will select some of these. In the first act of Richard III. the Duke of Gloster thus addresses Anne:—

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EDITED BY

CHARLES KNIGHT.

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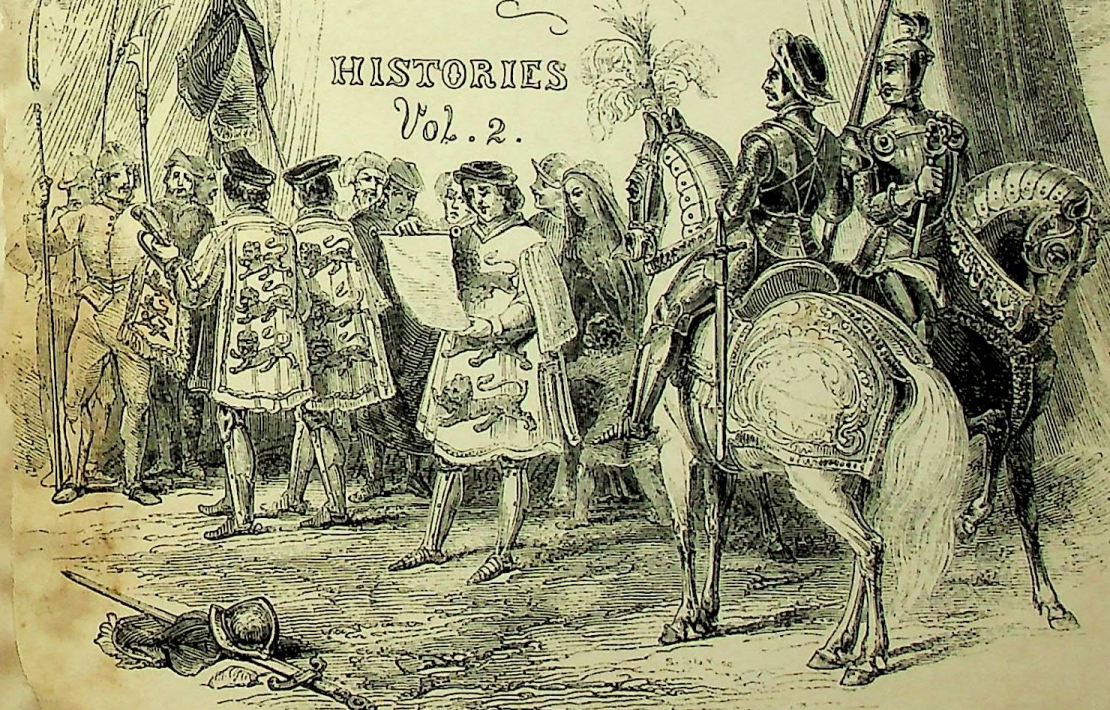
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"These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
No, when my father York and Edward wept
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him:
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death
And twenty times made pause, to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear."

Compare this with York's speech in the 'Second Part of the Contention.'—(Act I., Scene IV.)

"Would'st have me weep? why, so: thou hast thy wish;
For raging winds blow up a storm of tears,
And when the rage allays the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
And every drop begs vengeance as it falls,
On thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman."

And with Richard's exclamation in the second act:—

"I cannot weep, for all my breast's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning hate."

Richard thus addresses Margaret, in the second scene of Richard III.:—

"*Glo.* The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed."

The curse is found in the first act of the 'Contention:'—

"Here, take the crown, and with the crown my curse;
And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hands."

Reproaching Margaret with the death of Rutland, Buckingham, in Richard III., says—

"Northumberland then present wept to see it."

Margaret in the 'Contention' exclaims at Northumberland's tears—

"What, weeping ripe, my lord Northumberland?"

The very minuteness of these allusions is a proof to us that the author was perpetually mindful of his own preceding work. If the passages to which they refer had not been found in the 'Contention,' but only in the remodelled play, Malone's arithmetic might have gone for something.

But we now approach the character of Richard himself. And to us it seems the most extraordinary marvel that the world, for half a century, should have consented to believe that the man who absolutely created that most wonderful character, in all its essential lineaments, in the 'Second Part of the Contention,' was not the man who continued it in the Richard III. In the fourth act of Richard his mother thus describes him:—

"A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous.
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred."

The author of the 'Contention' anticipates the "manhood" of Richard, and shows him a "daring, bold, and venturous" soldier. A single line tells his character when he originally comes upon the scene in the 'First Part of the Contention.' When York asks his sons whether they will be "bail" for their father, Edward replies,

"Yes, noble father, if our words will serve."

But Richard answers,

"And if our words will not, our swords shall."

In the fight of St. Alban's Richard kills Somerset; and although Clifford denounces him as a "crook'd-back villain," his thoughts are those of a most gallant knight when he describes the bearing of old Salisbury:—

"*Rich.* My lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,
Charging his lance with his old weary arms;
And thrice I saw him beaten from his horse,
And thrice this hand did set him up again,
And still he fought with courage 'gainst his foes,
The boldest spirited man that e'er mine eyes beheld."

We have no doubt that the poet brought Richard thus early upon the scene, in the 'First Part of the Contention,' with distinct regard to the important character he was to sustain in the succeeding plays. In the 'Second Part of the Contention' his "daring, bold, and venturous" spirit is most prominent in the parliament scene:—

"Arm'd as we be, let's stay within this house."
"Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head."
"Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly."

His mother's description still holds on:—

"Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly."

Witness his counsel to his father to break his oath:—

"An oath is of no moment,
Being not sworn before a lawful magistrate.
Henry is none, but doth usurp your right,
And yet your grace stands bound to him by oath."

The second act of the 'Second Part of the Contention' continues to represent the young Richard as the daring soldier, with courage excelled only by his acuteness; but gradually becoming "bloody," and exhibiting that sarcastic humour in his revenge which is identified with his after character. When Clifford is found dead, who but Richard could have uttered these words?—

"*Rich.* What, not an oath? Nay, then I know he's dead:
'Tis hard when Clifford cannot 'ford his friend an oath:
By this I know he's dead: And by my soul,
Would this right hand buy but an hour's life,
(That I in all contempt might rail at him,)
I'd cut it off, and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain."

But in the third act the complete Richard—

"subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful"—

is developed. We request the reader carefully to compare the following passages of the 'Second Part of the Contention' and of the Richard III.; and resolve us whether it is more easy to believe that the man who wrote the first passage was not also the author of the second passage (in all essentials an amplification of the first); or that the man who wrote

the second passage—and that man Shakspere—was an impudent plagiarist of the characterization and the style of some unknown contemporary, who has left nothing like it in any other work, and whose very name Shakspere, by adoption and imitation, has thus swamped with posterity?—

SECOND PART OF THE CONTENTION, ACT III., SC. II.

"I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,
And lull myself within a lady's lap,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
Oh monstrous man, to harbour such a thought!
Why, love did scorn me in my mother's womb;
And, for I should not deal in her affairs,
She did corrupt frail nature in the flesh,
And plac'd an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To dry mine arm up like a wither'd shrimp;
To make my legs of an unequal size.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Easier for me to compass twenty crowns.
Tut, I can smile, and murder when I smile;
I cry content to that which grieves me most;
I can add colours to the chamelion;
And for a need change shapes with Proteus,
And set the aspiring Catiline to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get the crown?
Tush, were it ten times higher, I'll pull it down."

RICHARD III., ACT I., SC. I.

"But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;—
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;—
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if king Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up."

When Cibber concocted the medley which he called Richard III., he, not having the fear before his eyes of the critics who succeeded him, adopted the scene in which Richard murders Henry VI., as the work of Shakspere. We request our readers to turn to that scene. (Henry VI., Part III.; Act v., Scene vi.) It will amply repay their perusal, being, in its whole conception distinguished by that truth of characterization and that energy of language which we have agreed to call Shaksperian. But, according to Malone, and to those who adopt the theory that what Shakspere contributed to the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. includes nothing which is found in the 'Second Part of the Contention,' Shakspere only wrote five lines of this scene. They are as follow:—

"And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.
Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.
K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife."

If the reader will turn to the 'Second Part of the Contention' he will see that these five lines are wanting at the beginning of the scene. All the rest of the scene is essentially the same (with the exception of a few verbal alterations), in the 'Second Part of the Contention' and the Third Part of Henry VI. We leave the decision in the reader's hands, perfectly satisfied that he will arrive at the conviction that, if Shakspere did not write this scene as it originally stood, neither did he write Richard III.

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§ III.

The argument whose course we have followed up to this point has sought to establish the unity of action and of characterization—incidentally noticing also the similarity of manner—between the First Part of Henry VI., the First and Second Parts of the 'Contention,' and the Richard III. In the exhibition of these unities between the First Part of Henry VI. and the two Parts of the 'Contention,' we have endeavoured to prove that these three dramas, of which it is maintained that Shakspere wrote not a single line, were the work of one mind. Having thus linked these together, we carried on the link to the Richard III., and thus attempted to demonstrate that the four dramas, as well as the three, were the work of one mind, and that mind Shakspere's. Upon the great dramatic characteristics of this series of plays we have only slightly touched. It will remain for us to show that, in all the higher attributes of genius which they display, and especially the force of passion and the truth of character, no mind but that of Shakspere could have produced them. We have at present chiefly aimed at fixing the attention of our readers upon the unity of these dramas. If we have established this unity, we have gone far to shake the ground of the existing belief, that the author of Richard III. was not, in any just sense of the word, the author of the three Parts of Henry VI.

It has been held good service to the reputation of Shakspere to assume that he did not write a line of the first part of this series. Malone says, with great triumph, that he has "vindicated Shakspeare" from the imputation. But he has at the same time conferred upon him an honour which appears to us, in truth, a foul disgrace, and from which we are equally anxious to vindicate him. Shakspere's share in the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. is thus stated by the critic who thought it a derogation from the poet's fame to have written the scene in the Temple garden and the death scene of Talbot:—

"Several years after the death of Boiardo, Francesco Berni undertook to new-versify Boiardo's poem entitled 'Orlando Innamorato.' 'Berni,' as Baretti observes, 'was not satisfied with merely making the versification of that poem better, he interspersed it with many stanzas of his own, and changed almost all the beginnings of the cantos, introducing each of them with some moral reflection arising from the canto foregoing.' What Berni did to Boiardo's poem after the death of its author, and more, I suppose Shakspere to have done to 'The First Part of the Contention of the two Houses of York and Lancaster,' &c., and 'The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke,' &c., *in the lifetime of Greene and Peele*, their literary parents; and this *rifacimento*, as the Italians call it, of these two plays, I suppose to have been executed by Shakspeare, and exhibited at the Globe or Blackfriars' theatre in the year 1591.

"I have said Shakspeare did what Berni did, and more. He did not content himself with writing new beginnings to the acts; he new-versified, he new-modelled, he transposed many of the parts, and greatly amplified and improved the whole. Several lines, however, and even whole speeches which he thought sufficiently polished, he accepted, and introduced into his own work, without any, or with very slight, alterations."*

If Shakspere had done all which Malone here represents him to have done,—new-versify, new-model, transpose, amplify, improve, and polish,—he would still have been essentially a dishonest plagiarist. We have no hesitation in stating our belief that the two Parts of the 'Contention' are immeasurably superior, in the dramatic conduct of the story, the force and consistency of character, the energy of language, yea, and even in the harmony of versification, to any dramatic production whatever which existed in the year 1591. This we shall have to show in detail. But in the mean time we hold that whoever obtained possession, legally or

* Dissertation, p. 572.

otherwise, of the property of these remarkable productions, (meaning by property the purchased right of exhibiting them on the stage,) and applied himself to their amplification and improvement to the extent, and with the success, which Malone has represented, was, to say the best of him, a presumptuous and self-sufficient meddler. We hold that it was utterly impossible that Shakspere should have set about such a work at all, having any consciousness of his own original power. We farther hold, that the only consistent theory that can be maintained with regard to the amplifications and improvements upon the original work must be founded upon the belief that the work in its first form was Shakspere's own. But in the mean time we desire to show what is the real character and extent of these changes,—how far, in fact, Shakspere, in producing the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., new-versified, new-modelled, amplified, and improved the 'First Part of the Contention of the two Houses of York and Lancaster,' and 'The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York.'

"He did not content himself," says Malone, "with writing new beginnings to the acts." In our republication of the two Parts of the 'Contention,' we divided these dramas into acts and scenes. There was not the slightest difficulty in making this division, for we had only to follow the corresponding division in the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. If our readers will take the trouble to compare the beginnings of the acts of the two Parts of Henry VI. and of the two Parts of the 'Contention,' they will find that in only one act out of ten (Henry VI., Part II., Act IV.) did Shakspere write any new beginning at all. "He transposed many of the parts," says Malone. In the whole of the two plays, with the exception of some slight changes in the last scene of Henry VI., Part II., Act I., and in four short scenes of the fourth act of Henry VI., Part III., (which changes we have pointed out in our foot-notes and in the corresponding scenes of the 'Contention,) there is not a single transposition in the order of the scenes. Very slight, indeed, are the changes in the order of the speeches, from the first line of these plays to the last. "He new-modelled," says Malone. This is a phrase of large acceptation. We can understand how Shakspere new-modelled the old Taming of a Shrew and the old King John, by completely re-writing all the parts, adding some characters, rejecting others, rendering the action at his pleasure more simple or more complex, expanding a short exclamation into a long and brilliant dialogue, or condensing a whole scene into some expressive speech or two. This, to our minds, is a sort of remodelling which Shakspere did not disdain to try his hand upon. But the remodelling which consists in the addition of lines here and there,—in the expansion of a sentiment already expressed—in the substitution of a forcible line for a weak one, or a rhythmical line for one less harmonious—in the change of an epithet or the inversion of two epithets,—and this without the slightest change in the dramatic conception of the original, whether as to the action as a whole or the progress of the action,—or the characterization as a whole, or the small details of character;—remodelling such as this, to be called the work of Shakspere, and the only work upon which he exercised his hand in these dramas, appears to us to assume that he stood in the same relation to the original author of these pieces as the mechanic who chisels a statue does to the artist who conceives and perfects its design.

That Malone greatly overstated the character and the extent of the alterations of the two Parts of the 'Contention' arose, most probably, from the circumstance that he was not in the habit of looking at Shakspere generally, except through the microscopic glasses of verbal criticism. It was completely in the spirit of his age that he applied himself to reduce to an arithmetical quantity what he held Shakspere had contributed to the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. A great deal of labour, no doubt, was bestowed in arriving at these arithmetical results; but the labour was not bestowed in vain for the purposes of advocacy. Malone was of the same opinion as the statesman who said he could prove anything by figures. He undertook to prove by figures that Shakspere did not write his own book; and the world for

fifty years has implicitly confided in the figures:—"The total number of lines in our author's Second and Third Part of King Henry VI. is 6043: of these, as I conceive, 1771 lines were written by some author who preceded Shakspeare; 2373 were formed by him on the foundation laid by his predecessors; and 1899 lines were entirely his own composition." * How, then, stands the account according to this? Of the 6000 lines, something less than a third was written, as they appear in the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., by the author of the original play; something more than a third was formed by Shakspere on the foundation laid by his predecessors; and about a third was entirely his own composition. Malone distinguishes these several classes in his editions by particular marks:—"All those lines which he adopted without any alteration are printed in the usual manner; those speeches which he altered or expanded are distinguished by inverted commas; and to all the lines entirely composed by himself asterisks are prefixed." Nothing, as it would seem, can be fairer than this; and the reader, who sees the inverted commas and the asterisks spread over every page, must come to the conclusion that what Shakspere did to the original work constituted at least two-thirds of the labour; and that therefore, if the original author were Peele, or Greene, or Marlowe, or some one whose name has perished, the greater part of the work was still Shakspere's, and he might, without any injury to his character, have been held justified in doing what he pleased with the rude materials that fell into his hands. We are of opinion, however, that if Malone had printed the 'Contention' in his edition, his arithmetic would have all been blown into thin air; but he chose to print, in support of his inverted commas and his asterisks, those passages, as notes, in which the greatest amount of alteration had taken place. We will endeavour to put the matter on a fairer foundation by analysing a larger portion of the original and the corrected work. It would be tedious for us to pursue this branch of the inquiry beyond a limited extent; and we therefore shall institute a comparison chiefly between a few of the scenes which, to a reader who is familiar with Shakspere without having learnt that he is held not to have written Henry VI., are amongst the most treasured recollections. The plan which we shall pursue will be to print, in one column, the text of Henry VI., with the marks affixed by Malone; and in a parallel column the lines of the 'Contention' opposite the passages to which they bear a similarity; and upon each passage, thus exhibited, we shall offer some brief remarks. We begin with the scene of the Duchess of Gloster's penance:—

HENRY VI., PART II., ACT II., SC. IV.	CONTENTION, PART I., ACT II., SC. IV.
Enter GLOSTER *and* Servants, *in mourning cloaks.*	*Enter Duke* HUMPHREY *and his men, in mourning cloaks.*
* *Glo.* Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day a cloud;	
*And after summer evermore succeeds	
*Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:	
*So cares and joys abound as seasons fleet.	
Sirs, what's o'clock? '	*Hum.* Sirrah, what's o'clock?
Serv. Ten, my lord. '	*Serv.* Almost ten, my lord.
' *Glo.* Ten is the hour that was appointed me,	*Hum.* Then is that woful hour hard at hand,
'To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess;	That my poor lady should come by this way,
'Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,	In shameful penance wandering in the streets.
'To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.	
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook	Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face,	*The abject people gazing on thy face,*
With envious looks still laughing at thy shame, '	*With envious looks laughing at thy shame,*
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,	*That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,*
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.	When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
*But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare	
*My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.	

* Dissertation, p. 572.

Enter the Duchess of GLOSTER, *in a white sheet, with papers pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; Sir* JOHN STANLEY, *a* Sheriff, *and* Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we 'll take her from the sheriff. '
' *Glo.* No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.
Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!
' See, how the giddy multitude do point,
' And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
' Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;
' And in thy closet pent up rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine. '
Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief. '
Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself:
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife, '
And thou a prince, protector of this land, *
' Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back;
*And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
*To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet; '
And, when I start, the envious people laugh, '
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke? *
*Trow'st thou that e'er I 'll look upon the world;
*Or count them happy, that enjoy the sun?
*No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;
*To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I 'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife;
And he a prince, and ruler of the land: '
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was, '
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
' Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame; '
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death '
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will. '
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all '
' With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest, '
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they 'll tangle thee: '
*But fear not thou until thy foot be snar'd,
*Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.
* *Glo.* Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry;
*I must offend before I be attainted:
*And had I twenty times so many foes,
*And each of them had twenty times their power,
*All these could not procure me any scath,
*So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
' Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?
' Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
' But I in danger for the breach of law.
' Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
' I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
' These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter Dame ELEANOR COBHAM *barefoot, and a white sheet about her, with a wax candle in her hand, and verses written on her back and pinned on, and accompanied with the* Sheriffs *of* London, *and Sir* JOHN STANLEY, *and officers, with bills and halberds.*

Serv. My gracious lord, see where my lady comes.
Please it your grace, we 'll take her from the sheriffs.
Hum. I charge you for your lives stir not a foot,
Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,
But let them do their office as they should.
Eleanor. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Ah, Gloster, now thou dost penance too.
See how the giddy people look at thee,
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee here.
Go, get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,
And in thy pent-up study rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies,—ah, mine and thine.
Hum. Ah, Nell, sweet Nell, forget this extreme grief,
And bear it patiently to ease thy heart.
Eleanor. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself;
For whilst I think I am thy wedded wife,
The thought of this doth kill my woful heart.
The ruthless flints do cut my tender feet,
And, when I start, the cruel people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread;
And thus, with burning taper in my hand,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
Ah, Gloster, can I endure this and live?

Sometime I 'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince, protector of the land,
But so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was led with shame, and made a laughing-stock
To every idle rascal follower.

Hum. My lovely Nell, what would'st thou have me do?
Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence,
I should incur the danger of the law,
And thy disgrace would not be shadow'd so.
Eleanor. Be thou mild, and stir not at my disgrace,
Until the axe of death hang o'er thy head,
As shortly sure it will. For Suffolk, he,
The new-made duke, that may do all in all
With her that loves him so, and hates us all,
And impious York, and Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they will entangle thee.

We have here 69 lines of Henry VI., and the marks of Malone show that, of these, 31 are unaltered from the 'Contention.' Malone, however, has not carried out his own principle of distinguishing by inverted commas the lines in which any change has taken place. When we open the Second Part of Henry VI. we find, in the first speech, the following three lines marked with inverted commas:—

> " 'Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend bishops,—
> 'I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
> 'And humbly now upon my bended knee."

The differences of the corresponding three lines in the 'Contention' are as slight as we find in many passages of the quarto and folio copies of Shakspere's undoubted works. They stand thus in the 'Contention:'—

> " Seven earls, twelve barons, *and* twenty reverend bishops,—
> I *did perform* my task, and was espous'd:
> And *now, most humbly on* my bended *knees*."

We may state with confidence that, of the 2373 lines which Malone has computed were formed by Shakspere "on the foundation laid by his predecessors," one-half, at least, so stated to be formed, exhibit nothing more than such minute deviations as we here point out. But, if Malone had carried this principle throughout, of the 1771 lines which he conceives were written by "some author who preceded Shakspeare," at least one-half would have been transferred to Shakspere by the inverted commas. For example: in the scene with Gloster and his duchess there are many lines of the 69 in which no deviation whatever is marked by Malone, but which still deviate as much from the original as the three lines beginning "Seven earls," &c. We have marked these at the *end* of each with inverted commas. We mark also, with asterisks at the end, two new lines which Malone has omitted to mark. The result is that, if Malone had carried out his own principle, only 12 of these 69 lines would be held to belong to the original play. Our readers may judge from this what reliance is to be placed upon the commentator's capricious arithmetic. We hold it to be a test altogether fallacious in principle, and carried by him into practice to the extent in which it suited his own purpose, and no farther. Had he shown, for example, that there remained only 12 lines of the original play in the scene before us, some painstaking inquirer might have referred to the 'First Part of the Contention,' in surprise at the result, and have discovered that, in all essentials, the scene of Henry VI. and the scene of the 'Contention' are evidently the production of one and the same mind. For what are the additions to this scene which Malone and his followers hold to be the amount of Shakspere's contribution towards it? With the exception of the first four lines, these additions do not contain a single idea which is not found in the original; and in the original *all* that marks the poet—in a word, all that is Shaksperian—is exclusively to be found. The new lines are comparatively weak, though not injudicious, amplifications of the original. The entire conception of character is in the original; the additions do not contribute a single feature to its development. We have ventured to mark in italics those passages of the scene in the 'Contention' which appear to us essentially Shaksperian; and we may add that, if passages such as these are to be found in "some author who preceded Shakspere," we regret that our stock of enjoyment has not yet been enlarged through any acquaintance with his works.

We have now to present a scene,—the celebrated one of the death of Cardinal Beaufort,—in which the elaboration has been so far carried that Malone leaves only one line as the property of the original author. Yet we venture to think that the original author had something more to do with its production than that one line; and that the whole dramatic conception of the scene, as well as some of the most remarkable expressions, are the property, not of the amplifier, however skilful be his amplification, but of the mind which first pictured to itself that terrible deathbed. Most skilful, indeed, are the elaborations; and

they belong evidently to a more practised hand than that which reduced the original conception into language. But the hand, as we think, is still the same; the improved hand applying itself to its work with more technical precision. It is our belief that the man who conceived the original scene could alone have finished it. When did any great artist ever produce a perfect picture from another's sketch? The genius which informed the original idea could alone preserve it through the process of its refinement.

SECOND PART OF HENRY VI., ACT III., SC. III.

* *K. Hen.* How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.
‘ *Car.* If thou be'st death, I 'll give thee England's treasure,
‘ Enough to purchase such another island,
‘ So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
* *K. Hen.* Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
*When death's approach is seen so terrible!
* *War.* Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.
* *Car.* Bring me unto my trial when you will.
‘ Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—
*O! torture me no more, I will confess.—
‘ Alive again? then show me where he is;
‘ I 'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
*He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—
‘ Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
‘ Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—
‘ Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
‘ Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
* *K. Hen.* O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
*Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
*O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
*That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
*And from his bosom purge this black despair!
‘ *War.* See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.
* *Sal.* Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.
* *K. Hen.* Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
‘ Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
‘ Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
‘ He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive him!
‘ *War.* So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
‘ *K. Hen.* Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—
‘ Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
‘ And let us all to meditation.

FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION, ACT III., SC. III.

Card. O, death! if thou wilt let me live
But one whole year, I 'll give thee as much gold
As will purchase such another island.
King. Oh, see, my lord of Salisbury, how he is troubled!
Lord cardinal, remember, Christ must save thy soul.

Card. Why, died he not in his bed?
What would you have me to do then?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
Sirrah, go fetch me the poison which the 'pothecary sent me.
Oh, see where duke Humphrey's ghost doth stand,
And stares me in the face. *Look, look, comb down his hair!*
So, now he 's gone again: Oh, oh, oh.

Sal. See how the pangs of death do gripe his heart.
King. Lord cardinal, if thou diest assur'd of heavenly bliss,
Hold up thy hand, and make some sign to us.
[CARDINAL *dies.*
Oh, see he dies, and makes no sign at all.
Oh, God, forgive his soul.
Sal. So bad an end did never none behold;
But as his death, so was his life in all.
King. Forbear to judge, good Salisbury, forbear,
For God will judge us all.
Go, take him hence, and see his funerals perform'd.

We shall conclude our parallel extracts from the Second Part of Henry VI. and the ‘Contention’ with the following portions of the scenes with Jack Cade:—

SECOND PART OF HENRY VI., ACT IV., SC. II.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK *the butcher*, SMITH *the weaver, and others in great number.*
‘ *Cade.* We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,——
‘ *Dick.* Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.
‘ *Cade.* — for our enemies shall fall before us,
‘ inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and
‘ princes, — Command silence.

FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION, ACT IV., SC. II.

Enter JACK CADE, DICK BUTCHER, ROBIN, WILL, TOM, HARRY, *and the rest with long staves.*
Cade. Proclaim silence.
All. Silence.
Cade. I, John Cade, so named for my valiancy.
Dick. Or rather for stealing of a cade of sprats.
Cade. My father was a Mortimer.
Dick. He was an honest man and a good bricklayer.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

' *Cade.* My mother a Plantagenet,—

' *Dick.* I knew her well, she was a midwife.

' *Cade.* My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.

' *Smith.* But, now of late, not able to travel with
' her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.

' *Cade.* Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage.

* *Cade.* Valiant I am.

* *Smith.* 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass. And, when I am king, (as king I will be)——

All. God save your majesty!

' *Cade.* I thank you, good people;—there shall
' be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score;
' and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they
' may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

' *Dick.* The first thing we do, let's kill all the
' lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now? who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk *of* Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in 't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. My mother was come of the Lacies.

Nick. She was a pedlar's daughter indeed, and sold many laces.

Robin. And now, being not able to occupy her furred pack, she washeth bucks up and down the country.

Cade. Therefore I am honourably born.

Harry. Ay, the field is honourable, for he was born under a hedge, because his father had no other house but the cage.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

George. That's true; I know he can endure anything, for I have seen him whipped two market-days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Will. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.

Dick. But methinks he should fear the fire, being so often burnt in the hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Therefore be brave, for your captain is brave and vows reformation: you shall have seven halfpenny loaves for a penny, and the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, and it shall be felony to drink small beer, if I be king, as king I will be.

All. God save your majesty.

Cade. I thank you, good people: you shall all eat and drink of my score, and go all in my livery; and we'll have no writing but the score and the tally, and there shall be no laws but such as come from my mouth.

Dick. We shall have sore laws then, for he was thrust into the mouth the other day.

Geo. Ay, and stinking law too, for his breath stinks so that one cannot abide it.

[Why is't not a miserable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb parchment should be made, and then with a little blotting over with ink a man should undo himself? Some say 't is the bees that sting, but I say 't is their wax, for I am sure I never sealed to anything but once, and I was never mine own man since.]*

Enter Will *with the* Clerk *of* Chatham.

Will. Oh, captain, a prize.

Cade. Who's that, Will?

Will. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast account. I took him setting of boys' copies and he has a book in his pocket with red letters.

Cade. Zounds, he's a conjuror; bring him hither. Now, sir, what's your name?

Clerk. Emanuel, sir, an it shall please you.

Dick. It will go hard with you, I tell you, for they use to write that o'er the top of letters.

* This passage in brackets is found in Scene vii. of the fourth act.

' *Cade*. I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man,
' on mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall
' not die, — Come hither, sirrah, I must examine
' thee: What is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters;
—'T will go hard with you.

' *Cade*. Let me alone: — Dost thou use to write
' thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an
' honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

' *All*. He hath confess'd: away with him; he 's a
' villain and a traitor.

' *Cade*. Away with him, I say: hang him with his
' pen and inkhorn about his neck.

Cade. What, do you use to write your name? Or do you, as ancient forefathers have done, use the score and the tally?

Clerk. Nay, truly, sir, I praise God I have been so well brought up that I can write mine own name.

Cade. Oh, he has confessed; go hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

SECOND PART OF HENRY VI., ACT IV., SC. VII.

' *Mess*. My lord, a prize, a prize! here 's the lord
' Say, which sold the towns in France; *he that
*made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shil-
*ling to the pound, the last subsidy.

' *Cade*. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten
' times, — Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou
' buckram lord! now art thou within point blank of
' our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer
' to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto
' monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it
' known unto thee, by these presence, even the presence
' of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must
' sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art.
' Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of
' the realm, in erecting a grammar-school: and where-
' as, before, our forefathers had no other books but
' the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing
' to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown
' and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will
' be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about
' thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb; and
' such abominable words, as no Christian ear can en-
' dure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace,
' to call poor men before them about matters they
' were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put
' them in prison; and because they could not read,
' thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that
' cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou
' dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION, ACT IV., SC. VII.

Geo. My lord, a prize, a prize! here 's the lord Say, which sold the towns in France.

Cade. Come hither, thou Say, thou George (serge), thou buckram lord! what answer canst thou make unto my mightiness, for delivering up the towns in France to monsieur Bus-mine-cue, the dolphin of France? and more than so, thou hast most traitorously erected a grammar-school, to infect the youth of the realm; and against the king's crown and dignity thou hast built up a paper-mill; nay, it will be said to thy face, that thou keep'st men in thy house that daily read of books with red letters, and talk of a noun and verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear is able to endure it. And besides all this, thou hast appointed certain justices of the peace, in every shire, to hang honest men that steal for their living; and because they could not read, thou hast hung them up; only for which cause they were most worthy to live.

Say. Yes, what of that?

Cade. Marry, I say, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when an honester man than thyself goes in his hose and doublet.

Though Malone, it will be observed, has been here somewhat liberal with his commas, he has given us very few asterisks. Shakspere thus only contributed some half-dozen original lines to these scenes; and if we trace the lines marked with commas to the corresponding lines in the ' Contention,' we shall find that he has not contributed a single new point. According to Malone's theory, then, there was " some author who preceded Shakspeare" who may justly claim the merit of having given birth in England to the very highest comedy —not the mere comedy of manners, not the comedy of imitation, but that comedy which, having its roots imbedded in the most profound philosophy, is still as fresh as at the hour when

it was first written, and will endure through every change in the outward forms of social life. For what is the comedy which is here before us, written, as it would seem, by "some author who preceded Shakspeare?" Is it the comedy of Marlowe? or of Greene? or of Peele? or of the latter two, to whom Malone ascribes these plays?—or of Lodge, who wrote in conjunction with Greene?—or of Lyly?—or Kyd?—or Nashe?—or is it to be traced to some anonymous author, such as he who produced 'The Famous Victories?' We are utterly at a loss where to assign the authorship of this comedy upon Malone's theory. We turn to the works of the authors who preceded Shakspere, and we find abundance indeed of low buffoonery, but scarcely a spark of that universal wit and humour which, all things considered, is the very rarest amongst the gifts of genius. Those who are familiar with the works of the earliest English dramatists will know that our assertion is not made at random. Without entering at present more minutely into this question we may support our opinion of the character of the comedy which "preceded Shakspeare" by that of a valued friend, extracted from a few pages of critique on the genius of our poet, as comprehensive as it is beautiful. "He first informed our drama with true wit and humour. Of boisterous, uproarious, blackguard merriment and buffoonery there is no want in our earlier dramatists, nor of mere gibing and jeering and vulgar personal satire; but of true airy wit there is little or none. In the comedies of Shakspeare the wit plays and dazzles like dancing light. This seems to have been the excellence, indeed, for which he was most admired by his contemporaries; for quickness and felicity of repartee they placed him above all other play-writers. But his humour was still more his own than his wit. In that rich but delicate and subtle spirit of drollery, moistening and softening whatever it touches like a gentle oil, and penetrating through all enfoldings and rigorous encrustments into the kernel of the ludicrous,—that is, in everything which mainly created Malvolio, and Shallow, and Slender, and Dogberry, and Verges, and Bottom, and Lancelot, and Launce, and Costard, and Touchstone, and a score of other clowns, fools, and simpletons, and which, gloriously overflowing in Falstaff, makes his wit exhilarate like wine,—Shakspere has had almost as few successors as he had predecessors."* We believe then that the man "who first informed our drama with true wit and humour" was the only man of whose existence we have any record who could have written the Jack Cade scenes of the 'Contention.'

The additions which, in the *Second* Part of Henry VI., we find made to the original play, are pretty equally spread through all the scenes. The passages between Henry and Margaret in the third act, and the scene of Suffolk's murder in the fourth act, have upon the whole received the greatest elaboration. But in the *Third* Part of Henry VI. we have whole scenes taken from the 'Contention' with scarcely an additional line; and the lines which are added come, for the most part, in large masses. The alterations are sometimes, too, of the very slightest character. Compare, for example, the Parliament scene in the first act, the scene of the death of Rutland, that in which York is taken prisoner and murdered, the stabbing of young Edward in the field at Tewkesbury, and the scene between Gloster and Henry in the Tower. These, be it observed, are the great scenes of the play. It is unnecessary for us to give parallel examples of these; for the critical reader may now readily compare the Henry VI. with the 'Contention.' The additions, we have said, come in large masses in the Third Part. We instance the celebrated soliloquy of Henry in the second act, which is expanded from thirteen lines to fifty-four, and of which the additions are evidently not of Shakspere's earliest period. The scene between Henry and the Gamekeepers is also greatly expanded; so the soliloquy of Gloster at the end of the third act; and so the scene with Lewis of France. These elaborated scenes are, as compared with those which remain unaltered, the minor scenes. Upon the whole it is clear to us that when Shakspere revised the play he found less necessity for a general change in the Second Part than in the First. The original work had been performed with greater technical skill.

* Pictorial History of England, vol. iii, p. 589.

§ IV.

THE additions which Shakspere undoubtedly made to the 'First Part of the Contention,' and the 'True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York,' as they appear in the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., ought, upon any just theory that the original plays were the composition of a different author, to be recognised by a distinctive character. Malone was aware that, without such a distinctive character could be shown, his arithmetical exhibition of the amended lines and the additional lines would go for little. He therefore makes a bold statement, which he does not take the slightest trouble to verify:—

"I have said that certain passages in the Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI. are ascertained to be Shakspeare's by a peculiar phraseology. This peculiar phraseology, without a single exception, distinguishes such parts of these plays as are found in the folio, and not in the *elder* quarto dramas, of which the phraseology, as well as the versification, is of a different colour. This observation applies not only to the new original matter produced by Shakspeare, but to his alteration of the old."

If this peculiarity of phraseology could be shown to exist only in the amended portions of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. as compared with those portions which are untouched, we are ready to admit that the received theory would remain unshaken in a very material point. But the assertion is utterly without foundation. Malone himself does not attempt to support his assertion by any examples. He flies off from the general question, and goes to the "inaccuracies," which he holds form a distinguishing "peculiarity" of Shakspere, and "other minute marks of his hand," such as using adjectives adverbially —a characteristic not of Shakspere alone, but of every writer of his time. In the same way he maintains that "in our author's genuine plays he frequently borrows from himself, the same thoughts being found in nearly the same expressions in different pieces;" but he asserts that, in the Second and Third Parts, such resemblances, with the exception of three passages, are only found between the *additional* passages and the genuine plays of Shakspere. The First Part of Henry VI. is assumed to stand upon the same ground, for he gives *one* example of "coincidency" between that play and Henry V. as against his hypothesis. Malone's citation of passages in the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., in which these resemblances may be traced, includes only *new* passages, of course. We hold that, if this want of accurate resemblance of manner could be established, the argument would still be worth little whilst there was unity of action, and of character, in the plays themselves, and general identity with the manner of Shakspere. But it is utterly worthless if we show that there are many passages in the *First Part* of Henry VI. and the two Parts of the '*Contention*' in which the same thought and expression may be traced to Shakspere's other works. The author of the 'Dissertation' has been extremely careful to point out the resemblances, in his own notes, between the *new* lines of the 'Contention' and passages in various plays of Shakspere; and has even traced the associations which would naturally present themselves to the poet's mind, as a proof that *he* wrote the new lines only. We will divert our readers with an example:—

"And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house."

" In perusing these lines," says the solemn commentator, " one cannot help recollecting the trade which his father has by some been supposed to have followed." We proceed to exhibit, not the *one* passage of the First Part of Henry VI. in which there is " coincidency" of thought and expression with Shakspere's other plays, nor the *three* other passages of the two Parts of the 'Contention;' but we put some thirty or forty passages of this character before our readers; and we leave to others to assign its true name to the assertion of Malone, that these resemblances can be found only in what he held Shakspere to have written of these dramas,—that is, in one passage of the First Part of Henry VI., and in three of the unmarked lines of the Second and Third Parts.

FROM HENRY VI., PART I.

" *Scarlet hypocrite*"—(addressed to a cardinal.)
" Good God! that nobles should such *stomachs* bear."

" Rather than I would be so *vile-esteem'd*."
" No, no, I am but *shadow* of myself."
" I love no *colours*."
" Were growing *time* once *ripen'd* to my will."

" My *book of memory*."
" My *blood-drinking* hate."
" Like *lamps* whose *wasting oil* is spent."

" Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaughterer doth,
Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill."
" Our *sacks* shall be a mean to *sack* a city."

" Lean *famine*, quartering *steel*, and climbing *fire*."

" Who now is *girdled* with a *waist* of iron."
" Now thou art come unto a *feast of death*."
" 'T is but the *short'ning of my life one day*."

" Thou *antick death*, which *laughs us here to scorn*."

" Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt with by *attorneyship*."

" *Scarlet* sin"—(*Hen. VIII.*, addressed to a cardinal.)
—— " He was a man
Of an unbounded *stomach*." *Henry VIII.*
" 'T is better to be vile than *vile-esteem'd*." *Sonnets.*
" I am the *shadow* of poor Buckingham." *Henry VIII.*
" I do fear colourable *colours*." *Love's Labour 's Lost.*
—— " Stay the very *riping* of the *time*."
Merchant of Venice.
—— " The *table of my memory*." *Hamlet.*
" Dry sorrow *drinks our blood*." *Romeo and Juliet.*
" My *oil-dried lamp*, and time-*bewasted* light."
Richard II.
" Like to a murdering-piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death." *Hamlet.*
" Here 's that will *sack* a city. *Henry IV.*
(Falstaff showing his bottle of *sack*.)
" Leash'd in like hounds, should *famine, sword, and fire*." *Henry V.*
" That as a *waist* do *girdle* you about." *King John.*
" This *feast of battle*." *Richard II.*
" Heaven *shorten* Harry's happy *life one day*."
Henry V.
" Keeps *death* his court, and there the *antick* sits,
Scoffing his state." *Richard II.*
" Be the *attorney* of my love to her." *Richard III.*

FROM THE FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION.

" She bears a *duke's whole revenues on her back*."
(Malone has marked this as a new line with an asterisk, the only difference being that *whole* is omitted.)
" Mail'd up in shame, with *papers* on my back."

" Oft have I seen a timely-parted *ghost*."
(Johnson observes that what is true of a *corpse* is here applied to the *soul*.)
" Sometimes he calls upon Duke Humphrey's ghost,
And *whispers to his pillow*, as to him."

" Can I make men live, whether they will or no?"

" Then shall I *charm* thee—hold thy lavish tongue."

" Have broke their *backs* with *laying manors on them*."
Henry VIII.
" *Bearing* their *birthrights* proudly *on their backs*."
King John.
" Like a perjure, wearing *papers*."
Love's Labour 's Lost.
" The *ghosts* they have depos'd." *Richard II.*
—— " Damned *spirits* all
That in cross ways and floods have *burial*." *Hamlet.*
—— " Infected minds
To their deaf *pillows* will discharge their secrets."
Macbeth.
" Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?"
King John.
" Go to; *charm* your *tongue*." *Othello.*

From the Second Part of the Contention.	
" The sight of any of the house of York Is as a fury to torment my soul."	" A dog of the house of Montague moves me." *Romeo and Juliet.*
" With purple faulchion *painted* to the hilts In *blood* of those whom he had slaughtered."	" With pennons *painted* in the *blood* of Harfleur." *Henry V.*
" Wouldst have me weep? why, so: thou hast thy wish, For raging winds blow up a storm of tears, And when the rage allays the rain begins."	" This windy tempest, till it blow up rain, Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more; At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er?" *Lucrece.* This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul." *King John.*
" And if thou tell the story well, Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears."	" Tell thou the lamentable tale of me, And send the hearers weeping to their beds." *Richard II.*
" Bring forth that fatal *screech-owl* to our house, That nothing *sung* to us but blood and *death*."	" Out on you, *owls!* nothing but *songs of death?*" *Richard III.*
" *You have no children*, devils."	" He has no children." *Macbeth.*
" What valiant foemen, like to autumn's *corn*, Have we *mow'd* down?"	—— " *Mowing*, like *grass*, Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering infants." *Henry V.*
" And now what rests, but that we spend the time With stately triumphs and mirthful comic shows?"	" Come, let us go; we will include all jars With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity." *Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

If Malone, then, as we have seen, suppresses the resemblances between passages which he holds were not written by Shakspere and passages in his undoubted works, it is not unreasonable to expect that in the same disingenuous spirit he should have concealed the resemblances which also exist between the new and the old portions of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. and the new portions as compared with the entire First Part. It is important to note these particulars.

There is no opinion more commonly received, and justly, than that of Shakspere's dramas being remarkably free from classical and mythological allusions as compared with the works of his contemporaries; and it has long been the fashion to ascribe this absence of the peculiarity which distinguished all other productions of his day to his want of the necessary learning. Mr. Collier says, " His (Greene's) usual fault, more discoverable in his plays than in his poems, is an absence of simplicity; but his pedantic classical references, frequently without either taste or discretion, he had in common with the other scribbling scholars of the time. It was Shakespeare's good fortune to be in a great degree without the knowledge, and therefore, if on no other account, without the defect."* Malone proves that the First Part of Henry VI. could not have been written by Shakspere, because it abounds with such references:—

" It is very observable that in the First Part of King Henry VI. there are more allusions to mythology, to classical authors, and to ancient and modern history, than, I believe, can be found in any one piece of our author's written on an English story; and that these allusions are introduced very much in the same manner as they are introduced in the plays of Greene, Peele, Lodge, and other dramatists who preceded Shakspeare; that is, they do not naturally arise out of the subject, but seem to be inserted merely to show the writer's learning."

Malone then proceeds to select twenty-two of the " most remarkable" of such passages from the First Part of Henry VI., taking Dr. Johnson's conjectural " Berenice" as one of them. It is our intention to print these twenty-two passages as Malone gives them, placing, however, by their side nearly as many passages from other plays, in which there are

* Annals of the Stage, vol. iii., p. 154.

not only classical allusions, but Latin quotations. This will at least show the fashion of the times. The first column contains the passages from Henry VI., Part I. :—

1. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known.
2. A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright [Berenice].
3. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
4. Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
5. Froisard, a countryman of ours, records, &c.
6. ——— And, like thee, [Nero],
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burning.
7. The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine Sybils of old Rome.
8. A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops.
9. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter.
10. ——— Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.
11. A statelier pyramis to her I 'll rear,
Than Rhodope's or Memphis' ever was.
12. ——— An urn more precious
Than the rich-jewell'd coffer of Darius.
13. I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
14. I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspéct.
15. Nestor-like aged, in an age of care.
16. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus.
17. Where is the great Alcides of the field?
18. Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
That Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.
19. Is Talbot slain; the Frenchman's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror, and black Nemesis?
20. Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
21. See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.
22. ——— Thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;
With hope to find the like event in love.

1. Methinks the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
2. Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.
3. Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?
4. Medice teipsum.
5. To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
6. And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
7. Penè gelidus timor occupat artus.
8. Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did.
9. Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ.
10. Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
11. And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games.
12. And so obsequious will thy father be,
Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
13. The tiger will be mild, while she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.
14. I 'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.
15. That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede,
With slight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds.
16. Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs.
17. To keep that oath were more impiety
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrificed his daughter.
18. And now like Ajax Telamonius.

It will be obvious to the careful reader that we have taken these eighteen passages, in which there are such "allusions to mythology, to classical authors," &c., as are rarely found in Shakspere, from the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. But it may not be equally apparent that *we have selected such passages only as are additions to the 'Contention'—passages all marked with Malone's asterisk*—all, without an exception, held to be contributed by Shakspere. It is scarcely necessary to point out that the exhibition of such passages at once destroys Malone's argument, that the First Part of Henry VI. could not

have been written by Shakspere because it abounds with similar allusions; and further shows that there are peculiarities in Shakspere's undoubted portion of these dramas which are totally different from the ordinary characteristics of his manner. We dwell little upon the fact that these eighteen passages which we have given are conclusive against the theory of Shakspere's want of knowledge. They prove, incontestably, that as a young writer he had the knowledge, and was not unwilling to display it; but that, with that wonderful judgment which was as remarkable as the prodigious range of his imaginative powers, he soon learnt to avoid the pedantry to which inferior men so pertinaciously clung in the pride of their scholarship.

Malone, we have seen, states distinctly that the *versification* of the new portions of Henry VI. is of a different colour from the old portions of the 'Contention.' He holds, farther, that the versification of the First Part of Henry VI. is precisely of the same character as the two Parts of the 'Contention;' and upon this ground, combined with that of the display of learning which we have already noticed, he rejects the First Part of Henry VI. altogether from being Shakspere's, and adopts as Shakspere's only the new passages in the Second and Third Parts:—

"The versification of this play (Henry VI. Part I.) appears to me clearly of a different colour from that of all our author's genuine dramas, while, at the same time, it resembles that of many of the plays produced before the time of Shakspere.

"In all the tragedies written before his time, or just when he commenced author, a certain stately march of versification is very observable. The sense concludes or pauses almost uniformly at the end of every line; and the verse has scarcely a redundant syllable. As the reader may not have any of these pieces at hand, (by the possession of which, however, his library would not be much enriched,) I shall add a few instances,—the first that occur."*

The quotations which Malone has subjoined are very numerous, occupying four closely printed pages. They all go to show, what we shall subsequently endeavour to establish, that the blank verse which, in the hands of the matured Shakspere, became the most exquisitely modulated instrument of harmonious utterance, was, before *he* fully tried its power and its compass, a rude, and at the best a monotonous, instrument,—a vehicle of verse that was little better than measured prose. Mr. Collier exhibits the character of our early blank-verse with a knowledge and exactness very superior to Malone:—"It will be evident that the long use of rhyme, in which the ear waited for the recurrence of the corresponding sound, led at first to the formation and employment of what may be termed couplets in blank-verse; in which the pauses occurred at the end of the lines, and the sense was only completed with the completion of the couplet.†

The four pages of quotations which Malone exhibits show most decisively that, about the time when the First Part of Henry VI. and the 'Contention' may be held to have been written, our dramatic poetry, without a single exception, was formed upon one model of versification. The prevailing theory therefore is, that Shakspere could not have written those plays, because, in his undoubted works, a different character of versification prevails. Our belief, on the contrary, being that Shakspere did write these dramas at a very early age, we have no difficulty in believing also that his first efforts were formed upon existing models of versification. The discovery of the powers of his instrument could only come from its habitual use. Versification is as much perfected by practice in the poet as colouring in the painter; but when did a poet or a painter, in his first attempts, produce a new system of versification, or a new system of colouring, till he had learnt by practice the imperfection of existing models? Holding the two Parts of the 'Contention' to be Shakspere's originally, but written by him about, if not before, 1590, we are prepared, without any abatement of our admiration of his early genius, to find him employing, though not exclusively, the versification of his time, in

* Dissertation, p. 560. † Annals of the Stage, vol. iii., p. 129.

which "the sense concludes or pauses almost uniformly at the end of every line, and the verse has scarcely ever a redundant syllable." But in these plays we also occasionally find a freedom and rapidity which we in vain seek for in other historical plays of the period. Upon this point we shall not at present dwell. We are about to make a selection from some of the passages quoted by Malone from the early plays, exhibiting them with some parallel passages from the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.:—

1. "My lord of Gloucester, and lord Mortimer,
To do you honour in your sovereign's eyes,
That, as we hear, is newly come aland
From Palestine, with all his men of war,
(The poor remainder of the royal fleet,
Preserv'd by miracle in Sicil road,)
Go mount your coursers, meet him on the way:
Pray him to spur his steed, minutes and hours,
Until his mother see her princely son,
Shining in glory of his safe return."

Edward I., by GEORGE PEELE.

2. "The work that Ninus rear'd at Babylon,
The brazen walls fram'd by Semiramis,
Carv'd out like to the portal of the sun,
Shall not be such as rings the English strand
From Dover to the market-place of Rye.

. . . .

England's rich monarch, brave Plantagenet,
The Pyren mountains swelling above the clouds,
That ward this wealthy Castile in with walls,
Could not detain the beauteous Eleanor;
But hearing of the fame of Edward's youth,
She dared to brave Neptunus' haughty pride,
And brave the brunt of froward Eolus."

Friar Bacon, by ROBERT GREENE.

3. "*King.* Thus far, ye English peers, have we display'd
Our waving ensigns with a happy war;
Thus nearly hath our furious rage reveng'd
My daughter's death upon the traitorous Scot;
And now before Dunbar our camp is pitch'd,
Which, if it yield not to our compromise,
The place shall furrow where the palace stood,
And fury shall envy so high a power,
That mercy shall be banish'd from our sword.
Doug. What seeks the English king?
King. Scot, ope those gates, and let me enter in.
Submit thyself and thine unto my grace,
Or I will put each mother's son to death,
And lay this city level with the ground."

James IV., by ROBERT GREENE.

4. "Barons of England, and my noble lords,
Though God and fortune have bereft from us
Victorious Richard, scourge of infidels,
And clad this land in stole of dismal hue,
Yet give me leave to joy, and joy you all,
That from this womb hath sprung a second hope,
A king that may in rule and virtue both
Succeed his brother in his empery."

The Troublesome Reign of King John.

1. "*Glo.* Now, lords, my choler being over-blown,
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country!
But, to the matter that we have in hand:—
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France."

Henry VI., Part II.

2. "*K. Hen.* Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery;
For what's more miserable than discontent?—
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?"

Henry VI., Part II.

3. "*Q. Mar.* Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I;
Or felt that pain which I did for him once;
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son."

Henry VI., Part III.

4. "*York.* The army of the queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursued by hungry starved wolves.
My sons—God knows what hath bechanced them."

Henry VI., Part III.

As the examples of Shaksperian learning which we have recently given are all taken from the *additions* to the 'Contention,' so are the examples of early Shaksperian versification also taken from the *new passages*. No one attempts to doubt that these new passages are by Shakspere. If, then, the same structure of versification prevails in some of the additional passages as prevails in the old portions,—and of this we could have furnished many similar examples,—it follows, almost conclusively, that the argument against Shakspere being the original author of the three plays, on account of their versification, is as untenable as that he was not the author of the First Part on account of its learning.

Some pages of Malone's 'Dissertation' are devoted to the proof that "the supposition of imperfect or spurious copies cannot account for the variations" between the two Parts of the 'Contention' and the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. We quite agree with him here. The argument sustains itself without any proof; for no theory of unskilful copyists, or of auditors obtaining a copy from repeated hearings, would account for such changes as we have exhibited between the elder and later plays. "We are compelled to maintain," adds Malone, "either that Shakspeare wrote *two* plays on the story which forms his Second Part of King Henry VI.—a hasty sketch, and an entirely distinct and more finished performance—or else we must acknowledge that he formed that piece on a foundation laid by another writer; that is, upon the quarto copy of the 'First Part of the Contention,' &c.; and the same argument applies to the Third Part of King Henry VI., which is founded on the 'True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York.'" * This is the question, certainly, to which we con fine ourselves, with a slight difference in terms. We hold that the quarto copy of each Part of the 'Contention' is a sketch, if we may so describe an artist's first picture, as compared with a later and more finished copy of the same general design. But it is not necessarily "a hasty sketch." This is, however, immaterial. But is the case of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. without a parallel? Has not Shakspere, in some of his undoubted plays, made a sketch of each, which was afterwards worked up into a "more finished performance?" Are there not existing sketches of Romeo and Juliet, of Henry V., of the Merry Wives of Windsor, and of Hamlet? † The latter is the most important parallel example. The Duke of Devonshire's copy of the edition of 1603 was unknown to Malone; had it been familiar to him, as it now is to all Shaksperian students by its republication, would Malone have proved that Shakspere's Hamlet was formed "on a foundation laid by another writer?" We have no hesitation in saying most distinctly that there is not a single principle of "internal evidence" by which Malone's hypothesis is supported, that the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. "were not originally written by Shakspeare," which could not be applied to prove that the Hamlet of 1603 did not also own some other "literary parent;" and that Shakspere only "new versified, new modelled, transposed many of the parts, and greatly amplified and improved the whole." We will endeavour very briefly to propound an hypothesis to this effect, *after Malone's fashion*. We take the words which he applies to the Henry VI.; the difference is only in a name. "That the reader may have *the whole of the subject before him*, we shall here transcribe" a speech from the second scene of the first act of Hamlet, "together with the corresponding scene in the original play; and also a speech" in the third act "with the original speech on which it is formed. The first specimen will serve to show the method taken by Shakspere, where he only new polished the language of the old play, rejecting some part of the dialogue, and making some slight additions to the part which he retained: the second is a striking proof of his facility and vigour of composition, which has happily expanded a thought, comprised originally in a short speech, into" fifty-nine "lines, none of which appear feeble or superfluous." ‡

* Dissertation, p. 582. † See Introductory Notices to those plays.
‡ Dissertation, p. 572.

FROM THE OLD HAMLET, SIG. B 3, EDIT. 1603.

*Cor.** Farewell! how now, Ophelia? what 's the news with you?
Oph. O, my dear father, such a change in nature,
So great an alteration in a prince,
So pitiful to him, fearful to me,
A maiden's eye ne'er looked on.
Cor. Why, what 's the matter, my Ophelia?
Oph. O young prince Hamlet, the only flower of Denmark,
He is bereft of all the wealth he had;
That jewel that adorn'd his feature most
Is filch'd and stol'n away, his wit 's bereft him.
He found me walking in the gallery all alone:
There comes he to me, with a distracted look,
His garters lagging down, his shoes untied,
And fix'd his eyes so steadfast on my face,
As if they had vow'd, this is their latest object.
Small while he stood, but gripes me by the wrist,
And there he holds my pulse till with a sigh
He doth unclasp his hold, and parts away
Silent, as is the mid time of the night:
And as he went, his eye was still on me,
For thus his head over his shoulder look'd.
He seem'd to find the way without his eyes,
For out of doors he went without their help,
And so did leave me.
Cor. Mad for thy love?
What, have you given him any cross words of late?
Oph. I did repel his letters, deny his gifts,
As you did charge me.
Cor. Why, that hath made him mad:
By heav'n, 't is as proper for our age to cast
Beyond ourselves, as 't is for the younger sort
To leave their wantonness. Well, I am sorry
That I was so rash: but what remedy?
Let 's to the king: this madness may prove,
Though wild a while, yet more true to thy love.

FROM HAMLET, ACT I. SCENE II.

' *Pol.* Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what 's the matter?
**Oph.* Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted!
**Pol.* With what, in the name of heaven?
**Oph.* My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,
*Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
*No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
*Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;
*Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
*And with a look so piteous in purport,
*As if he had been loosed out of hell,
*To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
**Oph.* My lord, I do not know;
*But, truly, I do fear it.
**Pol.* What said he?
' *Oph.* He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
*Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
*And, with his other hand thus, o'er his brow,
*He falls to such perusal of my face,
*As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
*At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
*And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
*He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
*That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
' And end his being: That done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
' And, to the last, bended their light on me.
**Pol.* Go with me; I will go seek the king.
*This is the very ecstacy of love;
*Whose violent property foredoes itself,
*And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
*As oft as any passion under heaven
*That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late?
**Oph.* No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
' I did repel his letters, and denied
' His access to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
' I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
*I had not quoted him: I fear'd, he did but trifle,
*And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!
' It seems it is as proper to our age
' To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
' As it is common for the younger sort
' To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
*This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
*More grief to hide than hate to utter love.

FROM THE OLD HAMLET, SIG. G, EDIT. 1603.

Ham. Why, what a dunghill idiot slave am I!
Why, these players here draw water from eyes:
For Hecuba! why, what is Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?

FROM HAMLET, ACT III. SCENE III.

' O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
*Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
*But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
*Could force his soul so to his whole conceit,

* Corambis, in the old Hamlet, is the Polonius of the later play.

What would he do and if he had my loss?
His father murd'red, and a crown bereft him?
He would turn all his tears to drops of blood,
Amaze the standers-by with his laments,
Strike more than wonder in the judicial ears,
Confound the ignorant, and make mute the wise:
Indeed his passion would be general.
Yet I, like to an ass and John-a-dreams,
Having my father murd'red by a villain,
Stand still, and let it pass. Why, sure I am a coward:
Who plucks me by the beard, or twits my nose?
Gives me the lie i' th' throat down to the lungs?
Sure I should take it: or else I have no gall,
Or by this I should a fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal, this damned villain,
Treacherous, bawdy, murderous villain!
Why, this is brave; that I, the son of my dear father,
Should like a scalion, like a very drab,
Thus rail in words. About, my brain!
I have heard that guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Hath, by the very cunning of the scene,
Confess'd a murder committed long before.
This spirit that I have seen may be the devil,
And out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such men,
Doth seek to damn me. I will have sounder proofs:
The play 's the thing,
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the king.

*That, from her working, all his visage warm'd;
*Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspéct,
*A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
*With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba?
What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
' That he should weep for her? What would he do,
*Had he the motive and the cue for passion
*That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
*And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
' Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
' Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
*The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
*A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
' Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
*And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
*Upon whose property, and most dear life,
' A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
*Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
' Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
' Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
' As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
*Ha!
' Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,
' But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
*To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
' With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
' Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
*O vengeance.
' What an ass am I! ay, sure, this is most brave;
' That I, the son of the dear murthered,
*Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
' Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
' And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
' A scullion!
' Fie upon 't! foh! About, my brains! I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
' Been struck so to the soul, that presently
' They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
*For murther, though it have no tongue, will speak
*With most miraculous organ. I 'll have these players
*Play something like the murder of my father,
*Before mine uncle: I 'll observe his looks;
*I 'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
' I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
' May be the devil: and the devil hath power
*To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)
' Abuses me to damn me: I 'll have grounds
' More relative than this: The play 's the thing,
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the king."

The reader then having "the *whole* subject before him" in these extracts (those who will take the trouble to read Malone's 'Dissertation' will know that we are not over-stating his proofs), we ask, as Malone has asked with reference to the Henry VI., if there is any

similarity between the "*versification*" of the old play and "the undoubted performances of Shakspere;" whether there is any similarity in the "*diction*;" whether it is not clear, from this isolated view of the matter, that the old Hamlet was the work of "some author who preceded Shakspere;" and whether any further proof of this limited nature is required to show "with what expression, animation, and splendour of colouring, he filled up the outline that had been sketched by a preceding writer?" * In giving these extracts, "all those lines which he adopted without any alteration are printed in the usual manner; those which he altered or expanded are distinguished by inverted commas; and to all the lines entirely composed by himself asterisks are prefixed. The total number of lines in" these extracts from "our author's" Hamlet is 106: "of these, as I conceive," 14 "lines were written by some author or authors who preceded Shakspeare;" 36 "were formed by him on the foundations laid by his predecessors; and" 56 "lines were entirely his own composition." †

And what does this calculation, and what do these internal proofs that Shakspere did not write the original Hamlet, *omit?* They entirely neglect to show that the first, informing, poetical idea was in the original; that entire scenes are the same in the original and the amended play, with very slight verbal alterations; that the whole of the action is in the original; that the characterization generally, and especially the character of Hamlet, has undergone no change; that the alterations, all of them, exhibit a wonderful advance in technical skill; and that all the differences in versification and diction, as compared with Shakspere's maturer works, only show that the Hamlet was a very early play,‡ possessing the peculiarities of the transition state of the drama, but distinguished by more characteristic peculiarities of individual genius, such as belonged to no other writer of that period. This is the theory which we maintain with regard to the two Parts of the 'Contention.' These dramas, and the previous drama of the series, are not to be judged of, any more than the old Hamlet, by a comparison of their diction and versification, in the parts which exhibit least skill, with the finished parts of Shakspere's later works. They belong to a period which more or less impressed its own character upon them, as upon every contemporary dramatic production.

* Dissertation, p. 376. † Dissertation, p. 572.

‡ See the Introductory Notice to Hamlet, and especially the quotations from Lodge and Nashe, in reference to an *old* Hamlet.

§ V.

At the period when, as we learn from Nashe's pamphlet, published in 1592, the First Part of Henry VI. was amongst the most popular of theatrical exhibitions, the public stages derived their chief attraction from that class of plays which we call Histories. In the same pamphlet Nashe describes the plays to the performance of which "in the afternoon" resorted "men that are their own masters, as gentlemen of the court, the inns of court, and the number of captains and soldiers about London." To this audience, then,—not the rudest or least refined, however idle and dissipated,—the representation of some series of events connected with the history of their country had a charm which, according to Nashe, was to divert them from grosser excitements. He says:—"Nay, what if I prove plays to be no extreme, but a rare exercise of virtue! First, for the *subject* of them; for the most part it is borrowed out of our English Chronicles, wherein our forefathers' valiant acts, that have been long buried in rusty brass and worm-eaten books, are revived, and they themselves raised from the grave of oblivion, and brought to plead their aged honours in open presence; than which, what can be a sharper reproof to these degenerate days of ours? . . . . . . In plays, all cosenages, all cunning drifts, over-gilded with outward holiness, all stratagems of war, all the canker-worms that breed in the rust of peace, are most lively anatomised. They show the ill success of treason, the fall of hasty climbers, the wretched end of usurpers, the misery of civil dissention, and how just God is evermore in punishing murder. And to prove every one of these allegations could I propound the circumstances *of this play and that*, if I meant to handle this theme otherwise than *obiter*." Nashe, as we have seen, has referred to two plays as examples of this attractive class of composition. If the First Part of Henry VI. and the 'Famous Victories' be the plays to which he refers, we have sufficient evidence that the poetical treatment of an historical subject was not absolutely necessary to its success. Nothing can be ruder or more inartificial than the dramatic conduct of the 'Famous Victories;' nothing grosser than the taste of many of its dialogues. The old Coventry play of 'Hock Tuesday,' exhibited before Queen Elizabeth in Kenilworth Castle in 1575, did not more essentially differ in the conduct of its action from the structure of a regular historical drama, than such a play as the 'Famous Victories' differed, in all that constitutes dramatic beauty and propriety, from the almost contemporary histories of Shakspere and Marlowe. Of the plays which had been acted previous to 1592, whose subject was "for the most part borrowed out of our English Chronicles," there are two specimens of the earlier and ruder sort preserved to us—the 'Famous Victories,' and the 'True Tragedy of Richard III.' The 'Famous Victories' was certainly acted previous to 1588; for Tarleton, who played the clown in it, died in that year. Mr. Collier thinks it was written in 1580. It continued to hold possession of the stage as late as 1595. We have already noticed that play in our account of the sources of the 'History of Henry IV.;'* but it may be desirable, in reference to our present purpose, to furnish a specimen of this extraordinary composition. We select the parallel scene to the well-known passage of Shakspere's Henry IV., Part II., Act IV., Sc. IV., beginning

"I never thought to hear you speak again."

Mr. Collier has observed that in the printed copy of this play (which was entered at Stationers'

* Histories, vol. i., p. 162.

H all in 1594) much of the original prose has been chopped up into lines of various lengths, in order to look like some kind of measure:—

"*Hen. IV.* Why, how now, my son?
I had thought the last time I had you in schooling
I had given you a lesson for all,
And do you now begin again?
Why, tell me, my son,
Dost thou think the time so long,
That thou wouldst have it before the
Breath be out of my mouth?
Hen. V. Most sovereign lord, and well-beloved father,
I came into your chamber to comfort the melancholy
Soul of your body, and, finding you at that time
Past all recovery, and dead to my thinking,
God is my witness, and what should I do,
But with weeping tears lament the death of you my father;
And after that, seeing the crown, I took it.
And tell me, my father, who might better take it than I,
After your death? but, seeing you live,
I most humbly render it into your majesty's hands,
And the happiest man alive that my father lives;
And live my lord and father for ever!
Hen. IV. Stand up, my son:
Thine answer hath sounded well in mine ears,
For I must needs confess that I was in a very sound sleep,
And altogether unmindful of thy coming:
But come near, my son,
And let me put thee in possession whilst I live,
That none deprive thee of it after my death.
Hen. V. Well may I take it at your majesty's hands,
But it shall never touch my head so long as my father lives. [*He taketh the crown*
Hen. IV. God give thee joy, my son;
God bless thee and make thee his servant,
And send thee a prosperous reign;
For God knows, my son, how hardly I came by it,
And how hardly I have maintained it.
Hen. V. Howsoever you came by it I know not;
And now I have it from you, and from you I will keep it:
And he that seeks to take the crown from my head,
Let him look that his armour be thicker than mine,
Or I will pierce him to the heart,
Were it harder than brass or bullion.
Hen. IV. Nobly spoken, and like a king.
Now trust me, my lords, I fear not but my son
Will be as warlike and victorious a prince
As ever reigned in England."

The 'True Tragedy of Richard III.' was republished by Boswell in 1821, from a copy which had been previously undiscovered.* On the 19th of June, 1594, we find the following entry on the Stationers' registers:—"Tho. Creede. An Enterlude intitled the Tragedie of Richard the Third, wherein is showen the Death of Edward the Fourthe, with the Smotheringe of the Twoo Princes in the Tower, with the lamentable End of Shore's Wife, and the Conjunction of the Twoo Houses of Lancaster and York." It is evident that this entry could not relate to Shakspere's Richard III., for in that we have no display of the "lamentable end of Shore's wife;" whereas in the 'True Tragedy' there are several scenes in which she appears. This old play is a performance of higher pretension than the 'Famous Victories.' Like that play, it contains many prose speeches which are printed to have some resemblance to measured lines; but, on the other hand, there are many passages of legitimate verse which are run together as prose. The most ambitious part of the whole performance is a speech of Richard before the battle; and this we transcribe:—

"*King.* The hell of life that hangs upon the crown,
The daily cares, the nightly dreams,
The wretched crews, the treason of the foe,
And horror of my bloody practice past,
Strikes such a terror to my wounded conscience,
That, sleep I, wake I, or whatsoever I do,
Methinks their ghosts come gaping for revenge,
Whom I have slain in reaching for a crown.
Clarence complains and crieth for revenge;
My nephews' bloods, Revenge! revenge! doth cry;
The headless peers come pressing for revenge;
And every one cries, Let the tyrant die.
The sun by day shines hotly for revenge
The moon by night eclipseth for revenge;
The stars are turn'd to comets for revenge;
The planets change their courses for revenge;
The birds sing not, but sorrow for revenge;

* Another copy exists—a perfect one; and it has been kindly pointed out to us that it would be desirable to reprint this. We cannot venture, however, so to occupy our space. We reprinted the 'Contention' to render this Dissertation complete: the 'True Tragedy of Richard III.' has little bearing upon our general argument.

The silly lambs sit bleating for revenge;
The screeching raven sits croaking for revenge;
Whole herds of beasts come bellowing for revenge;
And all, yea, all the world, I think,
Cries for revenge, and nothing but revenge:
But to conclude, I have deserv'd revenge.
In company I dare not trust my friend;
Being alone, I dread the secret foe;
I doubt my food, lest poison lurk therein;
My bed is uncoth, rest refrains my head.
Then such a life I count far worse to be
Than thousand deaths unto a damned death!
How! was 't death, I said? who dare attempt my death?
Nay, who dare so much as once to think my death?
Though enemies there be that would my body kill,
Yet shall they leave a never-dying mind.
But you, villains, rebels, traitors as you are,
How came the foe in, pressing so near?
Where, where slept the garrison that should a beat them back?
Where was our friends to intercept the foe?
All gone, quite fled, his loyalty quite laid a-bed.
Then vengeance, mischief, horror with mischance,
Wild-fire, with whirlwinds, light upon your heads,
That thus betray'd your prince by your untruth!"

There is not a trace in the elder play of the *character* of Shakspere's Richard:—in that play he is a coarse ruffian only—an unintellectual villain. The author has not even had the skill to copy the dramatic narrative of Sir Thomas More in the scene of the arrest of Hastings. It is sufficient for him to make Richard display the brute force of the tyrant. The affected complacency, the mock passion, the bitter sarcasm of the Richard of the historian, were left for Shakspere to imitate and improve. Rude as is the dramatic construction, and coarse the execution, of these two relics of the period which preceded the transition state of the stage, there can be no doubt that these had their ruder predecessors,—dumb-shows, with here and there explanatory rhymes, adapted to the same gross popular taste that had so long delighted in the Mysteries and Moralities which even still held a divided empire. The growing love of the people for "the storial shows," as Laneham calls the Coventry play of 'Hock Tuesday,' was the natural result of the active and inquiring spirit of the age. There were many who went to the theatre to be instructed. In the prologue to Henry VIII. we find that this great source of the popularity of the early Histories was still active:—

"Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too."

Heywood, in his 'Apology for Actors,' thus writes in 1612:—"Plays have made the ignorant more apprehensive, taught the unlearned the knowledge of many famous histories, instructed such as cannot read in the discovery of our English Chronicles: and what man have you now of that weak capacity that cannot discourse of any notable thing recorded even from William the Conqueror, nay, from the landing of Brute, until this day, being possessed of their true use?" There is a tradition reported by Gildon, (which Warton believes, though Malone pronounces it to be a fiction,) that Shakspere, in a conversation with Ben Jonson upon the subject of his historical plays, said that, "finding the nation generally very ignorant of history, he wrote them in order to instruct the people in that particular." It is not necessary that we should credit or discredit this anecdote, to come to the conclusion that, when Shakspere first became personally interested in providing entertainment and instruction for the people, there was a great demand already existing for that species of drama, which subsequently became important enough to constitute a class apart from Tragedy or Comedy. Our belief is that he was *the first* who saw the possibility of conducting this species of entertainment with dramatic skill—with integrity, if not unity, of action—with action interrupted indeed by the succession of events, but not dissevered—with force and consistency of character—with spirited dialogue and harmonious versification. If he were not the author of the First Part of Henry VI. and of the two Parts of the 'Contention,' this praise of giving the first great model of this species of drama is not due to him. If he were the author of those three dramas, it belongs to him, and to him alone.

The question which we propose to examine is, not who first wrote historical plays, but who first wrote historical plays in the spirit of an artist. We will commence our inquiry with reference to the First Part of Henry VI. We hold this play to be Shakspere's first historical performance. The form in which we have received it may be a considerable improvement on its first form; and indeed we have no doubt that it was re-cast, as well as the Second and Third Parts. There appears to be little difference of opinion as to the date of its original production. Malone says, in his 'Chronological Order,' "The First Part of King Henry VI., which, I imagine, was formerly known by the name of The Historical Play of King Henry VI., had, I suspect, been a very popular piece for *some years* before 1592, and perhaps was first exhibited in 1588 or 1589." Collier states the general belief "that it is merely the *old* play on the early events of that reign, which was most likely written in 1589." There can be no doubt that the composition of this play preceded that of the two Parts of the 'Contention;' and that these had been acted before September 1592 we know from the fact so often quoted, that Robert Greene, who died in that month and year, had, in his deathbed recantation of his errors, parodied a line which occurs in the 'Second Part of the Contention.' Putting aside for a moment, then, who was the author of the First Part of Henry VI., or of the 'Contention,' there can be no doubt of the existence of the three plays at the time of Greene's death; and Malone's conjecture, therefore, as to the date of the first of these plays may be received without hesitation. That is all we ask at present to be conceded. Malone's general theory as to the period of Shakspere's commencement as a writer is, that he had not produced any original piece before 1591. Mr. Collier holds that he "had not written any of his original plays prior to 1593, (when Marlowe was killed,) although anterior to that year he might have employed himself in altering and improving for representation some of the works of older dramatists."* The First Part of Henry VI. is distinctly held not to fall within the condition of one of the plays so improved. It is come down to us, according to the critical authorities, in its primitive rudeness. In its present state, then, according to their opinions, it existed in or before 1589.

We will now ask, what other historical plays of any poetical pretension were in existence in 1589? it being remembered that Shakspere was then twenty-five years of age, and a shareholder in the Blackfriars theatre. The old play of 'The Troublesome Reign of John King of England' was *possibly* then in existence. It was printed in 1591. Rude as this play may be deemed when compared with the finished King John of Shakspere, it is unquestionably a very much higher performance than the 'Famous Victories,' or the 'True Tragedy of Richard III.' The German critics consider it to be an early production of Shakspere himself. Schlegel and Tieck maintain this opinion without any qualification. Ulrici holds that the comic parts are not his, as they display only rudeness and vulgarity instead of the "facetious grace" of Shakspere; and he thinks that he can trace an older play in this old play. We cannot subscribe either to the unconditional or the qualified opinion; and we take leave to repeat what we have previously said, that "whoever really wishes thoroughly to understand the resources which Shakspere possessed, in the creation of characters, in the conduct of a story, and the employment of language, will do well again and again to compare the old play of 'King John' and the King John of our dramatist."† Had Shakspere, however, commenced his poetical career a few years later, the old 'King John' would have offered a very remarkable point in the progress of the historical drama. Its coarseness is, in some degree, associated with a power and freedom from which it seems to result, and is as distinct a thing as possible from the imbecile vulgarity of the 'Famous Victories.' Malone, without any authority, assigns this play to Greene or Peele. We now and then unquestionably meet

* Annals of the Stage, vol. iii., p. 128.

† Introductory Notice to King John, p. 6.

with a passage which may be called poetical, and which may not unworthily be compared with undoubted passages of those writers. There is much of Peele's tinsel too—his straining after poetical images without regard to propriety of situation or character. The Faulconbridge of the old play, for example, talks after this fashion:—

> "Methinks I hear an hollow echo sound
> That Philip is the son unto a king:
> The whistling leaves upon the trembling trees
> Whistle in concert I am Richard's son:
> The bubbling murmur of the water's fall
> Records *Philippus Regius filius:*
> Birds in their flight make music with their wings,
> Filling the air with glory of my birth:
> Birds, bubbles, leaves, and mountains, echo, all
> Ring in mine ears that I am Richard's son."

The versification throughout is constructed upon the old monotonous model; yet we should say the blank-verse is not so monotonous as that of Peele.

There is no other historical play aspiring to the character of a work of art, whose production may be placed in or before 1589, but the 'Edward I.' of Peele. The 'Edward II.' of Marlowe was undoubtedly later. The anonymous 'Edward III.' belongs also, we think, to a later period.

The 'Edward I.' of Peele bears this title:—'The famous Chronicle of King Edward the First, sirnamed Edward Longshankes, with his Returne from the Holy Land. Also the Life of Llewellen Rebell in Wales. Lastly, the sinking of Queene Elinor, who sunck at Charing-crosse, and rose againe at Potters-hith, now named Queenehith.' It is evident that a play which deals with the "sinking of Queene Elinor" as a veritable portion of the 'Famous Chronicle of Edward I.,' must be one of those productions from which Fitzdottrel, the Norfolk simpleton of Ben Jonson's 'The Devil is an Ass,' obtained his facts:—

> "*Meer.* By my faith, you are cunning in the chronicle, sir.
> *Fitz.* No, I confess I have it from the play-books,
> And think they are more authentic."

Eleanor, the queen of Edward I., is a name which to this hour is familiar to us all, through the exquisite monumental remains of the affection of her husband which still dot the great road from Tottenham to Northampton. That she "sunk at Charing-cross" before Charing-cross was erected to her memory is a sufficiently remarkable circumstance in Peele's play; but it is more remarkable that, assuming to be a 'Famous Chronicle,' and in one or two of the events following the Chronicles, he has represented the queen altogether to be a fiend in female shape,—proud, adulterous, cruel, treacherous, and bloody. "She was a godly and modest princess," says Holinshed, "full of pity, and one that showed much favour to the English nation, ready to relieve every man's grief that sustained wrong, and to make them friends that were at discord, so far as in her lay." The character of the Eleanor of Peele is held to be taken from a ballad, entitled 'A Warning Piece to England against Pride and Wickedness,' &c., and thought to be written in the time of Queen Mary. We doubt exceedingly whether the ballad preceded the play; but, at any rate, the incidents of each are the same. The "mayor of London's wife" of the ballad had given offence to Queen Eleanor by appearing in "London streets in stately sort," and the queen's revenge, according to this authority, was after the following remarkable fashion:—

> "She sent her into Wales with speed,
> And kept her secret there;
> And used her still more cruelly
> Than ever man did hear.

She made her wash, she made her starch,
She made her drudge alway;
She made her nurse up children small,
And labour night and day.

But this contented not the queen,
But shew'd her most despite;
She bound this lady to a post,
At twelve a clock at night.
And as, poor lady, she stood bound,
The queen (in angry mood)
Did set two snakes unto her breast,
That suck'd away her blood." *

We transcribe the corresponding scene of Peele's 'Edward I.:'—

" *Q. Elin.* Now fits the time to purge our melancholy,
And be reveng'd upon this London dame.
Katherina!

Enter KATHERINA.

Kath. At hand, madam.
Q. Elin. Bring forth our London mayoress here.
Kath. I will, madam. [*Exit.*
Q. Elin. Now, Nell,
Bethink thee of some tortures for the dame,
And purge thy choler to the uttermost.

Enter MAYORESS *and* KATHERINA.

Now, mistress mayoress, you have attendance urg'd,
And therefore, to requite your courtesy,
Our mind is to bestow an office on you straight.
May. Myself, my life and service, mighty queen,
Are humbly at your majesty's command.
Q. Elin. Then, mistress mayoress, say whether will you be our nurse or laundress?
May. Then, may it please your majesty
To entertain your handmaid for your nurse,
She will attend the cradle carefully.
Q. Elin. O, no, nurse; the babe needs no great rocking; it can lull itself. Katherina, bind her in the chair, and let me see how she 'll become a nurse. So: now, Katherina, draw forth her breast, and let the serpent suck his fill. Why so; now she is a nurse. Suck on, sweet babe.
May. Ah, queen, sweet queen, seek not my blood to spill,
For I shall die before this adder have his fill.
Q. Elin. Die or die not, my mind is fully pleas'd.
Come, Katherina: to London now will we,
And leave our mayoress with her nursery.
Kath. Farewell, sweet mayoress: look unto the babe. [*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* KATH.
May. Farewell, proud queen, the author of my death,
The scourge of England and to English dames!
Ah, husband, sweet John Bearmber, mayor of London,
Ah, didst thou know how Mary is perplex'd,
Soon wouldst thou come to Wales, and rid me of this pain.
But O! I die; my wish is all in vain. [*Here she dies.*"

Mr. Hallam has characterised the gross violation of historical truth in this play as "a hideous misrepresentation of the virtuous Eleanor of Castile, probably from the base motive of rendering the Spanish nation odious to the vulgar." The whole play is in truth addressed to the lowest taste of the vulgar, as much a fault of the age as of the inherent false taste of the writer. Where the language is intended to be stately and poetical, it becomes tumid and extravagant. For example, King Edward, "in his *suit of glass*," meets the "nine lords of Scotland:" and Eleanor, on this occasion, thus addresses her husband, to his great contentment:—

" The welkin, spangled through with golden spots,
Reflects no finer in a frosty night
Than lovely Longshanks in his Elinor's eye:
So, Ned, thy Nell in every part of thee,—
Thy person's guarded with a troop of queens,
And every queen as brave as Elinor.
Give glory to these glorious crystal quarries,
Where every robe an object entertains
Of rich device and princely majesty.
Thus, like Narcissus, diving in the deep,

* Mr. Dyce's edition of Peele, vol. i., p. 73.

I die in honour and in England's arms;
And if I drown, it is in my delight,
Whose company is chiefest life in death ;
From forth whose coral lips I suck the sweet
Wherewith are dainty Cupid's caudles made.
Then live or die, brave Ned, or sink or swim,
An earthly bliss it is to look on him.
On thee, sweet Ned, it shall become thy Nell
Bounteous to be unto the beauteous:
O'er-pry the palms, sweet fountains of my bliss,
And I will stand on tiptoe for a kiss."

The historical action of this play—if there be any portion of it that can be properly called so—is in the highest degree confused and eccentric. It relates, as far as we can understand, to the invasions of Wales and of Scotland: but the whole conduct of the historical action is so perplexed with the queen's multifarious intrigues, with the masquerading of some of the principal characters as Robin Hoods and Maid Marians, and with the ribaldry of a Welsh friar, who is the chief vehicle for the grossness of the comedy, that the only historical impression left upon the mind of the reader is, that it has something to do with the real story of Edward I., and that he was called Longshanks. To the truth of characterization this drama has not the slightest pretension; nor, as the characters are drawn, have they any consistency. The dying queen is made to confess her sins to her husband, disguised as a friar, with the most hideous minuteness; and when she dies, the king, as far as we may gather from the extravagant language in which he expresses his grief, has also a proper indignation upon the subject of his own wrongs:—

" Blushing I shut these thine enticing lamps,
The wanton baits that make me suck my bane.
Pyropus' harden'd flames did never reflect
More hideous flames than from my breast arise:
What fault more vild unto thy dearest lord?
Our daughter base-begotten of a priest,
And Ned, my brother, partner of my love!
O, that those eyes that lighten'd Cæsar's brain,
O, that those looks that master'd Phœbus' brand,
Or else those looks that stain Medusa's far,
Should shrine deceit, desire, and lawless lust!
Unhappy king, dishonour'd in thy stock!
Hence feigned weeds, unfeigned is my grief."

But before the scene concludes he gives direction for his lady's funeral, without the slightest conflicting feeling; and takes leave of the audience in the character of a mournful widower whose loss could never be repaired:—

" Inter my lovely Elinor, late deceas'd;
And, in remembrance of her royalty,
Erect a rich and stately carved cross,
Whereon her stature shall with glory shine,
And henceforth see you call it Charing-cross;
For why, the chariest and the choicest queen,
That ever did delight my royal eyes,
There dwells in darkness whilst I die in grief."

We thoroughly agree with Mr. Hallam, that the 'Edward I.' of Peele "is a gross tissue of absurdity, with some facility of language, but nothing truly good." There is nothing either in the action or the characterization that can be called *real*. He has not the slightest conception of the possible union of simplicity with poetical power; in all, therefore, that constitutes dramatic truth he is utterly deficient. His characters pass over the scene like dim shadows,

who are the vehicles of fantastic and extravagant language, corresponding with their absurd and incongruous actions; but they exhibit not a single spark of vitality; there is no flesh and blood in their composition; men and women never thought as they think, nor spoke as they speak. Peele's play was first printed in 1593: it was acted fourteen times by Henslowe's company in 1595. Mr. Dyce considers that it was "acted, perhaps, long before it passed the press;" and he calls it "one of the earliest of our chronicle histories." With reference to the question of the originality of the author of the First Part of Henry VI., it is perfectly immaterial when Peele wrote it. It no more interferes with the claim of that author to originality in the conception and dramatic conduct of a chronicle history than does the 'Famous Victories.'

In addition to the historical plays which we have thus described as probably existing in 1589, there is an old rude play, the 'Life and Death of Jack Straw,' printed in 1593; and there is little doubt that there was a much older play than Shakspere's on the subject of Richard II. It is, indeed, highly probable that, when the First Part of Henry VI. was originally produced, the stage had possession of a complete series of chronicle histories, rudely put together, aspiring to little poetical elevation, and managed pretty generally after the fashion described by Gosson, in a pamphlet against the stage printed about 1581:—"If a true history be taken in hand, it is made like our shadows, longest at the rising and falling of the sun, shortest of all at high noon; for the poets drive it most commonly into such points as may best show the majesty of their pen in tragical speeches, or set the hearers agog with discourses of love, or paint a few antics to fit their own humours with scoffs and taunts, or bring in a show to furnish the stage when it is bare: when the matter of itself comes short of this, they follow the practice of a cobbler, and set their teeth to the leather to pull it out." What "the poets" were who produced these performances, and what "the majesty of their pen," have been shown in the specimens we have given from the 'Famous Victories' and the old Richard III. The truth is, that up to the period when Shakspere reached the age of manhood there were no artists in existence competent to produce an historical play superior to these rude performances. The state of the drama generally is thus succinctly, but most correctly, noticed by a recent anonymous writer:—"From the commencement of Shakspere's boyhood, till about the earliest date at which his removal to London can be possibly fixed, the drama lingered in the last stage of a semi-barbarism. Perhaps we do not possess any monument of the time except Whetstone's 'Promos and Cassandra;' but neither that play, nor any details that can be gathered respecting others, indicate the slightest advance beyond a point of development which had been reached many years before by such writers as Edwards and Gascoyne. About 1585, or Shakspere's twenty-first year, there opened a new era, which, before the same decad was closed, had given birth to a large number of dramas, many of them wonderful for the circumstances in which they arose, and several possessing real and absolute excellence."* Of the poets which belong to this remarkable decad, we possess undoubted specimens of the works of Lyly, Peele, Marlowe, Lodge, Greene, Kyd, and Nashe. There are one or two other inferior names, such as Chettle and Munday, connected with the latter part of this decad. We ourselves hold that Shakspere belongs to the first as well as to the second half of this short but most influential period of our literature. Of those artists to whom can be possibly imputed the composition of the First Part of Henry VI., there are only five in whom can be traced any supposed resemblance of style. They are—Peele, Marlowe, Greene, Lodge, and Kyd. The First Part of Henry VI. was therefore either written by one of these five poets, or by some unknown author whose name has perished, or by Shakspere.

A very lively writer, who had the merit of heartily avowing his admiration for Shakspere,

* Edin. Review, July 1840, p. 469.

when the poet's expositors, while they bowed before the shrine, were not sparing of their abuse of the idol, has disposed of the authorship of Henry VI. after a very summary fashion: "That drum-and-trumpet thing called the First Part of Henry VI., written, doubtless, or rather exhibited, long before Shakespeare was born, though afterwards repaired, I think, and furbished up by him, with here and there a little sentiment and diction."* The recovery of a copy of the original play, produced long before Shakspere was born, would be a treasure of much higher value than a legion of 'Gammer Gurtons' and 'Ralph Roister Doisters.' Mr. Morgann does not, in truth, pretend to speak out of any knowledge of the state of our early drama. Every one now sees the absurdity of imagining that *a play which existed many years before Shakspere was born* could have been "repaired and furbished, with here and there a little sentiment and diction," into the First Part of Henry VI. But is it not almost as absurd, and quite as opposed to any real knowledge of the early history of our drama, to maintain that some unknown man—and that man not the author of the two subsequent plays—wrote the First Part of Henry VI. *in or before the year* 1588 *or* 1589, and that Shakspere either did nothing at all in the way of repairing, or that at most he threw in a little sentiment and diction here and there? Mr. Morgann's random "long before Shakespeare was born" is, as it appears to us, just as tenable as Malone's "had, I suspect, been a very popular piece for some years before 1592." The looseness of expression in each, with reference to the date of the First Part of Henry VI., can only be appreciated by recollecting that two or three years in the history of the drama, at the period when Shakspere first became associated with it, constitute an era of far higher importance than any previous half-century. If Morgann had said that the First Part of Henry VI. was written or exhibited five years before Shakspere came to London, his assertion would have been equally incredible. But is the assertion more credible, that some unknown man produced it, as it stands, in 1589? We believe that it was, in some shape, produced by Shakspere earlier than 1589; but we do not believe that Shakspere himself left it in its present state in 1589. The versification of some passages is, to our minds, quite conclusive on this point. We find, indeed, the stately march, the sense concluding or pausing at the end of every line, the verse without a redundant syllable, which Malone describes as the characteristics of *all* the dramas that preceded Shakspere's undoubted productions. We have already adverted to this; but we only met Malone's statement that such versification was the absolute and distinguishing character of the First Part of Henry VI., by showing that, in Shakspere's unquestionable additions to the Second and Third Parts, he still occasionally clung to the early models. But we could put our finger upon fifty passages in the First Part where the stately march becomes *rapid*, the sense is *not* terminated at the end of each line, the verse *has* a redundant syllable,—where the rhythm, in fact, is essentially Shaksperian. What shall we say of Joan of Arc's speech when she first appears?—

> "Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
> My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
> Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
> To shine on my contemptible estate:"—

Or of the graceful playfulness of Warwick in the Temple-garden scene?—

> "Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
> Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
> Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
> Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
> Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
> I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment."

* Morgann's Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff.

Or what to the pause in

> "Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
> With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
> Humphrey of Gloster?"

We ask the critical reader to compare the entire scene in the Temple-garden, the address of La Pucelle to Burgundy in the third act, and the speech of Henry when he puts on the red rose in the fourth act, merely with reference to the rhythm, with any passages in Peele, or Greene, or indeed in any of the dramatists of this decad, and say whether in freedom and variety of versification the author of these passages does not leave all his contemporaries at an immeasurable distance? They are so skilfully interwoven with the original fabric, if they be additions, that no eye can detect a piecing of the web. But we cannot, without conducting this inquiry in a spirit of mere advocacy, assume that they are not additions; and therefore we reserve the question of versification, in proof that Shakspere was the entire author of Henry VI., till we come to examine the poetical structure of the two Parts of the 'Contention,' in which, without the additional passages, the freedom of versification stands out in most decided contrast to every production that existed before 1592.

We hold then that the First Part of Henry VI., in all the essentials of its dramatic construction, is, with reference to the object which its author had in view of depicting a series of historical events with poetical truth, immeasurably superior to any other chronicle history which existed between 1585 and 1590. It has been called, as we see, a "drum-and-trumpet thing." The age in which it was produced was one in which the most accomplished of its courtiers said, "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet: and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style; which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar!"* He who made the "drum-and-trumpet thing" desired to move men's hearts as Sydney's was moved. He saw around him thousands who crowded to the theatres to witness the heroic deeds of their forefathers, although "evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age;" and it was he who first seized upon the great theme for his own, and "trimmed" it in his own "gorgeous eloquence." And what, if the music which he first uttered had a savour of the rough voice and the rude style which had preceded him? What, if his unpractised hand sometimes struck the notes of timidity and unskilfulness? What, if he now and then hurried away even from the principles of his own art, and appeared to start at "the sounds himself had made?" He did what no other man up to that day had done, and long after did,—he banished the "senseless and soulless shows" of the old historical drama, and at once raised up a stage "ample and true with life." To understand the value of the First Part of Henry VI., we must have a competent knowledge of the chronicle histories which had preceded it.

* Sir Philip Sydney's 'Defence of Poetry.'

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§ VI.

" No more than five dramas, the undoubted works of Greene, have come down to posterity. Writing for bread, and with a pen whose readiness was notorious, he undoubtedly produced, during the series of years when he was a professed author, a much greater number of plays: in all probability many of them were never published, and perhaps, of some of them which were really printed, not a single copy has escaped destruction." * Of these five dramatic pieces none were printed till after Greene's death in 1592. 'Orlando Furioso' bears no name on its title; 'Alphonsus King of Aragon' is made by R. G.; the 'Looking Glass for London' bears the joint names of Lodge and Greene; whilst 'Friar Bacon,' and the 'Scottish History of James the Fourth,' purport to be written by Robert Greene. It is from these plays, then, that we must form our estimate of Greene's peculiarities as a dramatist; and thence inquire with what justice he can be accounted the author of one or both of the two Parts of the 'Contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster.'

The subjects of Greene's five plays would appear from their titles to be sufficiently varied. In 'Orlando' the ground work is, of course, to be traced to Ariosto; but the superstructure presents the most extravagant deviations from the plan of the great romance-writer of Italy. The pomposity of the diction is not amiss in the mouths of such stately personages as the Emperor of Africa, the Soldan of Egypt, the Prince of Mexico, the King of the Isles, and the mad Orlando. We give an average specimen of the versification :—

> " Discourteous women, nature's fairest ill,
> The woe of man, that first-created curse,
> Base female sex, sprung from black Ate's loins,
> Proud, disdainful, cruel, and unjust,
> Whose words are shaded with enchanting wiles,
> Worse than Medusa mateth all our minds;
> And in their hearts sits shameless treachery,
> Turning a truthless vile circumference!
> O, could my fury paint their furies forth!
> For hell's no hell, compared to their hearts,
> Too simple devils to conceal their arts;
> Born to be plagues unto the thoughts of men,
> Brought for eternal pestilence to the world."

But the 'Orlando' has its comic scenes as well as its heroic; and we may form some judgment from them of the nature of the wit which a scholar, such as Robert Greene was, had to offer to audiences who in a few years after had become familiar with Launce, and Bottom, and Falstaff. One sample will suffice :—

" *Tom.* Sirrah Ralph, and thou 'lt go with me, I 'll let thee see the bravest madman that ever thou sawest.

Ralph. Sirrah Tom, I believe it was he that was at our town a' Sunday: I 'll tell thee what he did, sirrah. He came to our house, when all our folks were gone to church, and there was nobody at home but I, and I was turning of the spit, and he comes in, and bade me fetch him some drink. Now, I went and fetched him some; and ere I came again, by my troth, he ran away with the roast meat, spit and all, and so we had nothing but porridge to dinner.

Tom. By my troth, that was brave: but, sirrah, he did so course the boys last Sunday; and if ye call him madman, he 'll run after you, and tickle your ribs so with his flap of leather that he hath, as it passeth."

The 'Looking Glass for London' may appear to promise a comedy of manners, such as Jonson came a few years afterwards to present with accurate discrimination and poetical force. Greene's portion of it, which we think may be easily distinguished from Lodge's

* The Rev. A. Dyce. Greene's Dramatic Works, vol. i., p. xli.

satirical prose, offers the most extraordinary canvas for such a delineation. The whole play is the most surprising combination of Kings of Nineveh, Crete, Cilicia, and Paphlagonia; of usurers, judges, lawyers, clowns, and ruffians; of angels, magi, sailors, lords, and "one clad in devil's attire." Last of all, we have the prophets Jonas and Oseas. The opening of this extraordinary drama sufficiently marks the general character of the versified parts:—

Enters RASNI King *of* Nineveh, *with three* Kings *of* Cilicia, Crete, *and* Paphlagonia, *from the overthrow of* Jeroboam King *of* Jerusalem.

"*Rasni.* So pace ye on, triumphant warriors;
Make Venus' leman, arm'd in all his pomp,
Bash at the brightness of your hardy looks,
For you the viceroys are, the cavaliers,
That wait on Rasni's royal mightiness.
Boast, petty kings, and glory in your fates,
That stars have made your fortunes climb so high,
To give attend on Rasni's excellence.
Am I not he that rules great Nineveh,
Bounded with Lycas' silver-flowing streams?
Whose city large diametri contains,
Even three days' journey's length from wall to wall;
Two hundred gates carv'd out of burnish'd brass,
As glorious as the portal of the sun;
And for to deck heaven's battlements with pride,
Six hundred towers that topless touch the clouds."

'Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay' is the old story of the Brazen Head. There is here, unquestionably, more facility in the versification, much less of what we may best distinguish by the name of fustian, and some approach to simplicity and even playfulness. But whenever Greene gets hold of a king he invariably makes him talk in the right royal style which we have already seen; and our Henry III. does not condescend to discourse in a bit more simple English than the Soldan of Egypt or the King of Nineveh. A line or two will exhibit this peculiarity:—

"*Hen.* Great men of Europe, monarchs of the west,
Ring'd with the walls of old Oceanus,
Whose lofty surge is like the battlements
That compass'd high-built Babel in with towers,
Welcome, my lords, welcome, brave western kings."

'Alphonsus King of Aragon' is surrounded by companions that render it impossible *he* should descend to the language men use, and which the real dramatic poet never casts aside, even in his most imaginative moods. Alphonsus is not only accompanied by the great Turk, the King of the Moors, the King of Barbary, the King of Arabia, and the King of Babylon, but the scene is varied by the presence of Medea, Venus, and the nine Muses. Yet in this play, extravagant as the whole conception is, we occasionally meet with passages not so laboured, the result, probably, of the author's carelessness as much as of his art. The following is an example:—

"Fabius, come hither; what is that thou sayest?
What did God Mahomed prophesy to us?
Why do our viceroys wend unto the wars,
Before their king had notice of the same?
What, do they think to play bob-fool with me?
Or are they wax'd so frolic now of late,
Since that they had the leading of our bands,
As that they think that mighty Amurack
Dares do no other than to soothe them up?
Why speak'st thou not? What fond or frantic fit
Did make those careless kings to venture it?"

'The Scottish History of James IV., slain at Flodden,' would, from its title, lead us to imagine that Greene, abandoning his phantasies for realities, had applied himself at last to a genuine historical drama. But the words "slain at Flodden" indicate only what Scottish James was meant. The story is altogether a romance, in which James, putting away his queen, and falling in love with a maiden called Ida, is forsaken by his peers; whilst his wife, who undergoes a mysterious assassination with a still more mysterious recovery, is at last restored to her repentant husband. Mr. Dyce says, "From what source our author derived the materials of this strange fiction I have not been able to discover; nor could Mr. David Laing of Edinburgh, who is so profoundly versed in the ancient literature of his country, point out to me any Scottish chronicle or tract which might have afforded hints to the poet for its composition." As if purposely to divest this piece of any pretension to the character of an historical drama, we have a sort of chorus of 'Oberon' and 'Antics,' and a 'Stoic,' who talks Scotch. Yet the play is not without indications that, however Greene might be incapable of producing a regular historical drama, he could occasionally adapt his style so as to express plain thoughts in intelligible words. The following speech is one of the most favourable specimens: it does not exhibit much power, but it strikingly contrasts with the ambitious rhodomontade which is his distinguishing characteristic:—

> "O king, canst thou endure to see thy court
> Of finest wits and judgments dispossess'd,
> Whilst cloaking craft with soothing climbs so high,
> As each bewails ambition is so bad?
> Thy father left thee, with estate and crown,
> A learned council to direct thy court:
> These carelessly, O king, thou castest off,
> To entertain a train of sycophants.
> Thou well may'st see, although thou wilt not see,
> That every eye and ear both sees and hears
> The certain signs of thine incontinence.
> Thou art allied unto the English king
> By marriage; a happy friend indeed
> If used well, if not, a mighty foe."

The dramatic works of Greene, which were amongst the rarest treasures of the bibliomania, have been rendered accessible to the general reader by the valuable labours of Mr. Dyce. To those who are familiar with these works we will appeal, without hesitation, in saying that the character of Greene's mind, and his habits of composition, rendered him utterly incapable of producing, not the two Parts of the 'Contention,' or one Part, but a single sustained scene of either Part. And yet a belief has been long entertained in England, to which even the wise and judicious still cling, that Greene and Peele either wrote the two Parts of the 'Contention' in conjunction; or that Greene wrote one Part, and Peele the other Part; or that, at any rate, Greene had some share in these dramas. This was a theory propagated by Malone in his 'Dissertation;' and it rests, not upon the slightest examination of the works of these writers, but solely on the far-famed passage in Greene's posthumous pamphlet, the 'Groat's Worth of Wit,' in which he points out Shakspere as "a crow beautified with our feathers." The hypothesis appears to us to be little less than absurd; and yet it is partially sanctioned by such high authority that we cannot pass it over in silence. Mr. Hallam says—"His angry allusion to Shakspeare's plagiarism is *best* explained by supposing that he (Greene) was himself concerned in the two old plays which have been converted into the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI."* In a note upon this passage Mr. Hallam speaks more distinctly:—"Mr. Collier says, Greene may possibly have had a hand in the 'True History of Richard Duke of York.' But why

* History of Literature, vol. ii., p. 379.

possibly? when he claims it, if not in express words, yet so as to leave no doubt of his meaning."

If the passage in Greene's 'Groat's Worth of Wit' could be presented to an intelligent judgment thoroughly unacquainted with the inferences that have been drawn from it, it would be found, we think, to bear very slightly indeed on the question of the authorship of the plays which we are examining; nor, further, to affect the character of Shakspere at all, in any essential point of his moral or literary reputation. But it has so long been mixed up with hypothetical arguments upon the supposed plagiarism of our great poet, and every writer who has approached the subject at all has so undeviatingly held that it had some distinct and special reference to an injury that Shakspere had committed upon Greene and his friends, that we frankly own we have on a former occasion slid, to a certain degree, into the same ordinary belief.* We have now endeavoured to put ourselves, as far as possible, into the condition of one who saw this passage for the first time, and had not only never expressed an opinion on the subject, but had never received one into his mind.

The entire pamphlet of Greene's is, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary fragments of autobiography that the vanity or the repentance of a sinful man ever produced. The recital which he makes of his abandoned course of life involves not only a confession of crimes and follies which were common to a very licentious age, but of particular and especial depravities, which even to mention argues as much shamelessness as repentance. The portion, however, which relates to the subject before us stands alone, in conclusion, as a friendly warning out of his own terrible example:—" To those gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisdom to prevent his extremities." To three of his quondam acquaintance the dying man addresses himself. To the first, supposed to be Marlowe—" thou famous gracer of tragedians"—he speaks in words as terrible as came from

> "that warning voice, which he who saw
> Th' Apocalypse heard cry in heav'n aloud."

In exhorting his friend to turn from atheism, he ran the risk of consigning him to the stake, for Francis Kett was burnt for his opinions only three years before Greene's death. That Marlowe resented this address to him we have the testimony of Chettle. With his second friend, supposed to be Lodge, his plain speaking is much more tender: " Be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words." He addresses the third, supposed to be Peele, as one " driven as myself to extreme shifts;" and he adds, " thou art unworthy better hap sith thou dependest on so mean a stay." What is the stay? " Making plays." The exhortation then proceeds to include the three " gentlemen his quondam acquaintance that spend their wits in making plays."—" Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned: for unto none of you, like me, sought those burs to cleave; those puppets, I mean, that speak from our mouths; those antics garnished in our colours." Up to this point the meaning is perfectly clear. The puppets, the antics,—by which names of course are meant the players, whom he held, and justly, to derive their chief importance from the labours of the poet, in the words which they uttered and the colours with which they were garnished,—had once cleaved to him like burs. But a change had taken place: " Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholding—is it not like that you, to whom they all have been beholding, shall, were ye in that case that I am now, be, both, of them at once forsaken?" This is a lamentable picture of one whose powers, wasted by dissipation and enfeebled by sickness, were no longer required by those to whom they had once been serviceable. As he was forsaken, so he holds that his friends will be forsaken. And chiefly for what reason? " Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our

* Introduction to the Taming of the Shrew.

feathers, that, with *his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank-verse as the best of you: and, being an absolute Johannes factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country." There can be no doubt that Shakspere was here pointed at; that the starving man spoke with exceeding bitterness of the successful author; that he affected to despise him as a player; that, if "beautified with our feathers" had a stronger meaning than "garished with our colours," it conveyed a vague charge of borrowing from other poets; and that he parodied a line from the 'True Tragedy of Richard the Second.' This is literally every word that can be supposed to apply to Shakspere. Greene proceeds to exhort his friends "to be employed in more profitable courses."—"Let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions."—"Seek you better masters." It is perfectly clear that these words refer only to the players generally; and, possibly, to the particular company of which Shakspere was a member. As such, and such only, must he take his share in the names which Greene applies to them, of "apes,"—"rude grooms,"—"buckram gentlemen,"—"peasants,"—and "painted monsters." It will be well to give the construction that has been put upon these words, in the form in which the "hypothesis" was first propounded by Malone:—

"Shakspeare having therefore, probably not long before the year 1592, when Greene wrote his dying exhortation to his friend, new-modelled and amplified these two pieces (the two Parts of the 'Contention'), and produced on the stage what in the folio edition of his works are called the Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI., and having acquired considerable reputation by them, Greene could not conceal the mortification that he felt at his own fame, and that of his associate, both of them old and admired playwrights, being eclipsed by a new *upstart* writer (for so he calls our great poet), who had then first perhaps attracted the notice of the public by exhibiting two plays, formed upon old dramas written by them, considerably enlarged and improved. He therefore in direct terms charges him with having acted like the crow in the fable, *beautified himself with their feathers*; in other words, with having acquired fame *furtivis coloribus*, by new-modelling a work originally produced by them: and wishing to depreciate our author, he very naturally quotes a line from one of the pieces which Shakspeare had thus *re-written*, a proceeding which the authors of the original plays considered as an invasion both of their literary property and character. This line, with many others, Shakspeare adopted without any alteration. The very term that Greene uses,—'to *bombast* out a blank-verse,'—exactly corresponds with what has been now suggested. This new poet, says he, knows as well as any man how to *amplify* and swell out a blank-verse. *Bumbast* was a soft stuff of a loose texture, by which garments were rendered more swelling and protuberant."*

Thus then, the starving and forsaken man—rejected by those who had been beholding to him; wanting the very bread of which he had been robbed, in the appropriation of his property by one of those who had rejected him; a man, too, prone to revenge, full of irascibility and self-love—contents himself with calling his plunderer "an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers"—"A Johannes factotum"—"The only Shake-scene in the country." "He could not conceal his mortification!" It would have been miraculous if he could. And how does he exhibit it? He parodies a line from one of the productions of which he had been so plundered, to carry the point home—to leave no doubt as to the sting of his allusion. But, as has been most justly observed, the epigram would have wanted its

* Malone gives here a special application to the term *bombast*, as if it were meant to express the amplification of the old plays charged against Shakspere. The term had been used by Nashe five years before:—"Idiot art-masters, that intrude themselves to our ears as the alchymists of eloquence, who (mounted on the stage of arrogance) think to outbrave better pens with *the swelling bombast of bragging blank-verse*." (Epistle prefixed to Greene's Menaphon, 1587.)

sting if the line parodied had not been that of the very writer attacked.* Be this as it may, the dying man, for some cause or other, chose to veil his deep wrongs in a sarcastic allusion. He left the manuscript containing this allusion to be published by a friend; and it was so published. It was "a perilous shot out of an elder gun." But the matter did not stop here. The editor of the posthumous work actually apologised to the "upstart crow:"—"I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself hath seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art."† This apology was not written by Chettle at some distant period; it came out in the same year with the pamphlet which contained the insult. The terms which he uses—"uprightness of dealing," and "facetious grace in writing"—seem as if meant distinctly to refute the vague accusation of "beautified with our feathers." It is perfectly clear that Chettle could not have used these terms if Shakspere had been the wholesale plunderer either of Greene or of any other writer that it is assumed he was by those who deprive him of the authorship of the two Parts of the 'Contention.' If he had been this plunderer, and if Chettle had basely apologised for a truth uttered by his dying friend, would the matter have rested there? Were there no Peeles, and Marlowes, and Nashes in the world, to proclaim the dishonour of the thief and the apologist?‡

The only intelligible theory that can be possibly propounded of the motive for Shakspere's piracy of the two Parts of the 'Contention' must assume that the plays in their original state had become the property of the shareholders of the Blackfriars Theatre—the rude grooms, apes, buckram gentlemen, peasants, painted monsters, of Greene; and that Shakspere thrust himself into the capacity of the improver of these plays—the managerial editor. We know that authors were paid, in somewhat later times, to make improvements in old plays. Ben Jonson is held to have written much of the Second Part of Kyd's 'Jeronymo;' and in Henslowe's papers we find him paid, in 1602, a sum on account of these "additions." The same papers exhibit payments to Dekker and Rowley for "new additions" to 'Oldcastle,' and 'Phaeton,' and 'Tasso.'§ We have ourselves expressed a belief that Shakspere's Timon was an alteration of an old play, made by him late in life. But the assumption of Shakspere's plagiary from the 'Contention,' which is sought to be proved by Greene's "His tiger's heart wrapp'd in a player's hide," must go on to establish a case of delinquency against Shakspere unequalled in the history of literature. Greene was accused of having sold the same play to two theatres: "Master R. G., would it not make you blush if you sold 'Orlando Furioso' to the queen's players for twenty nobles, and when they were in the country sold the same play to Lord Admiral's men for as much more? Was not this plain coney-catching, M. G.?"‖ But this was a venial offence compared with Shakspere's.

* Edin. Review, July, 1840.
† Preface to Kind-Heart's Dream.
‡ There was an indistinct echo of Greene's complaint, by some "R. B." in 1594:—

> "Greene gave the ground to all who wrote upon him.
> Nay, more; the men that so eclips'd his fame
> Purloin'd his plumes,—can they deny the same?"

We believe that there never yet any great author appeared in the world who was not reputed, in the onset of his career, to be a plagiarist; or any great literary performance produced by one whose reputation had to be made that was not held to be written by some one else than the man who did write it:—there was some one behind the curtain—some mysterious assistant—whose possible existence was a consolation to the envious and the malignant. Examples in our own day are common enough. "R. B." was probably one of these small critics. If he is held for any authority, we may set against him the indignant denial of Nashe that he had anything to do with "Greene's Groat's Worth of Wit," which he denounces as a "*scald, trivial, lying pamphlet.*" Nashe, be it remembered, was the friend and companion of the unfortunate Greene.
§ Malone, by Boswell, vol. iii., p. 372.
‖ Defence of Coney-Catching, 1592; quoted by Mr. Dyce in his Life of Greene, p. xli.

Malone, who accuses Shakspere with having built his reputation upon the appropriation of the two plays of the 'Contention,' *furtivis coloribus*, tells us that a *decisive proof* that they were not Shakspere's is furnished by the circumstance that they are said, in their title-pages, to have been "sundry times acted by the Earl of Pembroke his servants." Putting the two arguments together, then, we find that Shakspere not only appropriated the reputation of another, but *stole* the plays bodily from the Earl of Pembroke's players, and transferred them to the company to which he belonged. How is this answered? Simply by showing that the statement in the title-page is not in the slightest degree inconsistent with the belief that, as very early productions, they might have been Shakspere's, and might have been acted originally at his own theatre by "the Lord Chamberlain's men," as well as by "the Earl of Pembroke his servants." Mr. Collier, without reference to this particular question, has settled the point with his accustomed industry and knowledge of the early stage:—

"It is probable that prior to the year 1592 or 1593 the copyright of plays was little understood and less recognised; and that various companies were performing the same dramas at the same time, although perhaps they had been bought by one company for its sole use. The only security against invasions of the kind seems to have been the non-publication of plays, which will account for the few that have reached us, compared with the vast number known to have been written: it will account also for the imperfect state of many of them, especially of those of the earliest dates. A popular play, written for one company, and perhaps acted by that company as it was written, might be surreptitiously obtained by another, having been at best taken down from the mouths of the original performers: from the second company it might be procured by a third, and after a succession of changes, corruptions, and omissions, it might find its way at last to the press. I take it for granted, therefore, that such favourite authors as Robert Greene, Christopher Marlowe, Thomas Lodge, George Peele, Thomas Kyd, and some few others, furnished dramatic entertainments not for one company only, but for most of the associations of actors in the metropolis prior to 1593; and when we find early in Henslowe's Diary an entry of 'Tamburlaine' played by Lord Strange's actors, we may conclude that it was exhibited also by the Queen's, Lord Nottingham's, Lord Oxford's, or any other company that could contrive to get up something like the original performance. The extremely popular play by Christopher Marlowe just named is an instance exactly in point. On the title-page of the printed copy in 1590 we are told that it was played by the servants of the Lord Admiral, yet Henslowe five times mentions its performance by the servants of Lord Strange prior to April, 1592.

"At a subsequent date the case seems to have been different; and after December, 1597, when Henslowe began to insert the names of authors as well as the titles of plays, we find few notices of pieces which appear distinctly to have been employed by other companies than that acting under the name of the Lord Admiral."*

Here is an end then of the theory that the statement of the acting of the two Parts of the 'Contention' by Lord Pembroke's company is a decisive proof that it was not written by Shakspere. It is satisfactory to those who reverence his memory to find that he was not so wholesale a robber as his latest commentator would show him to have been. The title-page of the 'Contention' proves only that the play was in existence before the value of dramatic copyright was very highly estimated, and when consequently the original property in such copyright was not very strictly guarded. It fell into the hands of players who were not Shakspere's "fellows;" and it was published by men who were not Shakspere's booksellers, and who certainly pirated some of his later works.†

* History of the Stage, vol. iii., p. 86.

† See Henry V., p. 313.

§ VII.

It appears to us that Greene, in his attack on the reputation of our great poet, has rendered to his memory the most essential service. He has fixed the date of the 'Second Part of the Contention.' However plausible may be the conjectures as to the early production of two or three of Shakspere's comedies, the Romeo and Juliet, and even the first Hamlet, there is no *positive* landmark on them for our direction. But in the case of the First Part of Henry VI., and the two Parts of the 'Contention,' we have the most unquestionable proof, in Greene's parody of a line from the Second Part (the third of the series), that they were popularly known in 1592. They either belonged, therefore, to the first half of the decad between 1585 and 1595, or they touched very closely upon it. Important considerations with reference to Shakspere's share in the original building up of that mighty structure, the drama of Elizabeth, depend upon the establishment of this point, in connexion with the proof that these dramas were originally written by one poet—that the three Parts of Henry VI. and the Richard III. emanated from the same mind.

But there is another claimant to the authorship of the two Parts of the 'Contention,' of much higher pretensions than any one we have noticed. We pass over Kyd; for, although in facility and vigour he is a very remarkable writer, a slight "taste of his quality" would show that he is not the man to deal with a Jack Cade or a Richard. The monotony of Lodge's verse, more wearisome than that of Peele or Greene, would afford no parallel to that of the 'Contention.' No one has ever attempted to fix these dramas upon either Kyd or Lodge; and we may, therefore, be spared any minute examination of their characteristics. But there is one man who, in the force of his genius, and its later direction, was qualified to write at least portions of these plays. We mean Christopher Marlowe. It is to his "mighty line" that we must now address a careful consideration.

The earliest example of the application of blank-verse to the drama is exhibited in 'Ferrex and Porrex,' (usually called 'Gorboduc,') written by Sackville and Norton, and acted in the Inner Temple, and before the queen, in 1561. A surreptitious copy of this play was published in 1565; and a genuine edition appeared in 1571. Gascoyne's 'Jocasta,' played at Gray's Inn in 1566, was also in blank-verse. Whetstone's 'Promos and Cassandra,' printed in 1578, but not previously acted, was partially in blank-verse. Hughes's 'Misfortunes of Arthur,' in blank-verse, was acted before the queen in 1587 at Greenwich. The plays *publicly* acted subsequent to these performances, and up to 1587,—when Nashe, in a passage we have quoted, talks of the "swelling bombast of bragging blank-verse,"—are held by Mr. Collier either to have been written in prose or in rhyming verse. Mr. Collier therefore maintains that the establishment of blank-verse upon the *public* stage was a great and original effort; and he gives the praise of effecting this revolution to Christopher Marlowe. 'Tamburlaine,' which he holds to be Marlowe's work, was, he affirms, the first example of a play in blank-verse so acted. Mr. Collier says, "To adduce 'Tamburlaine' as our earliest popular dramatic composition in blank-verse is to present it in an entirely new light, most important in considering the question of its merits and its defects." Again: "Marlowe did not 'set the end of scholarism in an English blank-verse;'* but he thought that the substitution of blank-verse for rhyme would be a most valuable improvement in our drama." Now, we honestly confess, admitting that "Marlowe was our first poet who used blank-verse in compositions performed in public theatres," (and the question is

* Greene, in 1588.

not one which we are called upon here to examine,) we cannot appreciate the amount of the merit which Mr. Collier thus claims for Marlowe. 'Ferrex and Porrex' had been acted, more than once, before numerous spectators; and it was in existence, in the printed form in which it was accessible to all men, sixteen years before Marlowe is supposed to have effected this improvement. It was not an obscure or a contemptible performance. Sydney describes it as "full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca his style." At any rate, here was dramatic blank-verse; monotonous indeed, not informed with any bold or creative spirit of poetry, coldly correct, and tediously didactic; but still blank-verse, constructed upon a principle that was imitated by all the early dramatists, till some master arose who broke up its uniformity, and refined the "drumming decasyllabon"* with variety of measure and of pause. Where was the remarkable merit of introducing the blank-verse of Sackville to the *public* stage? If 'Ferrex and Porrex' had not been printed,—if 'Promos and Cassandra' had not been printed,—if, being known to a few, their memory had perished,—the man who first introduced blank-verse into a popular play might have been held in some sense to have been an inventor. But the public stage had not received the dramatic blank-verse with which every scholar must have been familiar, from one very obvious circumstance,—the rudeness of its exhibitions did not require the aid of the poet, or at least required only the aid which he could afford with extreme facility. The stage had its extemporal actors, its ready constructors of dull and pointless prose, and its manufacturers of doggrel which exhibited nothing of poetry but its fetters. Greene himself, who is not to be confounded with the tribe of low writers for the theatre in its earliest transition-state, says, in 1588, that he still maintains his "*old* course to palter up something in prose." He is as indignant as his friend Nashe against "verses jet on the stage in tragical buskins, every word filling the mouth like the faburden of Bow-bell." This, Mr. Collier says, is pointed at Marlowe. Greene is no doubt sarcastic upon some one who had made mouthing verses, whilst he continued to write prose. Marlowe, very probably, had first made a species of verse popular which Greene had not practised, and which, he says, he was twitted with being unable to produce.

It was commendable in any man to adopt an essentially higher style than that with which the stage had been familiar; but it certainly required no great effort in a poet to transfer the style which had been popular in the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn to Blackfriars and the Curtain. The cases appear to us parallel with many cases of publication in another form. The style which was first made popular by Beppo, for example, was previously presented to the English taste in Whistlecraft; but because Whistlecraft was known to a few, whilst Beppo was read by thousands, shall we say that Byron first thought the introduction of the style of Berni would be a most valuable improvement in our poetry? With the highest respect for Mr. Collier's opinions, it appears to us that the reputation of Marlowe must rest, not upon his popular revival of dramatic blank-verse, if he did so revive it, but upon the extent to which he improved the model which was ready to his hand. And here we cannot help thinking that the invective both of Nashe and Greene is not directed so much against the popular introduction of blank-verse, as against a particular species of blank-verse whose very defects had perhaps contributed to its popularity. Nashe bestows his satire upon "vain-glorious tragedians, who contend not so seriously to excel in action as to embowel the clouds in a speech of comparison;"—art-masters, who "think to outbrave better pens with a swelling bombast," &c.;—"being not extemporal in the invention of any other means to vent their manhood." Greene, on the other hand, is one "whose extemporal vein in any humour will excel our greatest art-masters' deliberate thoughts." Greene himself, although he derides those "who set the end of scholarism in an English blank-verse," points especially at verse where he finds "every word filling the mouth like the

* Nashe, 1587.

faburden of Bow-Bell;" and, he adds, "daring God out of heaven with that atheist Tamburlaine." Mr. Collier has proved, very conclusively we think, that Marlowe was the author of 'Tamburlaine;' and there can be no doubt that much of the invective of Nashe and Greene may justly apply to this performance. Its very defects Mr. Collier ascribes to the circumstances under which it was written:—"We may assert that, when writing 'Tamburlaine,' Marlowe contemplated a most important change and improvement in English dramatic poetry. Until it appeared, *plays upon the public stage* were written, sometimes in prose, but most commonly in rhyme; and the object of Marlowe was to substitute blank-verse. His genius was daring and original: he felt that prose was heavy and unattractive, and rhyme unnatural and wearisome; and he determined to make a bold effort, to the success of which we know not how much to attribute of the after-excellence of even Shakespeare himself. . . . . . . Marlowe had a purpose to accomplish; he had undertaken to wean the multitude from the 'jigging veins of rhyming mother-wits,' which, according to Gosson, were so attractive; and in order to accomplish this object it was necessary to give something in exchange for what he took away. Hence the 'swelling bombast' of the style in which much of the two Parts of 'Tamburlaine the Great' is written." Be this as it may, we greatly doubt whether, if Shakspere had followed in the steps of 'Tamburlaine,' his "after-excellence" would have been so rapidly matured. It was when he rejected this model, if he ever followed it, that he moved onward with freedom to his own surpassing glory.

The first part of 'Tamburlaine' was printed in 1590. We have not received it entire in the form in which it was acted. The publisher says, in a prefatory address, "I have purposely omitted some fond and frivolous gestures, digressing, and, in my poor opinion, far unmeet for the matter; which I thought might seem more tedious unto the wise than any way else to be regarded, though haply they have been of some vain conceited fondlings greatly gaped at, what time they were showed upon the stage in their graced deformities." It is impossible to open 'Tamburlaine,' at any page, without feeling that we have lighted upon a work of power. We encounter perpetual instances of the most extravagant taste; the inflated style invades, without intermission, the debateable ground between the sublime and the ridiculous; the characters are destitute of interest, with the exception of the gorgeous savage who perpetually fills the scene; we look in vain for the slightest approach to simplicity. But still we are not wearied with the feeble platitudes that belong to the herd of imitators. Shakspere has one or two good-natured hits at the bombast of 'Tamburlaine;' and Pistol's allusion to the "pamper'd jades of Asia" is doubly pointed, when we know that the jades are two kings, who are thus described in the stage direction:—"Enter Tamburlaine, drawn in his chariot by Trebizon and Soria, with bits in their mouths, reins in his left hand, in his right hand a whip, with which he scourgeth them." It is unnecessary for us to enter upon any separate examination of this extraordinary performance with reference to Marlowe's *versification*; for whatever differences it may exhibit to the blank-verse of 'Ferrex and Porrex,' they are not defined enough to constitute a style; his verse as yet was confessedly unformed. With regard to the other points of Marlowe's poetical character that bear upon the authorship of the 'Contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster,' they may be better examined after a rapid notice of all his works that have come down to us.

The plays that can be unhesitatingly assigned to Marlowe are,—the two Parts of 'Tamburlaine,' the 'Massacre of Paris,' 'Faustus,' 'The Jew of Malta,' and 'Edward II.' There can be no doubt, whatever be the defects of these performances, that they are the work of a very remarkable man,—one that stood apart from the mass of his contemporaries to impress the peculiarities of his genius upon everything he touched. The wild magnificence, the unbridled passion, the fierceness of love or hatred, the revelling in blood and cruelty without fear or remorse, the pride in being accounted a scourge of God—these

attributes of the character of Tamburlaine were precisely suited to the power which Marlowe possessed for their development. In the furnace of his imagination not only the images and figurative allusions, but the whole material of his poetry,—the action, the characterization, and the style,—became all of the same white heat. Everything in 'Tamburlaine' burns. The characters walk about like the damned in 'Vathek,' with hearts of real fire in their bosoms. They speak in language such as no human beings actually employ,—not because they are Orientals, but because they are not men and women. They look to us as things apart from this earth,—not because they are clothed in "barbaric pearl and gold," but because their feelings are not our feelings, and their thoughts not our thoughts. The queen of the hero is dying in his presence: though he tied kings to his chariot-wheels, and scourged them with whips, he is represented as accessible to the softer emotions; and the lover thus pours forth his lament:—

"Proud fury, and intolerable fit,
That dares torment the body of my love,
And scourge the scourge of the immortal God:
Now are those spheres, where Cupid us'd to sit,
Wounding the world with wonder and with love,
Sadly supplied with pale and ghastly death,
Whose darts do pierce the centre of my soul.
Her sacred beauty hath enchanted heaven;
And had she liv'd before the siege of Troy,
Helen, (whose beauty summon'd Greece to arms,
And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos)
Had not been nam'd in Homer's Iliads;
Her name had been in ev'ry line he wrote.
Or had those wanton poets, for whose birth
Old Rome was proud, but gaz'd awhile on her,
Nor Lesbia nor Corinna had been nam'd;
Zenocrate had been the argument
Of ev'ry epigram or elegy.
[*The music sounds.—*ZENOCRATE *dies.*
What! is she dead? Techelles, draw thy sword
And wound the earth, that it may cleave in twain,
And we descend into th' infernal vaults,
To hale the fatal sisters by the hair,
And throw them in the triple moat of hell,
For taking hence my fair Zenocrate.
Casane and Theridamas, to arms!
Raise cavalieros higher than the clouds,
And with the cannon break the frame of heav'n;
Batter the shining palace of the sun,
And shiver all the starry firmament,
For am'rous Jove hath snatch'd my love from hence,
Meaning to make her stately queen of heaven.
What God soever hold thee in his arms,
Giving thee nectar and ambrosia,
Behold me here, divine Zenocrate,
Raving, impatient, desperate, and mad,
Breaking my steeled lance, with which I burst
The rusty beams of Janus' temple-doors,
Letting out death and tyrannizing war,
To march with me under this bloody flag!
And if thou pitiest Tamburlaine the Great
Come down from heav'n, and live with me again."

'The Massacre of Paris,' which Mr. Collier thinks "was produced soon after 1588," is essentially without dramatic interest. It was a subject in which Marlowe would naturally revel; for in the progress of the action blood could be made to flow as freely as water. Charles Lamb wittily says, "*Blood* is made as light of in some of these old dramas as *money* in a modern sentimental comedy; and as *this* is given away till it reminds us that it is nothing but counters, so *that* is spilt till it affects us no more than its representative, the paint of the property-man in the theatre." Unquestionably this was a characteristic of the transition state of the drama; and 'Titus Andronicus' is a memorable example of it. But Marlowe, especially, revels in these exhibitions; and in the 'Jew of Malta' the passion is carried to the verge of the ludicrous. The effect intended to be produced is, of course, utterly defeated by these wholesale displays of brutality. As we pity the "one solitary captive," so we weep over the one victim of another's passions; but the revenge of Barabas, the poisoning not only of his own daughter but of the entire nunnery in which she had taken refuge, the massacres, the treacheries, the burning caldron that he had intended for a whole garrison, and into which he is himself plunged,—tragedy such as this is simply revolting. The characters of Barabas and of his servant, and the motives by which they are stimulated, are the mere coinage of extravagance; and the effect is as essentially undramatic as the personification is unreal. We subjoin a specimen of the conversation of this remarkable pair:—

" *Bar.* As for myself, I walk abroad a nights,
And kill sick people groaning under walls:
Sometimes I go about and poison wells;
And now and then, to cherish Christian thieves,
I am content to lose some of my crowns;
That I may, walking in my gallery,
See 'em go pinion'd by my door.
Being young, I studied physic, and began
To practise first upon the Italian;
There I enrich'd the priests with burials,
And always kept the sexton's arms in use
With digging graves and ringing dead men's knells:
And after that was I an engineer,
And in the wars 'twixt France and Germany,
Under pretence of helping Charles the Fifth,
Slew friend and enemy with my stratagems.
Then after that was I an usurer,
And with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,
And tricks belonging unto brokery,
I fill'd the jails with bankrupts in a year,
And with young orphans planted hospitals,
And every moon made some or other mad,
And now and then one hung himself for grief,
Pinning upon his breast a long great scroll
How I with interest tormented him.
But mark how I am bless'd for plaguing them;
I have as much coin as will buy the town.
But tell me now, how hast thou spent thy time?
Itha. 'Faith, master, in setting Christian villages on fire,
Chaining of eunuchs, binding galley-slaves.
One time I was an ostler in an inn,
And in the night-time secretly would I steal
To travellers' chambers, and there cut their throats:
Once at Jerusalem, where the pilgrims kneel'd,
I strewed powder on the marble stones,
And therewithal their knees would rankle so
That I have laugh'd agood to see the cripples
Go limping home to Christendom on stilts."

'Faustus' is of a higher cast than the 'Jew of Malta,' although it was probably written before it. Mr. Collier conceives that 'Faustus' was intended to follow up 'Tamburlaine;' while he assigns the 'Jew' to 1589 or 1590. Its great merit lies in the conception of the principal character. It is undramatic in the general progress of the action; full of dark subtleties, that rather reveal the condition of Marlowe's own mind than lead to the popular appreciation of the character which he painted; and the comedy with which it is blended is perfectly out of keeping, neither harmonising with the principal action, nor relieving it by contrast. But still there is wonderful power. It is, however, essentially the power of Marlowe, to whom it was not given, as to the "myriad-minded man," to go out of himself to realise the truth of every form of human thought and passion, and even to make the supernatural a reality. It was for Marlowe to put his own habits of mind into his dramatic creations; to grapple with terrors that would be revolting to a well-disciplined understanding; "to wander in fields where curiosity is forbidden to go; to approach the dark gulf near enough to look in; to be busied in speculations which are the rottenest part of the core of the fruit that fell from the tree of knowledge."* It is in this spirit, Lamb holds, that he dealt with the characters of Barabas and Faustus. May we not add that when he worked upon a new model,—when he produced his 'Edward II.,' in all probability his latest play, —he could not even then avoid exposing "a mind which at least delighted to dabble with interdicted subjects?" The character of Gaveston is certainly not drawn as Shakspere would have drawn it: if there had been a necessity for so treating the subject, *he* would have abandoned it altogether.

Within a year or two of his death the genius of Marlowe was thus revelling in the exercise of its own peculiar qualities; displaying alike its strength and its weakness, its refinement and its grossness. In his latest period he produced the 'Edward II.' Mr. Collier mentions this as "if not the last, certainly one of the most perfect, of Marlowe's productions. . . . . . Here the author's versification is exhibited in its greatest excellence." It was entered at Stationers' Hall in July 1593, the unhappy poet having been killed in the previous month. We presume, therefore, that those who hold that Marlowe wrote the two Parts of the 'Contention between the Houses of York and Lancaster'—the two *old* plays upon which Shakspere founded the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.—also hold that they were written before Marlowe's 'Edward II.' Chalmers was the first to broach

* Lamb's Specimens, vol. i., p. 44.

the theory of Marlowe's authorship of these plays. Malone, as we have seen, propounded, with minute circumstantiality, in his 'Dissertation,' how Greene "could not conceal his mortification" that he and Peele had been robbed of their property by a "new upstart writer." But Malone, in his 'Chronological Order,' arraigns the thief under an entirely new indictment. Some circumstances, he says, which have lately struck him, confirm an opinion that Marlowe was the author. And he then goes on to produce "confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ." "A passage in his (Marlowe's) historical drama of 'King Edward II.,' which Dr. Farmer has pointed out to me since the 'Dissertation' was printed, also inclines me to believe, with him, that Marlowe was the author of one, if not both, of the old dramas on which Shakspeare formed the two plays which in the first folio edition of his works are distinguished by the titles of 'The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.'" The passage which produced this recantation of Malone's former opinion is that of the two celebrated lines in the 'Second Part of the Contention:'

> "What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
> Sink into the ground? I thought it would have mounted."

Mark the proof. "Marlowe, as Dr. Farmer observes to me, has the very same phraseology in 'King Edward II:'—

> "'Scorning that the lowly *earth*
> *Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air.*'

"And in the same play I have lately noticed another line in which we find the very epithet here applied to the pious Lancastrian king:—

> "'Frown'st thou thereat, *aspiring Lancaster?*'"

We should be content to leave such childish nonsense to its own fate, had the opinion of Marlowe's authorship not been adopted by men of a very different calibre.

The theory that Marlowe wrote one or both Parts of the 'Contention' must begin by assuming that his mind was so thoroughly disciplined at the period when he produced 'Tamburlaine,' and 'Faustus,' and the 'Jew of Malta,' that he was able to lay aside every element, whether of thought or expression, by which those plays are characterised; adopt essentially different principles for the dramatic conduct of a story; copy his characters from living and breathing models of actual man; come down from his pomp and extravagance of language, not to reject poetry, but to ally poetry with familiar and natural thoughts; and delineate crime, not with the glaring and fantastic pencil that makes demons spout forth fire and blood in the midst of thick darkness, but with a severe portraiture of men who walk in broad daylight upon the common earth, rendering the ordinary passions of their fellows—pride, and envy, and ambition, and revenge—most fearful, from their alliance with stupendous intellect and unconquerable energy. This was what Marlowe must have done before he could have conducted a single sustained scene of either Part of the 'Contention;'—before he could have depicted the fierce hatreds of Beaufort and Gloster, the never-subdued ambition of Margaret and York, the patient suffering amidst taunting friends and reviling enemies of Henry, and, above all, the courage, the activity, the tenacity, the self-possession, the intellectual supremacy, and the passionless ferocity, of Richard. In the 'Tamburlaine,' and 'Jew,' and 'Faustus,' events move on with no natural progression. In every scene there must be something to excite. We have no repose; for, if striking situations are not presented, we have the same exaggerations of thought, and the same extravagance of language. What is intended to be familiar at once plunges into the opposite extravagance of ribaldry; and even the messengers and servants are made out of something different from life. We have looked through Marlowe's plays (we except 'Edward II.' for reasons which will presently appear) for a plain piece of narrative, such as might contrast with the easy method with which Shakspere in general tells a story, and of which the 'Con-

tention' furnishes abundant examples: but we have looked in vain. We select a passage, however, from the Second Part of 'Tamburlaine,' in which Callapine and his allies take a survey of their military position and resources; and we compare it with the scene in the 'Second Part of the Contention' in which Warwick meets Edward and Richard after the battle of Wakefield. There can be no doubt that these passages were written within two or three years of each other:—

FROM THE SECOND PART OF TAMBURLAINE.

" *Enter* CALLAPINE, ORCANES, ALMEDA, *and the* Kings *of* Jerusalem, Trebizond, *and* Syria, *with their* Trains.—*To them enter a* Messenger.

Mess. Renowned emperor, mighty Callapine,
God's great lieutenant over half the world!
Here at Aleppo, with a host of men,
Lies Tamburlaine, this king of Persia,
(In numbers more than are the quiv'ring leaves
Of Ida's forest, where your highness' hounds,
With open cry, pursue the wounded stag,)
Who means to girt Natolia's walls with siege,
Fire the town, and overrun the land.
Call. My royal army is as great as his,
That, from the bounds of Phrygia to the sea
Which washeth Cyprus with his brinish waves,
Covers the hills, the valleys, and the plains.
Viceroys and peers of Turkey, play the men!
Whet all your swords, to mangle Tamburlaine,
His sons, his captains, and his followers;
By Mahomet! not one of them shall live;
The field wherein this battle shall be fought
For ever term the Persians' sepulchre,
In memory of this our victory!
Orc. Now, he that calls himself the scourge of Jove,
The emp'ror of the world, and earthly god,
Shall end the warlike progress he intends,
And travel headlong to the lake of hell,
Where legions of devils, (knowing he must die
Here, in Natolia, by your highness' hands,)
All brandishing their brands of quenchless fire,
Stretching their monstrous paws, grin with their teeth,
And guard the gates to entertain his soul.
Call. Tell us, viceroys, the number of your men,
And what our army royal is esteem'd.
Jer. From Palestina and Jerusalem,
Of Hebrews threescore thousand fighting men
Are come since last we showed to your majesty.
Orc. So from Arabia desert, and the bounds
Of that sweet land, whose brave metropolis
Re-edified the fair Semiramis,
Came forty thousand warlike foot and horse,
Since last we number'd to your majesty.
Treb. From Trebizond, in Asia the Less,
Naturaliz'd Turks and stout Bithynians
Came to my band, full fifty thousand more
(That fighting know not what retreat doth mean,
Nor e'er return but with the victory,)
Since last we number'd to your majesty.
Syr. Of Syrians from Halla is repair'd,
And neighbour cities of your highness' land,

FROM THE SECOND PART OF THE CONTENTION.

" *Enter the Earl of* WARWICK, MONTAGUE, *with drum*, Ancient, *and* Soldiers.

War. How now, fair lords? what fare? What news abroad?
Rich. Ah, Warwick, should we report
The baleful news, and, at each word's deliverance,
Stab poinards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
Ah, valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.
Edw. Ah, Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet
Which held thee dear, ay, even as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.
War. Ten days ago I drown'd those news in tears:
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you news since then befallen.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the post could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his departure.
I then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd to St. Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along:
For by my scouts I was advértised
That she was coming, with a full intent
To dash your late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henry's heirs, and your succession.
Short tale to make—we at St. Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But, whether 't was the coldness of the king
(He look'd full gently on his warlike queen)
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
Or whether 't was report of his success,
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captains—blood and death,
I cannot tell: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightnings went and came:
Our soldiers', like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,
Fell gently down, as if they smote their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of the cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards:
But all in vain, they had no hearts to fight,
Nor we in them no hope to win the day;
So that we fled; the king unto the queen,
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post haste, are come to join with you;

Ten thousand horse, and thirty thousand foot,
Since last we number'd to your majesty;
So that the royal army is esteem'd
Six hundred thousand valiant fighting men.
Call. Then welcome, Tamburlaine, unto thy death.
Come, puissant viceroys, let us to the field,
(The Persian's Sepulchre,) and sacrifice
Mountains of breathless men to Mahomet,
Who now, with Jove, opens the firmament
To see the slaughter of our enemies."

For in the marches here we heard you were
Making another head to fight again.
Edw. Thanks, gentle Warwick.
How far hence is the duke with his power?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?
War. Some five miles off the duke is with his power.
But as for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers 'gainst this needful war."

Our readers have now the two Parts of the 'Contention' before them; and we would ask if a single passage can be therein found conceived in Marlowe's "Ercles' vein?" On the other hand, innumerable other passages may be found in Marlowe's 'Edward II.' in which his peculiar characteristics continue to prevail, associated indeed with many evidences of a really higher style of dramatic poetry. This is decisive, we think, against Marlowe being the author of the 'Contention.' But it proves something more;—it is evidence that he had become acquainted with another model, and that model we hold to be the 'Contention' itself. Here it stands, with a fixed date; in itself a model, we believe, if no other works of Shakspere can be proved to have existed in, or close upon, the first half of the decad commencing in 1585. To show the contrary it would be necessary to maintain that Marlowe's 'Edward II.' preceded the 'Contention;' but upon this point no one has ever raised a doubt. All the English authorities have left the 'Contention' amidst the dust and rubbish of that drama, which Marlowe *first*, and Shakspere afterwards, according to their theory, came to inform with life and poetry. They have always proclaimed these dramas as *old* plays—rude plays—things which Shakspere remodelled. We hold that they were the things upon which Marlowe built his later style, whether as regards the dramatic conduct of an action, the development of character, or the structure of the verse;—and we hold that they were Shakspere's.

But it is necessary that we should show that in Marlowe's 'Edward II.' the author, possessing that power of adaptation, to a certain extent, which always belongs to genius, was still pursued by his original faults of exaggeration of thought and inflation of language. We think this may be effected by selecting a few passages scattered up and down the drama:—

" *Queen.* O miserable and distressed queen!
Would, when I left sweet France, and was embark'd,
That charming Circe, walking on the waves,
Had chang'd my shape; or at the marriage-day
The cup of Hymen had been full of poison;
Or with those arms, that twin'd about my neck,
I had been stifled, and not liv'd to see
The king my lord thus to abandon me!
Like frantic Juno will I fill the earth
With ghastly murmur of my sighs and cries."

. . . .

" *Edw.* My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,
Which beats upon it like the Cyclops' hammers,
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,
And makes me frantic for my Gaveston.
Ah! had some bloodless fury rose from hell,
And with my kingly sceptre struck me dead,
When I was forc'd to leave my Gaveston!"

. . . .

" *Edw.* By earth, the common mother of us all!
By heaven, and all the moving orbs thereof!
By this right hand! and by my father's sword!
And all the honours 'longing to my crown!
I will have heads and lives for him, as many
As I have manors, castles, towns, and towers.
Treacherous Warwick! traitorous Mortimer!
If I be England's king, in lakes of gore
Your headless trunks, your bodies will I trail,
That you may drink your fill, and quaff in blood,
And stain my royal standard with the same,
That so my bloody colours may suggest
Remembrance of revenge immortally,
On your accursed traitorous progeny,
You villains that have slain my Gaveston.
And in this place of honour and of trust,
Spencer, sweet Spencer, I adopt thee here;
And merely of our love we do create thee
Earl of Gloster, and lord chamberlain,
Despite of times, despite of enemies."

. . . .

"*Edw.* A litter hast thou? lay me in a hearse,
And to the gates of hell convey me hence;
Let Pluto's bells ring out my fatal knell,
And hags howl for my death at Charon's shore.
For friends hath Edward none, but these; and these
Must die under a tyrant's sword."

. . . .

"*Spencer, junior.* O, is he gone? is noble Edward gone?
Parted from hence, never to see us more?
Rend, sphere of heav'n! and, fire, forsake thy orb!
Earth, melt to air! Gone is my sovereign!
Gone, gone, alas! never to make return."

The slight specimens which we have thus taken, almost at random, from the 'Edward II.' will suggest to our readers a general idea of the structure of Marlowe's verse in that play, which is held to be, "if not the last, the most perfect, of his dramatic productions;" and of which Mr. Collier further says, "Here the author's versification is exhibited in its greater excellence, and successful experiments are made in nearly all those improvements for which Shakespeare has generally had exclusive credit." Mr. Collier, in his 'History of Dramatic Poetry,' from which this passage is extracted, has given a criticism upon each of Marlowe's productions, "with a view to trace the gradual improvement of his style and versification, and to show that he often introduced into his mighty line (as Ben Jonson calls it) not less vigour and majesty than Shakespeare, with such varieties of pause, inflection, and modulation, as left our greatest dramatist little more to do than to follow his example." He adds, "This position supposes, as I have already endeavoured to establish, that Shakespeare had not written any of his original plays prior to 1593 (when Marlowe was killed), although, anterior to that year, he might have employed himself in altering and improving for representation some of the works of older dramatists." We have invariably been opposed to this position; and not only opposed to Mr. Collier's theory that Shakspere did not commence as an original author till 1593, (so utterly at variance with the same gentleman's invaluable discovery that Shakspere held a distinguished *status* in his profession in 1589,) but also to the more common belief that the date of his first original efforts must be assigned to 1591. We have not disguised that we ourselves have a theory connected with our own opinion:—"We have somewhat pertinaciously clung to the belief that Shakspere, by commencing his career as a dramatic writer some four or five years earlier than is generally maintained, may claim, in common with his less illustrious early contemporaries, the praise of being one of the founders of our dramatic literature, instead of being the mere follower and improver of Marlowe, and Greene, and Peele, and Kyd."* The two Parts of the 'Contention' were produced as early, if not earlier, than 1591, by universal admission. Mr. Collier thinks (a little, we apprehend, with the partiality of an advocate) that even Shakspere's 'Richard II.' "presents no variety of rhythm that may not be found" in Marlowe's 'Edward II.' If we can show that in the 'Edward II.' there is no variety of rhythm that may not be found in the two Parts of the 'Contention,'—if we have shown that Marlowe could not have been the author of those two dramas,—and if we establish that Shakspere must have been their author,—there is an end of Mr. Collier's theory, with regard to the versification of Shakspere, that "the varieties of pause, inflection, and modulation" in Marlowe "left our greatest dramatist little more to do than to follow his example."

Mr. Collier admits that the monotony of the elder blank-verse,—the monosyllabic endings of the lines, the construction of blank-verse couplets as it were,—is a defect to "be found in Marlowe's first experiment;" and "when he produced his 'Faustus' he had not yet learnt to avoid it." In the 'Jew of Malta' he finds an improvement in the versification; but in the 'Edward II.' it "is exhibited in its greatest excellence." He then proceeds to analyse this excellence, which consists in the judicious employment of Alexandrines, the use of a redundant syllable, whether at the close of a line or before the close, and the varied pause.

* Introductory Notice to the Merchant of Venice, Comedies, vol. i. p. 388.

Mr. Collier gives examples of passages that combine these merits. We propose to offer some similar examples from the two Parts of the 'Contention;' and, believing these dramas to have preceded 'Edward II.,' we shall, in placing Mr. Collier's selections from Marlowe in apposition with those from the 'Contention,' give Shakspere the first column, and Marlowe the second :—

FROM THE CONTENTION.

1. " As by your high imperial majesty's command."
" Unto your gracious excellence, that are the substance."
" Pardon, my lord, a sudden qualm came o'er my heart."
" And bashful Henry be depos'd, whose cowardice."
" Broke in, and were by th' hands of common soldiers slain."

2. " Methought I was in the cathedral church
At Westminster, and seated in the chair
Where kings and queens are crown'd, and at my feet
Henry and Margaret with a crown of gold
Stood ready to set it on my princely head."
" And you, my gracious lady and *sovereign* mistress,
Causeless have laid complaints upon my head.
I shall not want false witnesses enough,
That so amongst you you may have my life."

3. " *War.* Trust me, my lords, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.
But see, where Somerset and Clarence come;
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?
Cla. Fear not that, my lord.
War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick,
And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful, where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love:
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence, my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the town about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy.
Then cry king Henry with resolved minds,
And break we presently into his tent.
Cla. Why then let 's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God, and St. George!
War. This is his tent, and see where his guard doth stand:
Courage, my soldiers, now or never;
But follow me now, and Edward shall be ours.
All. A Warwick, a Warwick."

4. " *War.* Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?

FROM MARLOWE'S EDWARD II.

1. " But, for we know thou art a noble gentleman."
" Thou com'st from Mortimer and his accomplices."
" To make me miserable! here receive my crown."
" Further, ere this letter was seal'd Lord Berkley came."
" Oh, level all your looks upon these daring men."

2. " Away! poor Gaveston, that has no friend but me;
Do what they can, we 'll live in Tynmouth here;
And so I walk with him about the walls,
What care I, though the earls begirt us round?"
——————" Now, get thee to thy lords,
And tell them I will come to chastise them
For murdering Gaveston. Hie thee, get thee gone!
Edward, with fire and sword, follows at thy heels."
" These hands were never stain'd with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's."

3. " *Gaveston.* Oh, treacherous Warwick, thus to wrong thy friend!
James. I see it is your life these arms pursue.
Gav. Weaponless must I fall, and die in bands?
Oh, must this day be period of my life,
Centre of all my bliss! And ye be men,
Speed to the king.
Warwick. My lord of Pembroke's men,
Strive you no more—I will have that Gaveston.
James. Your lordship doth dishonour to yourself,
And wrong our lord, your honourable friend.
War. No, James; it is my country's cause I follow.
Go, take the villain. Soldiers come, away.
We 'll make quick work. Commend me to your master,
My friend, and tell him that I watch'd it well.
Come, let thy shadow parley with king Edward.
Gav. Treacherous earl, shall not I see the king?
War. The King of heaven, perhaps; no other king."

4. " *Leicester.* Be patient, good my lord: cease to lament.
Imagine Killingworth-castle were your court,

Why ask I that? my mangled body shows
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And by my fall the conquest to my foes.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the rampant lion slept,
Whose top branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree.
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood,
My parks, and walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me, and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length."

And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not of compulsion or necessity.
Edw. Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long ago had eas'd my sorrows,
For kind and loving hast thou always been.
The griefs of private men are soon allay'd,
But not of kings. The forest deer, being struck,
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds;
But when the imperial lion's flesh is gored,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
[And], highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air."

It would be tedious were we to carry this comparison much beyond the limits of Mr. Collier's extracts from the 'Edward II.'; but we cannot resist the temptation of putting the celebrated scene of the murder of Henry VI. side by side with the no less celebrated scene of the murder of Edward II.:—

FROM THE CONTENTION.

"*Glo.* Good day, my lord! What, at your book so hard?
King. Ay, my good lord. Lord, I should say rather;
'T is sin to flatter, good was little better;
Good Gloster, and good devil, were all alike.
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?
Glo. Suspicion always haunts a guilty mind.
King. The bird once lim'd doth fear the fatal bush;
And I, the hapless male to one poor bird,
Have now the fatal object in mine eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.
Glo. Why, what a fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a bird!
And yet, for all that, the poor fowl was drown'd.
King. I, Dædalus, my poor son, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
Thy brother Edward the sun that sear'd his wings;
And thou the enviest gulf that swallow'd him.
Oh, better can my breast abide thy dagger's point,
Than can mine ears that tragic history.
Glo. Why, dost thou think I am an executioner?
King. A persecutor, I am sure thou art;
And if murdering innocents be executions,
Then I know thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.
King. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy of thee:
That many a widow for her husband's death,
And many an infant's water-standing eye,
Widows for their husbands, children for their fathers,
Shall curse the time that ever thou wert born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, a boding luckless tune;

FROM EDWARD II.

"*Edward.* Who 's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou?
Lightborn. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.
Edw. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks.
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.
Light. To murder you, my gracious lord!
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The queen sent me to see how you were us'd,
For she relents at this your misery:
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state?
Edw. Weep'st thou already? list awhile to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevis, hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
The dungeons where they keep me is the sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.
Light. O villains!
Edw. And there, in mire and puddle, have I stood
This ten days' space; and lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum.
They give me bread and water, being a king;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind 's distemper'd, and my body 's numb'd,
And whether I have limbs or no, I know not.
O, would my blood drop out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tatter'd robes.
Tell Isabel, the queen, I look'd not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhors'd the duke of Cleremont.
Light. O, speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself a while.
Edw. These looks of thine can harbour nought but death:

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chatt'ring pies in dismal discord sung;
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit, an undigest created lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou cam'st to bite the world:
And if the rest be true that I have heard,
Thou cam'st into the world——

Glo. Die, prophet, in thy speech, I 'll hear no more: [*Stabs him.*
For this amongst the rest was I ordain'd.

King. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O, God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee. [*He dies.*

Glo. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink into the ground? I had thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death.
Now may such purple tears always be shed,
For such as seek the downfall of our house.
If any spark of life remain in thee, [*Stabs him again.*
Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither:
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 't was true that Henry told me of,
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward:
And had I not reason, think you, to make haste,
And seek their ruins that usurp'd our rights?
The women weeping, and the midwife crying,
'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth:'
And so I was, indeed; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since heaven hath made my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I had no father, I am like no father;
I have no brothers, I am like no brothers;
And this word *love*, which greybeards term divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone."

I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay a while, forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
And even then, when I shall lose my life.
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

Light. What means your highness to mistrust me thus?

Edw. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?

Light. These hands were never stain'd with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

Edw. Forgive my thought, for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left, receive thou this.
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
O, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul!
Know, that I am a king: Oh! at that name
I feel a hell of grief; where is my crown?
Gone, gone; and do I remain?

Light. You 're overwatch'd, my lord; lie down and rest.

Edw. But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;
For not these ten days have these eyelids clos'd.
Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear
Open again. O wherefore sitt'st thou here?

Light. If you mistrust me, I 'll be gone, my lord.

Edw. No, no; for, if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again; and therefore stay.

Light. He sleeps.

Edw. O let me not die; yet stay, O stay a while.

Light. How now, my lord?

Edw. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me, if I sleep, I never wake;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou here?

Light. To rid thee of thy life; Matrevis, come.

Edw. I am too weak and feeble to resist:
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul."

These are two specimens of power, unequalled by any poet except the author of one of the passages. The power of both passages is in their reality. But where did Marlowe attain that power so essentially different from his wonted characteristics? We forbear to press this point. We only ask an impartial examination of the rhythm of the passage from the "*old* play" to determine in what school Marlowe learnt his later and most perfect versification.

Before we conclude these observations on the versification of the *old* plays which it is held Shakspere did not write, we may properly notice a very remarkable peculiarity in the first of the series, which we think bears the evidence of being composed as early as any portion of the play. The First Part of Henry VI. contains about a hundred and fifty consecutive lines which are essentially different in their poetical construction from the other portions of the play, or the series of plays; and, taken as a mass, entirely of another character from any connected passage of his dramas generally. We refer to the couplets of the fifth, sixth, and seventh scenes of the fourth act. Dr. Johnson says of the sixth scene, "For what reason this scene is written in rhyme, I cannot guess. If Shakspeare had not in other plays mingled his rhymes and blank-verse in the same manner, I should have suspected that this dialogue

had been a part of some other poem which was never finished, and that, being loth to throw his labour away, he inserted it here." Without accepting Johnson's theory, we may believe that Shakspere adopted rhyme—the "heroic verse" of Dryden—in this isolated and extensive manner, to render the concluding scenes of Talbot more emphatic. *He* was the hero of the play; *he* carried with him the highest sympathy of the audience. The principle upon which Dryden defended "heroic verse" in tragedy must have been the governing principle of its use in the passage in question:—"If you once admit of a latitude, that thoughts may be exalted, and that images and actions may be raised above the life, and described in measure without rhyme, that leads you insensibly from your own principles to mine: you are already so far onward of your way that you have forsaken the imitation of ordinary converse."* That Shakspere thoroughly understood the far higher dramatic powers of the other instrument, "measure without rhyme," requires no proof. But in the introduction of the scene before us—the longest sustained scene in heroic verse which his plays exhibit, or, as far as we know, which any contemporary drama exhibits—it is manifest to us that he made an experiment, such as a very young poet would alone venture to make. But in this experiment we believe that he carried the powers of the inferior instrument farther, *for dramatic purposes*, than any poet who preceded or came after him. The extraordinary freedom of the versification, which, however, does not possess the slightest ruggedness, has not been approached even by Dryden himself; and of all Shakspere's contemporaries in the use of the couplet there is not one who has attempted that variety of pause which we perpetually encounter in these hundred and fifty lines. We cannot, of course, attempt to prove this by any detailed comparison; but to illustrate our meaning we will occupy a little space with three passages from Peele's 'Arraignment of Paris,' Shakspere's First Part of Henry VI., and Dryden's 'Aurengzebe:'—

PEELE.

"*Apol.* Thrice reverend gods, and thou, immortal Jove,
If Phœbus may, as him doth much behove,
Be licensed, according to our laws,
To speak uprightly in this doubted cause,
(Sith women's wits work men's unceasing woes,)
To make them friends, that now bin friendless foes,
And peace to keep with them, with us, and all
That make their title to this golden ball;
(Nor think, ye gods, my speech doth derogate
From sacred power of this immortal senate;)
Refer this sentence where it doth belong:
In this, say I, fair Phœbe hath the wrong:
Not that I mean her beauty bears the prize,
But that the holy law of heaven denies
One god to meddle in another's power;
And this befel so near Diana's bower,
As for th' appeasing this unpleasant grudge,
In my conceit she hight the fittest judge."

SHAKSPERE.

"*Tal.* When from the dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy; and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight—I soon encountered;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus: 'Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:'
Here, purposing the bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care;
Art thou not weary, John? How didst thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?"

DRYDEN.

"*Arim.* Heav'n seems the empire of the east to lay
On the success of this important day:
Their arms are to the last decision bent,
And fortune labours with the vast event:
She now has in her hand the greatest stake
Which for contending monarchs she can make.
Whate'er can urge ambitious youth to fight
She pompously displays before their sight;
Laws, empire, all permitted to the sword,
And fate could ne'er an ampler scene afford.
Asaph. Four several armies to the field are led,
Which, high in equal hopes, four princes head;
Indus and Ganges, our wide empire's bounds,
Swell their dy'd currents with their natives' wounds:
Each purple river winding, as he runs,
His bloody arms about his slaughter'd sons.
Fayel. I well remember you foretold the storm,
When first the brothers did their factions form:
When each, by curs'd cabals of women, strove
To draw th' indulgent king to partial love."

* Essay prefixed to the 'Conquest of Grenada.'

We ask, then, where we shall find an example amongst the dramatic poets who are held to have preceded Shakspere of couplets written for the stage with the freedom and variety of these scenes? Such qualities, we are ready to acknowledge, are to be found in Marlowe's unfinished 'Hero and Leander;' but the few couplets that we meet in Marlowe's plays, if they admit at all of a comparison with the sustained scenes before us, will show that this poet had, with reference to the drama, a different theory of heroic verse from the theory of the author of the First Part of Henry VI. He had a different theory, as we have held, of *dramatic* verse altogether till he reached the period of his latest productions. And why so? Because he had a different theory of the qualities in which the strength of dramatic poetry consisted; and he kept to his own theory until an opposite model was presented to him.

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§ VIII.

When William Shakspere was about five years of age a grant of arms was made by the College of Heralds to his father. The father was unquestionably engaged in trade of some sort in Stratford-upon-Avon; but he lived in an age when the pride of ancestry was not lightly regarded, and when a distinction such as this was of real and permanent importance. The grant was confirmed in 1599; and the reason for the confirmation of arms is stated with minute particularity in the "exemplification" then granted by Sir William Dethick and the great Camden:—"Know ye that in all nations and kingdoms the record and remembrance of the valiant facts and virtuous dispositions of worthy men have been known and divulged by certain shields of arms and tokens of chivalry; the grant and testimony whereof appertaineth unto us, by virtue of our offices from the queen's most excellent majesty and her highness' most noble and victorious progenitors: wherefore, being solicited, and by credible report informed that John Shakspeare, now of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent., whose parent and great-grandfather, late antecessor, for his faithful and approved service to the late most prudent prince King Henry VII. of famous memory was advanced and rewarded with lands and tenements, given to him in these parts of Warwickshire, where they have continued by some descents in good reputation and credit," &c. &c. It is not difficult to imagine the youthful Shakspere sitting at his mother's feet, to listen to the tale of his "antecessor's" prowess; or to picture the boy led by his father over the field of Bosworth,—to be shown the great morass which lay between both armies,—and Radmoor Plain, where the battle began,—and Dickon's Nook, where the tyrant harangued his army,—and the village of Dadlington, where the graves of the slain still indented the ground. Here was the scene of his antecessor's "faithful and approved service." In the humble house of Shakspere's boyhood there was, in all probability, to be found a thick squat folio volume, then some thirty years printed, in which might be read, "what misery, what murder, and what execrable plagues this famous region hath suffered by the division and dissention of the renowned houses of Lancaster and York." This, to the generation of Shakspere's boyhood, was not a tale buried in the dust of ages; it was one whose traditions were familiar to the humblest of the land, whilst the memory of its bitter hatreds still ruffled the spirits of the highest. "For what nobleman liveth at this day, or what gentleman of any ancient stock or progeny is clear, whose lineage hath not been infested and plagued with this unnatural division?" In that old volume from which we quote, "the names of the histories contained" are thus set forth:—"I. 'The *Unquiet Time* of King Henry the Fourth.' II. 'The *Victorious Acts* of King Henry the Fifth.' III. 'The *Troublous Season* of King Henry the Sixth.' IV. 'The *Prosperous Reign* of King Edward the Fourth.' V. 'The *Pitiful Life* of King Edward the Fifth.' VI. 'The *Tragical Doings* of King Richard the Third.' VII. 'The Politic Governance of King Henry the Seventh.' VIII. 'The Triumphant Reign of King Henry the Eighth.'" This book was 'Hall's Chronicle.' How diligently the young man Shakspere had studied the book, and how carefully he has followed it in four of his chronicle histories, we have given abundant example in the Historical Illustrations of these plays. With the local and family associations, then, that must have belonged to his early years, the subject of these

four dramas, or rather the subject of this one great drama in four parts, must have irresistibly presented itself to the mind of Shakspere, as one which he was especially qualified to throw into the form of a chronicle history. It was a task peculiarly fitted for the young poet during the first five years of his connexion with the theatre. Historical dramas, in the rudest form, presented unequalled attractions to the audiences who flocked to the rising stage. Without any undue reliance on his own powers, he might believe that he could produce something more worthily attractive than the rude dialogue which ushered in the "four swords and a buckler" of the old stage. He had not here to invent a plot; or to aim at the unity of action, of time, and of place, which the more refined critics of his day held to be essential to tragedy. The form of a chronicle history might appear to require little beyond a poetical exposition of the most attractive facts of the real Chronicles. It is in this spirit, we think, that Shakspere approached the execution of the First Part of Henry VI. It appears to us, also, that in that very early performance he in some degree held his genius in subordination to the necessity of executing his task, rather with reference to the character of his audience and the general nature of his subject than for the fulfilment of his own aspirations as a poet. There was before him one of two courses. He might have chosen, as the greater number of his contemporaries chose, to consider the dominions of poetry and of common sense to be far sundered; and, unconscious or doubtful of the force of simplicity, he might have resolved, with them, to substitute what would more unquestionably gratify a rude popular taste,—the force of extravagance. On the other hand, it was open to him to transfer to the dramatic shape the spirit-stirring recitals of the old chronicle writers; in whose narratives, and especially in that portion of them in which they make their characters speak, there is a manly and straightforward earnestness which in itself not seldom becomes poetical. Shakspere chose this latter course. When we begin to study the Henry VI., we find in the First Part that the action does not appear to progress to a catastrophe; that the author lingers about the details, as one who was called upon to exhibit an entire series of events rather than the most dramatic portions of them;—there are the alternations of success and loss, and loss and success, till we somewhat doubt to which side to assign the victory. The characters are firmly drawn, but without any very subtle distinctions,—and their sentiments and actions appear occasionally inconsistent, or at any rate not guided by a determined purpose in the writer. It is easy to perceive that this mode of dealing with a complicated subject was the most natural and obvious to be adopted by an unpractised poet, who was working without models. But although the effect may be, to a certain extent, undramatic, there is impressed upon the whole performance a wonderful air of truth. Much of this must have resulted from the extraordinary quality of the poet's mind, which could tear off all the flimsy conventional disguises of individual character, and penetrate the real moving principle of events with a rare acuteness, and a rarer impartiality. In our view, that whole portion of the First Part of Henry VI. which deals with the character and actions of Joan of Arc is a remarkable example of this power in Shakspere. We find her described in the Chronicles under every form of vituperation,—a monstrous woman, a monster, a ramp, a devilish witch and satanical enchantress, an organ of the devil. She was the main instrument through which England had lost France; and thus the people still hated her memory. She claimed to be invested with supernatural powers; and thus her name was not only execrated but feared. Neither the patriotism nor the superstition of Shakspere's age would have endured that the Pucelle should have been dismissed from the scene without vengeance taken upon her imagined crimes; or that confession should not be made by her which would exculpate the authors of her death. Shakspere has conducted her history up to the point when she is handed over to the stake. Other writers would have burnt her upon the scene, and the audience

would have shouted with the same delight that they felt when the Barabas of Marlowe was thrown into the caldron. Shakspere, following the historian, has made her utter a contradictory confession of one of the charges against her honour; but he has taken care to show that the brutality of her English persecutors forced from her an inconsistent avowal, if it did not suggest a false one, for the purpose of averting a cruel and instant death. In the treatment which she receives from York and Warwick, the poet has not exhibited one single circumstance that might excite sympathy for *them*. They are cold, and cruel, and insolent, because a defenceless creature whom they had dreaded is in their power. Her parting malediction has, as it appears to us, especial reference to the calamities which await the authors of her death :—

> " May never glorious sun reflex his beams
> Upon the country where you make abode!
> But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
> Environ you."

But in all the previous scenes Shakspere has drawn the character of the Maid with an undisguised sympathy for her courage, her patriotism, her high intellect, and her enthusiasm. If she had been the defender of England, and not of France, the poet could not have invested her with higher attributes. It is in her mouth that he puts his choicest thoughts and his most musical verse. It is she who says

> " Glory is like a circle in the water,
> Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
> Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought."

It is she who solicits the alliance of Burgundy in a strain of impassioned eloquence which belongs to one fighting in a high cause with unconquerable trust, and winning over enemies by the firm resolves of a vigorous understanding and an unshaken will. The lines beginning

> " Look on thy country, look on fertile France,"

might have given the tone to everything that has been subsequently written in honour of the Maid. It was his accurate knowledge of the springs of character, which in so young a man appears almost intuitive, that made Shakspere adopt this delineation of Joan of Arc. He knew that, with all the influence of her supernatural pretension, this extraordinary woman could not have swayed the destinies of kingdoms, and moulded princes and warriors to her will, unless she had been a person of very rare natural endowments. She was represented by the Chroniclers as a mere virago, a bold and shameless trull, a monster, a witch ;—because they adopted the vulgar view of her character,—the view, in truth, of those to whom she was opposed. *They* were rough soldiers, with all the virtues and all the vices of their age; the creatures of brute force; the champions, indeed, of chivalry, but with the brand upon them of all the selfish passions with which the highest deeds of chivalry were too invariably associated. The wonderful thing about the First Part of Henry VI. is, that these men, who stood in the same relation of time to Shakspere's age as the men of Anne do to ours, should have been painted with a pencil at once so vigorous and so true. The English Chroniclers, in all that regards the delineation of characters and manners, give us abundant *materials* upon which we may form an estimate of actions, and motives, and instruments; but they do not show us the instruments moving in their own forms of vitality; they do not lay bare their motives; and hence we have no real key to their actions. Froissart is, perhaps, the only contemporary writer who gives us real portraits of the men of mail. But Shakspere marshalled them upon his stage, in all their rude might, their coarse ambition, their low jealousies, their factious hatreds,—mixed up with their thirst for glory, their indomitable

courage, their warm friendships, their tender natural affections, their love of country. They move over his scene, displaying alike their grandeur and their littleness. He arrays them, equally indifferent whether their faults or their excellences be most prominent. The " terrible Talbot" denounces his rival Fastolf with a bitterness unworthy a companion in arms; enters into a fierce war of words with the Pucelle, in which her power of understanding leaves him almost contemptible; and fights onward from scene to scene as if there was nothing high in man except the power of warring against his fellows: but he weeps like a lover over the fruitless gallantry of his devoted son; and he folds his dead boy in his rough arms, even as the mother, perishing with her child, takes the cold clay of the dear one to her bosom. This is the *truth* which Shakspere substituted for the vague delineations of the old stage. These are the pictures of manners which he gave to the people, when other poets adopted the easier expedient of separating the imaginative from the vulgar view of human actions and passions, only by rejecting whatever was real. He gave to his audiences new characters and new manners, simply because he presented to them the characters and manners of the ages which he undertook to delineate. Other men were satisfied to find the new in what never had an existence.

But with all this truth of characterization and of costume, the scattered events, the multifarious details, the alternations from factions at home to wars abroad, would have never hung together as a dramatic whole, had the poet not supplied a principle of cohesion, by which what is distant either in time or space, or separated in the natural progression of events, is bound together. We feel in the First Part of the Henry VI. that some unseen principle is in operation by which the action still moves onward to a fixed point. One by one the great soldiers of Henry V. fade from the scene—the Salisburys, and Bedfords, and Talbots, who held France as their hunting-ground. Other actors come upon the busy stage more distinctly associated with the scenes of factious strife which are to follow. The beginnings of those strifes are heard even amidst the din of the battle-fields of France; and, surrounded by terrible slaughter and fruitless victories, we have an unstable peace and a marriage without hope—an imbecile king and a discontented nobility. Amidst all this involvement the poet disdains, as it were, to illuminate the thick darkness beyond with a single ray. We see only the progression of events without their consequences; and the belief produced upon the mind is, that a fate presides over their direction. The effect is achieved by the masterly skill with which the future is linked to the present—felt, but not seen.

It appears to us that one of the most decisive proofs that Shakspere was the original author of the three Parts of Henry VI. is to be derived from the evidence which these plays present of the gradual increase of power in the writer. We say this without reference to the passages which have been added to the 'Contention;' for all the real dramatic power is most thoroughly developed in the original plays that have grown into the Second and Third Parts of the Henry VI. The succeeding process to which they were subjected was simply one of technical elaboration and refinement. We have no doubt at all that the First Part of Henry VI. originally existed in a rougher form. Whoever compares it critically with the two Parts of the 'Contention' will perceive that much of the ruggedness which belongs to those dramas has no place in this first drama of the series. For instance, it has very few Alexandrines; the use of old words, such as "belike," is very rare, that word being frequently found in the 'Contention;' and the versification altogether, though certainly more monotonous, is what we may call more correct than that of the 'Contention.' How it could ever have been held that this play has undergone *no* repair, is to us one of the many marvellous things that belong to the ordinary critical estimation of it. Be the changes it has passed through few or many, it is evident to us that all the material parts of the ori-

ginal structure are still to be found. But whatever rapidity of action, truth of characterization, and correctness of style it may possess, in a pre-eminent degree, as compared with other plays of the period, it is not, in all the higher essentials of dramatic excellence, to be placed in the same scale as the two Parts of the 'Contention.' It wants, speaking generally, the high poetry of those plays—not the mere poetry of description, but the teeming thought, the figurative expression, the single word that conveys a complex idea with more distinctness and much more force than the periphrasis of ordinary writers. It results from this very defect that the First Part of Henry VI. has far less obscurity than the succeeding parts. We may venture to say that there is no play of the whole number received as Shakspere's which exhibits so few passages of doubtful meaning; and this we hold to be a consequence of its being one of his very earliest performances. All the very early plays possess this attribute, more or less. We can understand how a poet of Shakspere's extraordinary judgment—the quality which we hold to be as remarkable in him as his invention—should, surrounded as he was with dramatic productions teeming with extravagance and unreality of every description, first endeavour to be correct and to be intelligible. We have already noticed that the Two Gentlemen of Verona possesses this distinctive character. "This comedy has, to our minds, a very modern air. The thoughts are natural and obvious, the images familiar and general. The most celebrated passages have a character of grace rather than of beauty; the elegance of a youthful poet aiming to be correct, instead of the splendour of the perfect artist, subjecting every crude and apparently unmanageable thought to the wonderful alchymy of his all-penetrating genius."* But of what other author, who belonged to the transition-state of the drama, can it be said that intelligibility was a characteristic? Who else has attempted to give us the familiar without the vapid or the gross, and the dignified without the inflated? Who, in a word, of our dramatic writers between 1585 and 1590, trusted to the power of the real?

The value of any work of art is to be tested rather by its effect as a whole than by the effect of particular parts. And this especially applies to a work of dramatic art; for parts even fine in themselves may, with reference to the entire effect of a drama, be blemishes instead of beauties. No writer that ever lived has approached Shakspere in the skill by which the whole is made to produce its entire and undisturbed effect. He is, thus, of all poets, the least to be appreciated from the study alone of "specimens." For although these may be sufficient to place him in the highest rank, in comparison with the "specimens" of other writers, yet, separated from the parts by which they are naturally surrounded, they furnish no idea of the extraordinary harmony with which they are blended with all that has preceded and all that follows them. Shakspere, beyond every other dramatic writer, possesses the power of sustaining a continuous idea, which imparts its own organization and vitality to the most complete and apparently incongruous action,—to the most diversified and seemingly isolated characters.

Without understanding the paramount idea, the manufacturers of acting plays have proceeded to the abridgment and transposition of Shakspere's scenes, and have produced such monsters as D'Avenant's 'Tempest' and Tate's 'Lear.' It is in the same spirit that the critics upon the Henry VI. hold that these dramas are greatly inferior to Shakspere's other performances; and hence the theory of their spuriousness. But, as we have partially shown, the informing idea in all its dramatic power and unity runs through the entire series of these plays; and, as we think, is most especially manifest in the two Parts of the 'Contention.' For what is the effect which the poet intended in these two dramas to produce on

* Introductory Notice to Two Gentlemen of Verona.

the minds of his audience? There was to be shown a dark chaotic mass of civil tumult, of factious strifes, of fierce and bloody hatreds, of desperate ambition, of political profligacy, of popular ignorance, of weak government. The struggle was to be continued, while each faction had its alternations of success; each was to exhibit the same demoralising effects of the same frenzied ambition which drove them onward; the course of events was sometimes to be determined by energy and sometimes by accident; weakness was to throw away what power and good fortune had won; alliances were to be broken by causeless quarrels, and cemented by motiveless treachery; and, lastly, when the ever-present fate which seemed to dominate over this wild and fearful confusion gave the final battle to the feeble, and hurled down the mighty from the car of victory, there was to be superfluous guilt in the hour of success, and the conquerors were to march to thrones with their hands red with murder. But what principle was to hold together all these apparently incongruous elements? How were the separate scenes, each so carelessly, as it were, linked with the other, to produce one overwhelming interest, stimulate one prevailing curiosity, satisfy one irresistible craving in the spectators? The stern majesty of justice was made to preside over the course of these wild and mysterious events—sometimes dimly seen, sometimes wholly hidden, but rising up ever and anon out of thick clouds and darkness, to assert the overruling power of some government of events, more equal, more enduring, more mighty, and more fearful, than the direction which they received from human energy, and passion, and intellect, and guilt. Shakspere has *never* chosen to exhibit this tremendous agency after that unnatural manner which we are accustomed to call *poetical* justice—*he* develops the progress of that *real* justice which *sometimes*, for inscrutable purposes, permits the good to be forsaken, to be humiliated, to be crushed, to perish; but which invariably follows the guilty with some dismal retribution, more striking if it be seen,—more terrible if it be hidden from all eyes, and revealed only in the innermost heart of the peace-abandoned. *He* never distorts and vulgarises the manifest workings of a providential arbitrement of human actions, by heaping every calamity upon the good man,—searing his heart with tortures which leave the wheel and the stake but little to inflict,—and then—hey presto—turning the dirge into a dance—the prison into a palace,—whilst the tyrant and the villain has his profitable account settled with a stab or an execution. *Poetical* justice is " your only jig-maker." But Shakspere never forgets that in the general course of *actual* events there is a slow but unerring retribution that follows the violation of justice, evolved, not by the shifting of a scene, but out of the natural consequences of the events themselves. Let us endeavour to trace how this paramount idea is brought out in the dramas before us.

Sir Walter Scott somewhere speaks, through one of his characters, of the " Lancastrian prejudices" of Shakspere. The great novelist had probably in his mind the delineation of Richard. But it would be difficult, we think, to have conducted the entire chronicle history of the 'Contention between the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster' with more rigid impartiality. This just and tolerant view of human events and characters constitutes one of the most remarkable peculiarities of the mind of Shakspere; and its manifestation in the dramas before us furnishes one of the many proofs, and to us not the least convincing, that they could alone have emanated from that mind. For, let us turn to the very first scenes of these dramas, and we shall find the character of the Lancastrian Margaret gradually displaying itself in an aptitude for bold and dangerous intrigue, founded upon her pride and impatience of a rival in authority. The Duchess of Gloster is tempted by her own weak ambition to meddle with the " lime-twigs" that have been set for her. But it is the passionate hatred of Margaret, lending itself to schemes of treachery and bloodshed, that drives on the murder of the " good Duke Humphrey." With the accomplices of Margaret the retribution is instant and terrible. The banished Suffolk falls, not by the hand of the

law, but by some mysterious agency which appears to have armed against him a power mightier than the law, which seizes upon its victim with an obdurate ferocity, and hurries him to death in the name of a wild and irregular justice. To the second great conspirator against the Protector the retribution is even more fearful—the death, not of violence but of mental torture, far more terrible than any bodily pain. The "Look, look, comb down his hair!" of Beaufort, speaks of sufferings far higher than those of the proud Suffolk, when the pirate had denounced him as "Pole, puddle, kennel, sink, and dirt!" and he saw the prophecy of the "cunning wizard" about to be accomplished. The justice which followed the other conspirator against Humphrey had not yet unsheathed its sword. His punishment was postponed till the battle-day of Wakefield.

The scenes of the first four acts of the First Part of the 'Contention' may appear to a superficial observation to be very slightly linked with the after-scenes of the great contest of the Roses. But it was the object of the poet to show the beginnings of faction, continued onward in the same form from the previous drama. The Protectorship was essentially a government of weakness, through the jealousies which it engendered and the intrigues by which it was surrounded. But the removal of the Protector left the government more weak, subjected as it then was to the capricious guidance of the imbecility of Henry and the violence of Margaret. Of such a rule popular commotions are the natural fruit. The author of the 'Contention,' with a depth of political wisdom which Shakspere invariably displays, has exhibited the insurrection of Cade, not as a revolt for specific objects, such as the removal of public oppressors or the redress of popular wrongs, but as a movement of the most brutal ignorance, instigated by a coarse ruffian, upon promises which could be realised in no condition of society, and for ends which proposed only such peace and security as would result from the overthrow of all rule and order. "You shall have seven halfpenny loaves for a penny, and the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, and it shall be felony to drink small beer," is the proper prologue to "Henceforward all things shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass." The same political sagacity has given us the inconstancy, as well as the violence, of the multitude. Nor are these remarkable scenes an episode only in this great dramatic history. Cade perishes, but York is in arms. The civil war is founded upon the popular tumult.

The civil war is begun. The Yorkists are in the field. The poet has delineated the character of their leader with a nice discrimination, and certainly without any of the coarseness of partisanship. He conveys to us that York is ambitious and courageous, but somewhat weak, and, to a great extent, a puppet in the hands of others. In the early scene in the Temple-garden his ambition is rashly discovered, in a war of words, commenced in accident and terminated in fruitless passion. That ambition first contents itself "to be restored to my blood." And when Henry grants this wish the submission of the half-rebel is almost grovelling:—

> "Thy humble servant vows obedience,
> And humble service, till the point of death."

The full development of his ambition is the result of his estimation of the character of Henry, and his sense of the advantage which he derives from the factions which grow out of an imbecile government. But he is still only a dissembler, exciting his fancies with some shadowy visions of a crown, lending himself to the dark intrigues of his natural and avowed enemies, and calling up the terrible agency of popular violence, reckless of any consequences so that confusion be produced:—

> "From Ireland then comes York again
> To reap the harvest which that coystrill sow'd."

The schemes of York are successful, and he is at length in arms; but he still dissembles. When Buckingham demands "the reason of these arms," and addresses him as a "subject, as I am," his wounded pride has vent in the original play in a few words. But Shakspere, in his additions to the sketch, has marked the inflated weakness of York's character by putting in his mouth words of "sound and fury" which he is afraid to speak aloud:—

> "O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with them,
> I am so angry at these abject terms;
> And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
> On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury!
> I am far better born than is the king;
> More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
> But I must make fair weather yet a while,
> Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong."

Passion, however, precipitates that decided movement which prudence would have avoided; and the battle of St. Alban's is the result.

The poet has now fairly opened

> "The purple testament of bleeding war."

Smothered dislikes are now to become scorching hatreds; and the domestic affections, bruised and wounded, are to be the stimulants of the most savage revenge. Shakspere has, with wonderful knowledge of human nature, made the atrocities of Clifford spring from the very depths of his filial love. The original conception is found in the 'Contention;' but its elaboration in the Second Part of Henry VI. is perhaps unsurpassed in beauty of expression by any passage of our matchless poet:—

> "Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
> To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
> The silver livery of advised age,
> And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
> To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight
> My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 't is mine
> It shall be stony."

With this preparation the savage ferocity of Clifford, in the murder of Rutland, is rendered less revolting:—

> "Thy father slew my father, therefore die."

This is the key to his cold-blooded participation in the butchery of York:—

> "There 's for my oath, there 's for my father's death."

And what a real exhibition is this of the foulest crimes perpetrated under gentle impulses, where ill-regulated love and hate keep together as twin-sisters! But this is chivalry. Here, even the kindly affections have an aspect of intense selfishness; and "fierce wars and faithful loves" spring from the same want of the principle of self-control, and the same ignorance of the duties of a large and comprehensive charity. The partisanship of chivalry, displaying itself in bold adventure and desperate courage, looks to be something high and glorious. But it is the same blind emanation of self-love as the factious partisanship of modern politics, in which the leader and the serf are equally indifferent to the justice of the quarrel, and equally regardless of the ends by which victory is to be achieved. Shakspere has given us every light and shadow of the partisanship of chivalry in his delineation of the various characters in these two wonderful dramas. Apart and isolated from all active agency in the quarrel stands out the remarkable creation of Henry. The poet, with his instinctive judgment, has given the king a much higher character than the chroniclers assign to him.

Their relations leave little doubt upon our minds that his imbecility was very nearly allied to utter incapacity; and that the thin partition between weakness and idiocy was sometimes wholly removed. But Shakspere has never painted Henry under this aspect: he has shown us a king with virtues unsuited to the age in which he lived; with talents unfitted for the station in which he moved; contemplative amidst friends and foes hurried along by a distempered energy; peaceful under circumstances that could have no issue but in appeals to arms; just in thought, but powerless to assert even his own sense of right amidst the contests of injustice which hemmed him in. The entire conception of the character of Henry, in connexion with the circumstances to which it was subjected, is to be found in the Parliament-scene of the Third Part of Henry VI. This scene is copied from the 'Contention,' with scarcely the addition or alteration of a word. We may boldly affirm that none but Shakspere could have depicted with such marvellous truth the weakness, based upon a hatred of strife—the vacillation, not of imbecile cunning, but of clear-sighted candour—the assertion of power through the influence of habit, but of a power trembling even at its own authority—the glimmerings of courage utterly extinguished by the threats of "armed men," and proposing compromise even worse than war. We request our readers to peruse this scene in the 'Second Part of the Contention,' and endeavour to recollect if any poet besides Shakspere ever presented such a reality in the exhibition of a mind whose principles have no coherency and no self-reliance; one moment threatening and exhorting his followers to revenge, the next imploring them to be patient; now urging his rival to peace, and now threatening war; turning from the assertion of his title to acknowledge its weakness; and terminating his display of "words, frowns, and threats" with

"Let me but reign in quiet while I live."

It was weakness such as this which inevitably raised up the fiery partisans that the poet has so wonderfully depicted; the bloody Clifford—the "she-wolf of France"—the dissembling York—the haughty Warwick—the voluptuous Edward—and, last and most terrible of all, *he* that best explains his own character, "I am myself alone."

One by one the partisans that are thus marshalled by the poet in the Parliament-scene of London are swept away by the steady progress of that justice which rides over their violence and their subtlety. The hollow truce is broken. Margaret is ready to assail York in his castle; York is prepared for the field, having learned from the precocious sophist Richard how an "oath is of no moment." Now are let loose all the "dogs of war." The savage Clifford strikes down the innocent Rutland; the more savage Margaret dips her napkin in his blood. York perishes under the prolonged retribution that awaited the ambition that dallied with murder and rebellion. Clifford, to whom nothing is so odious as "harmful pity," falls in the field of Towton, where the son was arrayed against the father, and the father against the son; and the king, more "woe-begone" than the unwilling victims of ambition, moralises upon the "happy life" of the "homely swain." The great actors of the tragedy are changed. Edward and Richard have become the leaders of the Yorkists, with Warwick, "the king-maker," to rest upon. Henry has fled to Scotland; Margaret to France. Then is unfolded another leaf of that Sibylline book. Edward is on the throne, careless of everything but self-gratification; despising his supporters, offending even his brothers. Warwick takes arms against him; Clarence deserts to Warwick; Richard alone remains faithful, sneering at his brother, and laughing in the concealment of his own motives for fidelity. Edward is a fugitive, and finally a captive; but Richard redeems him, and Clarence again cleaves to him. The second revolution is accomplished. The "king-maker" yields his "body to the earth" in the field of Barnet; Margaret and her son become captives in the plains near Tewkesbury. Then

comes the terrible hour to the unhappy queen—that hour which she foresaw not when she gave the "bloody napkin" to the wretched York—that hour whose intensity of suffering reached its climax of expression in "You have no children." But Richard is fled

> "To make a bloody supper in the Tower."

The three that stab the defenceless Edward equally desire another murder; but *one* is to do the work. It is accomplished.

And here then, according to the authorities that we have so long followed in England, rested the history of the 'Contention of the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster,' as far as the original author carried that history. It was to conclude with deeds of violence, as fearful and as atrocious as any we have yet witnessed. The slaughter of Rutland by the Lancastrian Clifford was to find its parallel in the stabbing of Edward by the three brothers of York; the butchery of York, amidst the taunts and execrations of Margaret and her followers, was to be equalled by the sudden murder of the desolate Henry in his prison-house. There was to be no retribution for these later crimes. The justice which had so long presided over this eventful story was now to sleep. If there was vengeance in reserve, it was to be distant and shadowy. The scene was to close with "stately triumphs;" "drums and trumpets" were to sound; Hope was to display to the conqueror her visions of "lasting joy." If the poet had here closed his chronicle, he would have been an imperfect interpreter of his own idea. We open another leaf of the same volume, and all becomes clear and consistent.

To understand the character of the Richard III. of Shakspere, we must have traced its development by the author of the 'Contention.' We have already pointed out in Section II. how thoroughly the character was a creation of the early author; and how entire the unity was preserved between the last of these four dramas, which everybody admits to be the work of the "greatest name in all literature," in an unbroken link with the previous drama, which everybody has been in the habit of assigning to some obscure and very inferior writer. We are taught to open the 'Life and Death of King Richard III.,' and to look upon the extraordinary being who utters the opening lines as some new creation, set before us in the perfect completeness of self-formed villainy. We have not learnt to trace the growth of the mind of this bold bad man; to see how his bravery became gradually darkened with ferocity; how his prodigious talents insensibly allied themselves with cunning and hypocrisy; how, in struggling for his house, he ultimately proposed to struggle for himself; how, in fact, the bad ambition would be naturally kindled in his mind, to seize upon the power which was sliding from the hands of the voluptuous Edward, and the "simple, plain Clarence." He that wrote—

> "I have no brothers, I am like no brother;
> And this word *love*, which greybeards term divine,
> Be resident in men like one another,
> And not in me; I am myself alone"—

prepared the way for the Richard that was to tell us—

> "If I fail not in my deep intent
> Clarence hath not another day to live:
> Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
> And leave the world for me to bustle in!"

The poet of the Richard III. goes straightforward to his object; for he has made all the preparation in the previous dramas. No gradual development is wanting of the character which is now to sway the action. The struggle of the houses up to this point has been

one only of violence; and it was therefore anarchical. "The big-boned" Warwick, and the fiery Clifford, alternately presided over the confusion. The power which changed the

> "Dreadful marches to delightful measures"

seemed little more than accident. But Richard proposed to himself to subject events to his domination, not by courage alone, or activity, or even by the legitimate exercise of a commanding intellect, but by the clearest and coolest perception of the strength which he must inevitably possess who unites the deepest sagacity to the most thorough unscrupulousness in its exercise, and is an equal master of the weapons of force and of craft. The character of Richard is essentially different from any other character which Shakspere has drawn. His bloody violence is not that of Macbeth; nor his subtle treachery that of Iago. It is difficult to say whether he derives a greater satisfaction from the success of his crimes, or from the consciousness of power which attends the working of them. This is a feature which he holds in common with Iago. But then he does not labour with a "motiveless malignity," as Iago does. He has no vague suspicions, no petty jealousies, no remembrance of slight affronts, to stimulate him to a disproportioned and unnatural vengeance. He does not *hate* his victims; but they stand in his way, and as he does not *love* them, they perish. He chuckles in the fortitude which this alienation from humanity confers upon him:—

> "Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,
> That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
> If heaven will take the present at our hand."

Other men, the most obdurate, have been wrought upon by a mother's tears and a mother's prayers: they are to him a jest:—

> "Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
> I did not see your grace:—Humbly on my knee
> I crave your blessing.
> *Duch.* God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast,
> Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.
> *Glo.* Amen; and make me die a good old man!
> That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing;
> I marvel that her grace did leave it out."

Villains or the blackest die disguise their crimes even from themselves. Richard shrinks not from their avowal to others, for a purpose. The wooing of Lady Anne is, perhaps, the boldest thing in the Shaksperian drama. It is perpetually on the verge of the impossible; yet the marvellous consistency of character with which it is conducted renders the whole of this conduct probable, if we once get over the difficulty which startles Richard himself:—

> "Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
> Was ever woman in this humour won?"

His exultation at having accomplished his purpose by the sole agency of "the plain devil and dissembling looks" is founded on his unbounded reliance upon his mental powers; and that reliance is even strong enough to afford that he should abate so much of his self-love as to be joyous in the contemplation of his own bodily deformity.

It is the result of the peculiar organization of Richard's mind, formed as it had been by circumstances as well as by nature, that he invariably puts himself in the attitude of one who is playing a part. It is this circumstance which makes the character (clumsy even as it has been made by the joinery of Cibber) such a favourite on the stage. It cannot be over-acted. It was not without a purpose that the author of the 'Contention' put in the mouth of Henry

> "What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?"

Burbage, the original player of Richard, according to Bishop Corbet's description of his host at Bosworth,* was identified with him. This aptitude for subjecting all his real thoughts and all his natural impulses to the exigences of the scene of life in which he was to play the chief part, equally govern his conduct whether he is wooing Lady Anne—or denouncing the relations of the queen—or protesting before the king,

"'T is death to me to be at enmity"—

or mentioning the death of Clarence as a thing of course—or begging the strawberries from the Bishop of Ely when he is meditating the execution of Hastings—or appearing on the Tower walls in rusty armour—or rejecting the crown which the citizens present to him—or dismissing Buckingham with

"Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein"—

or soliciting the mother of his murdered nephews to win for him her daughter,

"As I intend to prosper and repent."

It is only in the actual presence of a powerful enemy that Richard displays any portion of his *natural* character. His bravery required no dissimulation to uphold it. In his last battle-field he puts forth all the resources of his intellect in a worthy direction: but the retribution is fast approaching. It was not enough for offended justice that he should die as a hero: the terrible tortures of conscience were to precede the catastrophe. The drama has exhibited all it could exhibit—the palpable images of terror haunting a mind already anticipating the end. "Ratcliff, I fear, I fear," is the first revelation of the true inward man to a fellow-being. But the terror is but momentary:—

"Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls."

To the last the poet exhibits the supremacy of Richard's intellect, his ready talent, and his unwearied energy. The tame address of Richmond to his soldiers, and the spirited exhortation of Richard, could not have been the result of accident.

It appears to us, then, that the complete development of the character of Richard was absolutely essential to the completion of the great idea upon which the poet constructed these four dramas. There was a man to be raised up out of the wild turbulence of the long contest—not cruel, after the mere fashion of a Clifford's cruelty—not revengeful, according to the passionate impulses of the revenge of a Margaret and of an Edward—not false and perjured, in imitation of the irresolute weakness of a Clarence—but one who was cruel, and revengeful, and treacherous, upon the deepest premeditation and with the most profound hypocrisy. That man was also to be so confident in his intellectual power, that no resolve was too daring to be acted upon, no risk too great to be encountered. Fraud and force were to go hand in hand, and the one was to exterminate what the other could not win. This man was to be an instrument of that justice which was to preside to the end of this "sad eventful history." By his agency was the house of York to fall, as the house of Lancaster had fallen. The innocent by him were to be swept away with the guilty. Last of all, the Fate was to be appeased—the one great criminal was to perish out of the consequences of his own enormities.

* "Mine host was full of ale and history,
And in the morning when he brought us nigh
Where the two Roses join'd, you would suppose
Chaucer ne'er made the romaunt of the Rose.
Hear him. See you yon wood? There Richard lay
With his whole army. Look the other way,
And, lo! while Richmond in a bed of gorse
Encamp'd himself all night, and all his force:
Upon this hill they met. Why, he could tell
The inch where Richmond stood, where Richard fell.
Besides what of his knowledge he could say,
He had authentic notice from the play;
Which I might guess by marking up the ghosts,
And policies not incident to hosts;
But chiefly by that one perspicuous thing
Where he mistook a player for a king.
For when he would have said, King Richard died,
And call'd, A horse! a horse! he Burbage cried."

It is an observation of Horace Walpole that Shakspere, in his Richard III., "seems to deduce the woes of the house of York from the curses which Queen Margaret had vented against them." It was the faith of Margaret that curses were all-powerful:—

> "I 'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
> And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace."*

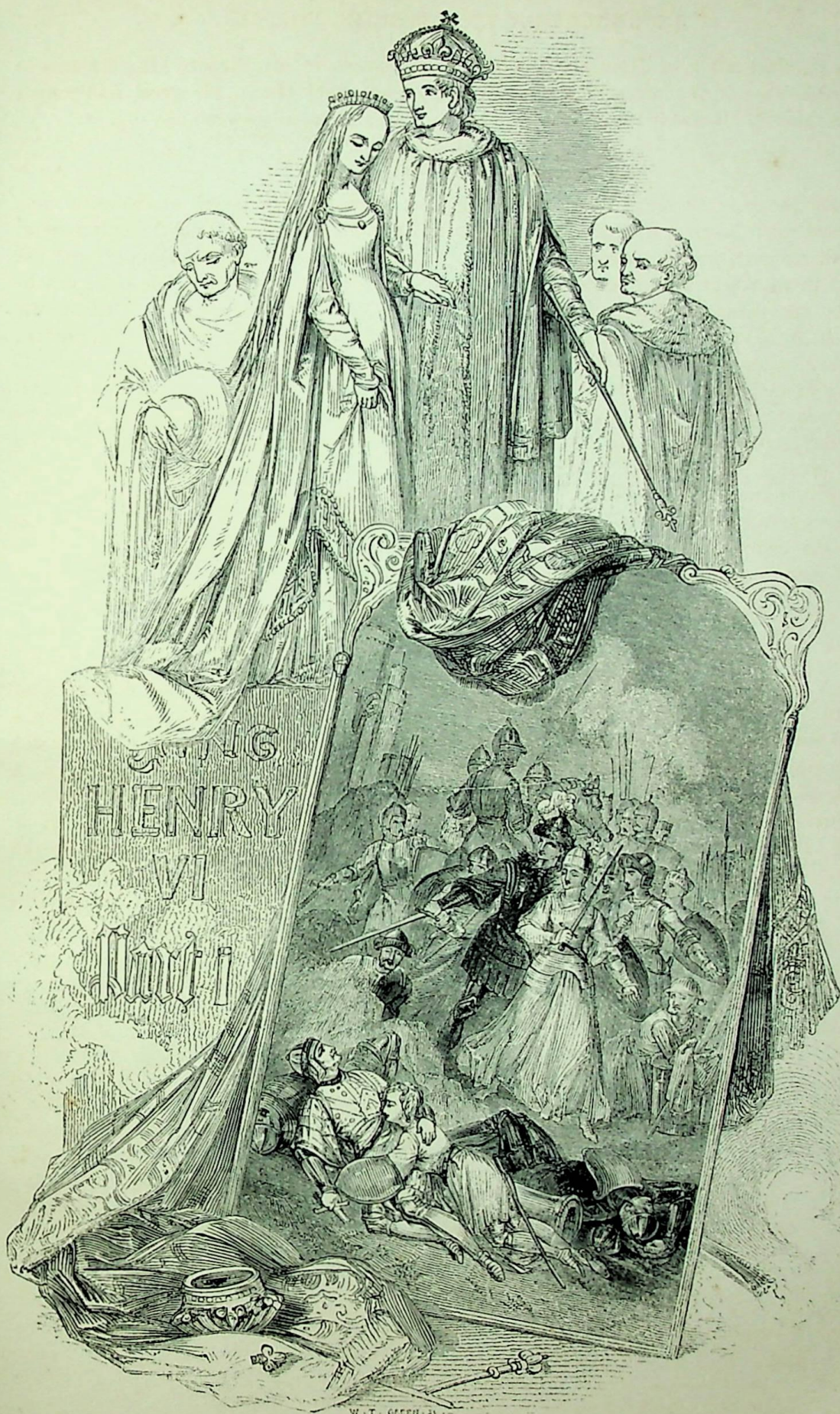
This was the poetical faith of the author of these dramas—the power of the curse was associated with the great idea of a presiding Fate. But Margaret's were not the only curses. Richard himself, in one passage, where he appears to make words exhibit thoughts and not conceal them, refers to the same power of a curse—that of his father, insulted in his death-hour by the scorns of Margaret, and moved to tears by her atrocious cruelty. This is the assertion of the equal justice which is displayed in the dramatic issue of these fearful events; not justice upon the house of York alone, which Horace Walpole thinks Shakspere strove to exhibit in deference to Tudor prejudices, but justice upon the house of Lancaster as well as the house of York, for those individual crimes of the leaders of each house that had made a charnel-ground of England. When that justice had asserted its supremacy tranquillity was to come. The poet has not chosen to exhibit the establishment of law and order in the astute government of Henry VII.; but in his drama of Henry VIII. he has carried us onward to a new state of things, when the power of the sword was at an end. He came as near to his own times as was either safe or fitting; but he contrasts his own times with the days of civil fury, in a prophetic view of the reign of Elizabeth:—

> "In her days, every man shall eat in safety
> Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
> The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours."†

There has existed, then, a dramatic teacher of historical events from the deposition of Richard II. to the birth of Elizabeth. We have *nine* historical dramas written upon a plan of connexion bearing the name of this teacher. Did *Shakspere* write the nine? or did *he* accomplish the more difficult task of appropriating *three* out of the nine—the work, it is said, of several other men—and make all their disjointed parts cohere in themselves, and form a whole with the dramas of his own which introduced and continued their story? Did he create the *one idea*, by piecing out a *half-idea?* Did he, especially, make the four dramas of which we have been treating *one* great drama in four parts, by informing the work of others, as well as his own work, with that unity which we have endeavoured to render manifest?

* Richard III., Act I., Scene III.

† Henry VIII., Act V., Scene IV.

END OF THE ESSAY.

HENRY
VI
Part I

[Henry VI. in his Youth.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

'The First Part of Henry the Sixth' was originally printed, under that title, in the folio collection of 1623. Upon the authority, then, of the editors of that edition of 'Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, published according to the true original Copies,' this drama properly finds a place in every modern edition of our poet's works. But since the time of Malone the English critics have agreed that this play is spurious; and Drake, without hesitation, refers to what Shakspere's friends and editors denominated the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. as the First and Second Parts; and recommends all future editors, if they print this first play at all, to give it only in an Appendix. "The spuriousness of this Part, indeed," says Dr. Drake, "has been so satisfactorily proved by Mr. Malone, that no doubt can be supposed any longer to rest upon the subject." If we were in the habit, then, of taking upon trust what the previous editors of Shakspere have authoritatively held, we should either reject this play altogether, or if we printed it we should inform our readers that "the hand of Shakspere is nowhere visible throughout." We cannot consent to follow either of these courses; and, even at the risk of being held presumptuously to open a question which has been long considered to be finally disposed of, we print the play, and we do not tell the reader that Shakspere never touched it.

Malone's 'Dissertation on the Three Parts of King Henry VI., tending to show that those plays were not written originally by Shakspeare,' is the most careful and elaborate of his productions, and that upon which his reputation as a critic was mainly built. His theory is thus stated by himself:—

"Several passages in The Second and Third Part of King Henry VI. appearing evidently to be of the hand of Shakspeare, I was long of opinion that the *three* historical dramas which are the subject of the present disquisition were properly ascribed to him; not then doubting that the whole of these plays was the production of the same person. But a more minute investigation of the subject, into which I have been led by the revision of all our author's works, has convinced me that, though the premises were true, my conclusion was too hastily drawn; for, though the hand of Shakspeare is unquestionably found in the two latter of these plays, it does not therefore necessarily follow that they were *originally* and *entirely* composed by him. . . . My hypothesis then is, that The First Part of King Henry VI., as it now appears (of which no quarto copy is extant), was the entire or nearly the entire production of some ancient dramatist; that 'The Whole Contention of the two Houses of York and Lancaster,' &c., written probably before the year 1590, and printed in quarto, in 1600, was also the composition of some writer who preceded Shakspeare; and that from this piece, which is in two parts, (the former of which is entitled 'The First Part of the Contention of the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the Death of the good Duke Humphrey,' &c., and the latter, 'The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt,') our poet formed the two plays entitled 'The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.,' as they appear in the first folio edition of his works."

We propose to investigate this question, as a whole, upon broader grounds than Malone has taken. It appears to us that he has left many important points untouched, and has dwelt somewhat too much upon minute distinctions. The question is not one merely of verbal criticism. It is connected with some of the most interesting inquiries as to the history of the English drama and the early life of Shakspere. It is a subject, therefore, that we cannot take up and dismiss in a hasty or fragmentary manner, or in a spirit of tame acquiescence in prevailing opinions on the one hand, or of inconsiderate controversy on the other. We purpose, then, to treat it as fully as may be necessary, in the form of an Introduction to this Volume, and we shall distribute it over the succeeding Parts that form the Volume. At present it is needless for us to enter into a detail of our plan, further than to say that, as it involves an examination of the dramatic character of the three Parts of Henry VI. and of Richard III., it will render any separate Introductory or Supplementary Notices to these plays unnecessary.

Costume of Henry VI., Part I.

The number of historical personages introduced in the plays of Henry VI., Richard III., and Henry VIII., of whom we have the "lively effigies" handed down to us, will render unnecessary a long verbal description of the costumes of their respective periods, as portraits of the principal individuals in their habits as they lived will appeal immediately to the eye of the reader, and require scarcely any explanation. Henry VI. himself, in this play, is almost the only personage for whose dress we have no contemporary authority. He appears for the first time in the third act of this Part as a young man, in his parliament robes, and in the full exercise of his kingly office in Westminster Hall; but, in point of fact, he was at that time a child of eight years of age at the utmost. In the fourth act he is crowned at Paris (he was then only in his tenth year), and in the fifth act he is in his ordinary apparel in his palace in London. The only representations we remember of Henry in his childhood are those drawn by John Rouse, the Warwickshire antiquary, in the reign of Richard III., and which are consequently no authorities for this period. As the poet, however, has thought fit to make him a young man, we shall be justified in showing him on his throne as king, presenting a sword to John Talbot, the great Earl of Shrewsbury, and surrounded by several of his nobility in their parliamentary robes. (See Historical Illustration of Act IV.) In a MS. life

of St. Edmund, by Lydgate (Harleian Col., No. 2278), there is a representation of the king presiding in parliament, which is very nearly of this period; and another MS. in the same collection (No. 1766), also a work of Lydgate's, was written and illuminated by command of Humphrey Duke of Gloster, about the beginning of the reign of Henry VI., and will furnish the general costume of the people. This will be given in Part II.

Of Duke Humphrey we know no contemporary portrait or effigy; but of his brother, the Duke of Bedford, there is a most authentic representation in the well-known and splendid MS. called the Bedford Missal. He is attired in a richly-embroidered robe, with the extravagantly long sleeves of the period; his hair is cut short all round his head, in accordance with the fashion of the preceding reign. The tapestry behind him is covered with his badge, the root of a tree, and his "word," or motto, "a vous entier." We give his portrait from this authority. Of Henry Beau-

[Duke of Bedford.]

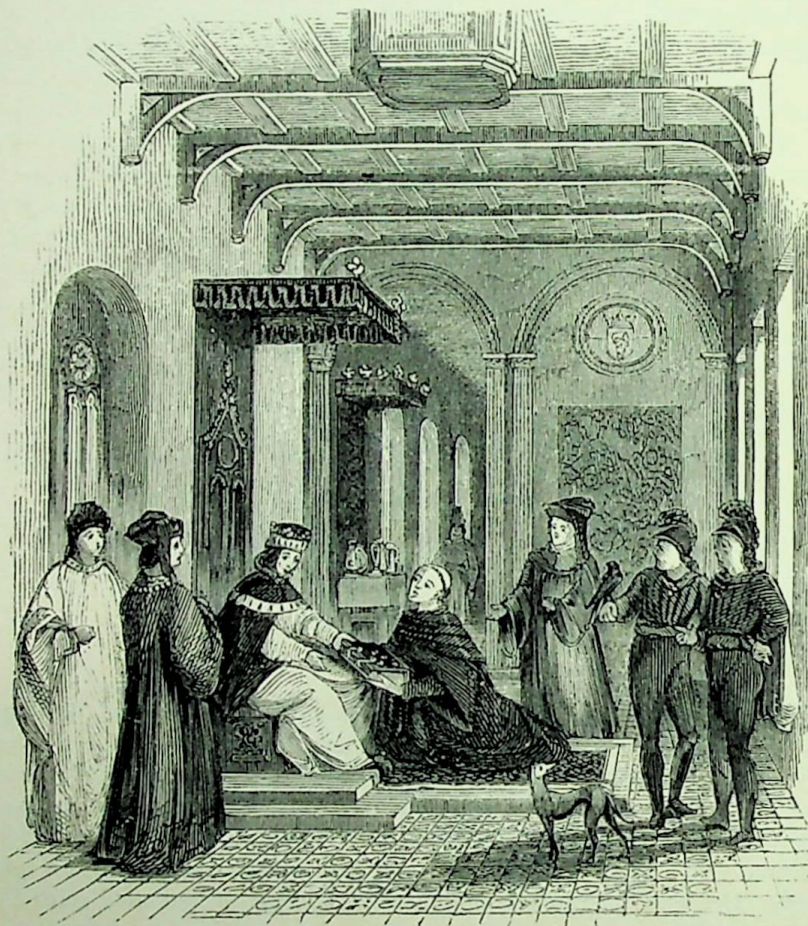
fort, Cardinal-Bishop of Winchester, there remains a fine effigy on his tomb in Winchester cathedral. (This will be given in Part II.) He is in his cardinal's robes. The sleeves of the under tunic are black, edged with white; at each side of his face, which is placid and beardless, appears a little lock of black hair. On his hands are gloves fringed with gold, and having an oval-shaped jewel (an ancient mark of dignity) on the back. On the middle and third fingers of each hand are rings, worn over the gloves. Of John Beaufort, Duke and Earl of Somerset, there is a splendid effigy in Wimborne Minster, Dorsetshire, representing him in a richly-ornamented suit of armour of this period. He is without a jupon or surcoat, in complete plate, the borders elaborately engraved and gilt. The bascinet is surrounded by a coronet. To the *tassets*, or plates below the cuirass, are appended by straps and buckles those additional defences for the thighs called *tuilles*, which first appear in this reign; and just above them, over the hips, he wears the military belt, or girdle, to which are affixed on one side his sword, and on the other his dagger.

Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, is represented in his civil attire in a window of St. Mary's Hall, at Coventry, engraved in Dugdale's 'Warwickshire.' He wears a richly-ornamented hood; a loose robe of some figured stuff, with large sleeves, lined with ermine, over a tight under-dress of cloth, or velvet. His effigy in the Warwick Chapel exhibits another fine specimen of the armour of this reign.

Of John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, there is also a fine effigy in armour, and wearing the mantle of the Garter, beautifully engraved in Mr. Stothard's valuable work of Sepulchral Monuments.

5

(See Illustrations of Act iv.) Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, is depicted in armour in a MS. copy of Lydgate's poem, 'The Pilgrim' (Harleian Col., No. 4826). The tassets have no tuilles attached to them, and the cloak with escalloped edges, worn with the armour, is a fashion of the time of Henry V. (See King Henry V., Act iv.) Of William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, there is said to be an effigy in the north wall of the chancel at Wingfield Church, Suffolk. He is in armour, with a conical bascinet and gorget of mail. Sir John Fastolfe is depicted in armour, and wearing the mantle and ensigns of the order of the Garter, in the south window of the church at Pulham, Norfolk. (*Vide* Gough and Blomefield.)

There are numerous portraits of Charles VII. of France, engraved from various sources, in Montfaucon's 'Monarchie Française.' We have selected such as are most interesting to the reader of Shakspere, and have only to premise that the illumination wherein Charles is represented receiving a book from a monk is of a later date than this play, and exhibits the costume of the reign of Edward IV. We give it, however, as a curious Illustration.

[Charles VII. in his Presence Chamber.]

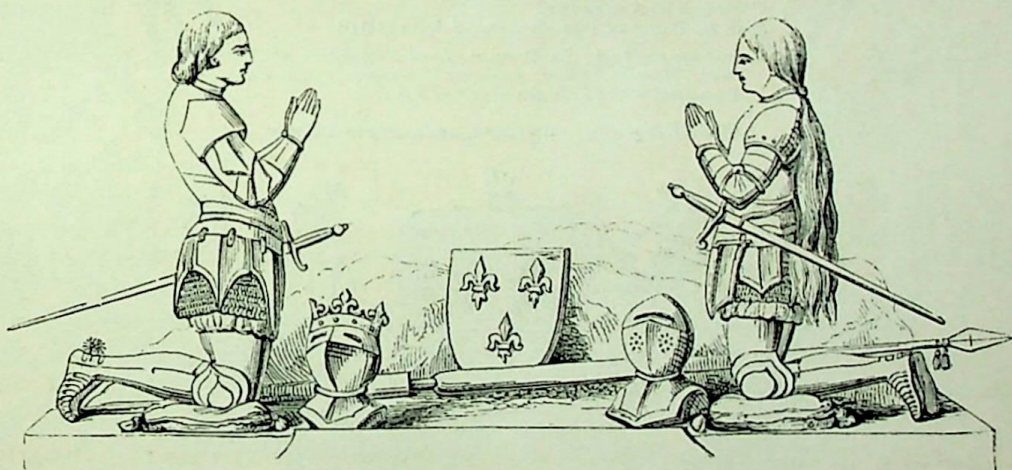
The portrait of Reignier (René), Duke of Anjou (Historical Illustration of Act v.), is from a painting *by himself*. It exhibits him, however, as decorated with the order of St. Michael, and must therefore date considerably later than this Part of Henry VI., as the order was instituted by Louis XI., in 1469. The portrait of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy (Historical Illustration of Act iii.), represents him in the robes of the order of the Golden Fleece, which he himself instituted at Bruges, in 1429: but in this play both Reignier and Philip should be in armour. The same remark applies to the portrait of the famous Dunois, Bastard of Orleans (Historical Illustration of Act ii.), from Montfaucon. Of the celebrated Joan of Arc the only authentic, because the only cotemporary representation known to us, is that engraved in Millin s work, from the monument

erected to her memory at Orleans, by Charles VII. Charles and Joan are thereon sculptured kneeling, in complete armour. (See end of this Notice.) The painting in the Town Hall of Orleans is, as the costume proves, of the time of our Henry VII., and is believed by some not to have been originally intended to represent La Pucelle at all. It is no authority either for dress or features, but we give it as an Illustration (Act I.). Of Margaret of Anjou there are several portraits as queen, but we know of none painted previous to her marriage.

From the authorities here given, our readers will be able, as we have before observed, to perceive at once the particular alterations in costume which characterise the unquiet reign of Henry VI. A great variety of caps, hats, and hoods, were now introduced; feathers were rarely used, and seem to have gone out of fashion again with the reign of Henry V. In armour, we find the *salet* or *salade*, a steel cap something resembling the bascinet, but taking more the form of the head, and descending lower in the neck, where it was sometimes furnished with jointed plates. The spurs at this time were very long-necked, had exceedingly large rowels, and were screwed into the heels of the steel sollerets, instead of being fastened by straps and buckles. The hair was still worn very short; and beards and moustaches appear but rarely.

In the female attire, the principal change is observable in the head-dress,—that which is generally called the heart-shaped or reticulated form prevailing. Turbans of a very Oriental character are also seen occasionally in the Illuminated MSS. of this period.

As the Mayor of London appears in this play, we may as well remark that Stow relates that when Henry VI. returned from France, in 1432, the Lord Mayor of London rode to meet him at Eltham, being arrayed in crimson velvet, a great velvet hat, furred, a girdle of gold about his middle, and a baldrick of gold about his neck, trailing down behind him;—his three henchmen in one suit of red, spangled with silver; the Aldermen in gowns of scarlet with purple hoods; and all the commonalty of the city in white gowns and scarlet hoods, with divers cognisances embroidered on their sleeves.

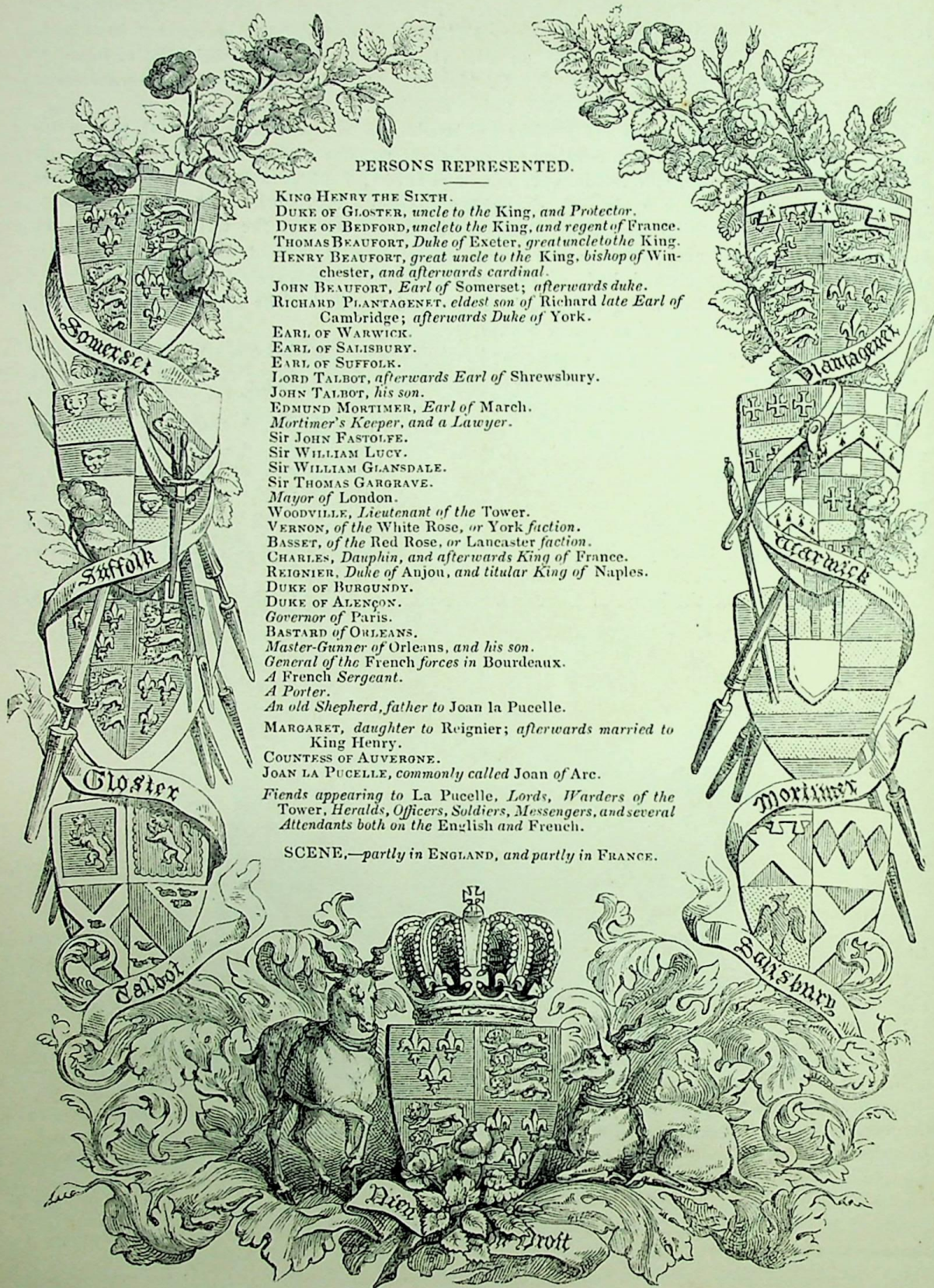
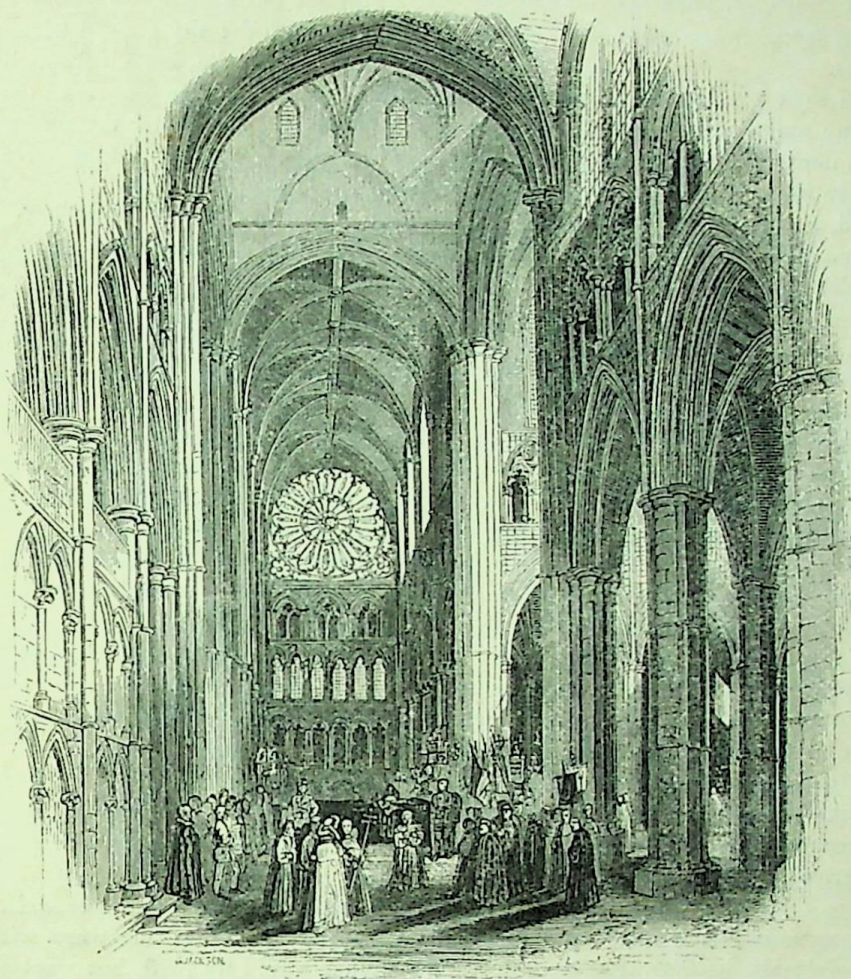
The livery colours of the house of Lancaster were white and blue; those of the house of York, murrey and blue.

[Figures from the Monument of Charles VII. and La Pucelle, at Orleans.]

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
DUKE OF GLOSTER, *uncle to the* King, *and Protector.*
DUKE OF BEDFORD, *uncle to the* King, *and regent of* France.
THOMAS BEAUFORT, *Duke of* Exeter, *great uncle to the* King.
HENRY BEAUFORT, *great uncle to the* King, *bishop of* Winchester, *and afterwards cardinal.*
JOHN BEAUFORT, *Earl of* Somerset; *afterwards duke.*
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *eldest son of* Richard *late Earl of* Cambridge; *afterwards Duke of* York.
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF SUFFOLK.
LORD TALBOT, *afterwards Earl of* Shrewsbury.
JOHN TALBOT, *his son.*
EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of* March.
Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.
Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.
Sir WILLIAM LUCY.
Sir WILLIAM GLANSDALE.
Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE.
Mayor of London.
WOODVILLE, *Lieutenant of the* Tower.
VERNON, *of the* White Rose, *or* York *faction.*
BASSET, *of the* Red Rose, *or* Lancaster *faction.*
CHARLES, *Dauphin, and afterwards King of* France.
REIGNIER, *Duke of* Anjou, *and titular King of* Naples.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF ALENÇON.
Governor of Paris.
BASTARD *of* ORLEANS.
Master-Gunner of Orleans, *and his son.*
General of the French *forces in* Bourdeaux.
A French *Sergeant.*
A Porter.
An old Shepherd, father to Joan la Pucelle.

MARGARET, *daughter to* Reignier; *afterwards married to* King Henry.
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.
JOAN LA PUCELLE, *commonly called* Joan *of* Arc.

Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, *Lords, Warders of the* Tower, *Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the* English *and* French.

SCENE,—*partly in* ENGLAND, *and partly in* FRANCE.

[Scene I. Westminster Abbey.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Westminster Abbey.

Dead march. Corpse of King Henry the Fifth *discovered, lying in state; attended on by the* Dukes of Bedford, Gloster, *and* Exeter; *the* Earl of Warwick, *the Bishop of* Winchester, *Heralds, &c.*

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black,[1] yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal[a] tresses in the sky;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented[b] unto Henry's death!
King Henry the fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings:

[a] *Crystal.* This epithet is applied to comets, in a sonnet by Lord Sterline, 1604:—

"When as those *crystal* comets whiles appear."

[b] *Consented.* Malone is of opinion that *consented* is here used only in the ordinary sense of that word, and that it is used also in the ordinary sense, in the 5th scene of this act:—

"You all *consented* unto Salisbury's death."

Steevens, on the other hand, believes that the word should be spelt *concented.*—Steevens appears to us to be right. To *concent* is to be in harmony—to act together. See the passage in Henry V., Act I. Sc. II., and the notes on that passage:—

"For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one *concent,*
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music."

His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black: Why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What? shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurors and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contriv'd his end?[a]

Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment day
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd;
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector;
And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or religious churchmen may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!
Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us:—
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moisten'd[b] eyes babes shall suck;

[a] A passage in Scot's 'Discoverie of Witchcraft,' 1584, explains this:—"The Irishmen . . . . will not stick to affirm that they can *rime* either man or beast to death." This is an old northern superstition. In Gray's spirited 'Descent of Odin,' we find—

"Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead."

[b] *Moisten'd.* So the folio of 1623. The second folio, in which some verbal alterations of the original text are found, and which, for the most part, are made with judgment, reads *moist*. We adhere to the original in all those cases where the alterations of the second folio are somewhat doubtful.

Our isle be made a nourish[a] of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.
Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invocate;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright——[b]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions;
And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.
One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot;
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.

[a] *Nourish.* Nourice, nourish, nursh, are the same words. We have an example in Lydgate:—

"Athenes whan it was in his floures
Was called *nourish* of philosophers wise."

Pope substituted *marish*.

[b] Malone says, "this blank undoubtedly arose from the transcriber's or compositor's not being able to make out the name." We greatly doubt this. In the original the line is terminated with four hyphens, thus (- - - -), a point which is several times used in the same play to mark an interruption. For example, in the 4th scene of this act,

"Thou shalt not die whiles - - - -"

Pope suggested (the notion looks like a joke) to fill up the line thus:—

"Than Julius Cæsar, or bright *Francis Drake;*"

and Monck Mason gravely upholds the reading. Johnson would read,

"Than Julius Cæsar, or bright *Berenice*."

Bed. Me they concern; regent I am of France:
Give me my steeled coat, I 'll fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance:
France is revolted from the English quite;
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats:—
Bedford, if thou be slack, I 'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My gracious lords,—to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearse,—
I must inform you of a dismal fight,
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What? wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

3 *Mess.* O, no; wherein lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I 'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon:
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and everywhere, enrag'd he slew:
The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him:
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward;
He being in the vaward,[a] (plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wrack and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here, in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3 *Mess.* O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I 'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,—
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I 'll change for one of ours.
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 *Mess.* So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. [*Exit.*

Glo. I 'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [*Exit.*

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I 'll best devise. [*Exit.*

[a] *Vaward*—the van. This is considered by some editors as a misprint for *rearward*. Steevens and M. Mason explain the passage to be correct, and the explanation, such as it is, we give: "When an army is attacked in the *rear* the *van* becomes the *rear* in its turn, and of course the *reserve*."

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend :
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;
The king from Eltham I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.
[*Exit. Scene closes.*

SCENE II.—France. *Before* Orleans.

Enter CHARLES, *with his Forces;* ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known :
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves:
Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege: Why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum; we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French :—
Him I forgive my death that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarums. They are beaten back by the English, with great loss. Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I?—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred
During the time Edward the third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons, and Goliasses,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmers[a] or device,
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we'll even let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the BASTARD *of* ORLEANS.

Bast. Where's the prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer[b] appall'd;
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.

Char. Go, call her in: [*Exit* Bastard.] But, first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern :—
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.
[*Retires.*

Enter LA PUCELLE, BASTARD *of* ORLEANS, *and others.*

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these won-d'rous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dauphin?—come, come from behind;

[a] *Gimmers.* This word is thus given in the original, but is ordinarily printed *gimmals*, a word of the same meaning. Bishop Hall uses *gimmer* in a like sense: "When I saw my precious watch (now through an unhappy fall grown irregular) taken asunder, and laying scattered upon the workman's shopboard; so as here lay a wheel, there the balance, here one *gimmer*, there another; straight my ignorance was ready to think, when and how will all these ever piece together again in their former order?"

[b] *Cheer*—countenance.

I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there 's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart;—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.
Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.
Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me:
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promis'd and assur'd success:
In cómplete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with which you may see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve[a] on this: Thou shalt be fortunate
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.
Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms:
Only this proof I 'll of thy valour make,—
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me:
And if thou vanquishest thy words are true;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.
Puc. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which, at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.
Char. Then come o' God's name, I fear no woman.
Puc. And, while I live, I 'll ne'er fly from a man.
[*They fight, and* La Pucelle *overcomes.*
Char. Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.
Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.
Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire:
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.

[a] *Resolve*—be firmly persuaded.

Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be;
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.
Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession 's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.
Char. Meantime, look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.
Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.
Alen. Doubtless, he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.
Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?
Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?
Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.
Char. What she says I 'll confirm; we'll fight it out.
Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I 'll raise:
Expect Saint Martin's summer,[a] halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.[2]
Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?[3]
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?
Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.
Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.
Char. Presently we 'll try:—Come, let 's away about it:
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.
[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Saint Martin's summer*—fine weather in November—prosperity after misfortune.

SCENE III.—London. *Hill before the* Tower.

Enter, at the gates, the DUKE OF GLOSTER, *with his* Serving-men, *in blue coats.*

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day:
Since Henry's death, I fear there is conveyance.[a]
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates; 't is Gloster that calls.
[Servants *knock.*

1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Who's there that knocks so imperiously?

1 *Serv.* It is the noble duke of Gloster.

2 *Ward.* [*Within.*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Serv.* Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

1 *Ward.* [*Within.*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do no otherwise than we are willed.

Glo. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none protector of the realm but I.
Break up [b] the gates, I'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

Servants *rush at the* Tower *gates. Enter to the gates,* WOODVILLE, *the* Lieutenant.

Wood. [*Within.*] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Gloster that would enter.

Wood. [*Within.*] Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandment,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester? that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

1 *Ser.* Open the gates unto the lord protector;
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

[a] *Conveyance*—theft.

[b] *Break up*. So in Hall's Chronicle:—"The lusty Kentishmen, hoping on more friends, *brake up* the gates of the King's Bench and Marshalsea."

Enter WINCHESTER, *attended by a train of* Servants *in tawny coats.*

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey? what means this?

Glo. Peel'd[a] priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;
Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot;
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.[b]

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing cloth
I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy face.

Glo. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats.[4] Priest, beware your beard;
[GLOSTER *and his men attack the* Bishop.
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat;
In spite of pope, or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

Glo. Winchester goose! I cry—a rope! a rope!
Now beat them hence: Why do you let them stay?—
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
Out, tawny-coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here a great tumult. In the midst of it, enter the Mayor *of* London, *and* Officers.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, mayor; thou know'st little of my wrongs.

[a] *Peel'd*—an allusion to the shaven crown of the priest.

[b] The old travellers believed that Damascus was the scene of the first murder. Maundevile says, "And in that place where Damascus was founded *Kaym* slew *Abel* his brother."

Here 's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.
Win. Here 's Gloster, too,[a] a foe to citizens;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.
Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows. [*Here they skirmish again.*
May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation :—
Come, officer, as loud as e'er thou can'st cry.

Off. *All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.*

Glo. Cardinal, I 'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.
Win. Gloster, we 'll meet; to thy dear cost,[b] be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.
May. I 'll call for clubs, if you will not away:—
This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.
Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st.
Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it, ere long. [*Exeunt.*
May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.—
Good God! that nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—France. *Before* Orleans.

Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner *and his* Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,
And how the English have the suburbs won.
Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.

[a] So the second folio. The first omits *too*.
[b] The first folio also omits *dear*, which is in the second.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espials[a] have informed me,
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont,[b] through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;
And thence discover, how, with most advantage,
They may vex us, with shot, or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And fully even these three days have I watch'd
If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch,[c]
For I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*
Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I 'll never trouble you if I may spy them.

Enter, in an upper chamber of a tower, the LORDS SALISBURY *and* TALBOT, *Sir* WILLIAM GLANSDALE, *Sir* THOMAS GARGRAVE, *and others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
Or by what means gott'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.
Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him was I exchang'd and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me;
Which I, disdaining, scorn'd; and craved death,
Rather than I would be so pil'd-esteem'd.[d]
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart!
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.
Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

[a] *Espials*—spies.
[b] *Wont.* The old copies read *went*. The correction, which is a very judicious one, was made by Tyrwhitt. *Wont*—are accustomed—accords with the construction of the remainder of the sentence.
[c] We follow the reading of the second folio. In the first the passage stands thus:—
"And even these three days have I watch'd
If I could see them. Now do thou watch."
[d] *Pil'd esteem'd* in the original. Malone's correction to *vile-esteem'd* is natural and unforced. It has been suggested to us that *pil'd* is from *pili*—"Flocci, nauci, nihili, pili."

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scare-crow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me;
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near, for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute-while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd;
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here, thorough this grate, I count each one,[a]
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify;
Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions,
Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd.
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot from the town.* SALISBURY *and Sir* THO. GARGRAVE *fall.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man!

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?—
Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak;
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off!—
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hand!
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die, whiles——
He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me;
As who should say, 'When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.'—
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,[a]
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*Thunder heard; afterwards an alarum.*

What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—
A holy prophetess, new risen up,—
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[SALISBURY *groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.—
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:—
Pucelle or puzzel,[b] dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

[*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*

[a] The second folio, which is generally followed, reads,
"Here, through this grate, I can count every one."

[a] The original folio reads,
"Plantagenet, I will; and like thee."
The second folio has,
"Plantagenet, I will, and Nero-like, will."
We prefer to add Nero to the end of the line, according to Malone's suggestion; for nothing is more common, in printing with moveable types, than for a letter or a word at the end of a line of poetry to drop out, from the careless filling up of the space by the compositor.

[b] *Puzzel*—a dirty drab.

SCENE V.—*The same. Before one of the Gates.*

Alarum. Skirmishings. Talbot *pursueth the* Dauphin, *and driveth him in; then enter* Joan la Pucelle, *driving* Englishmen *before her. Then enter* Talbot.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman, clad in armour, chaseth them.

Enter La Pucelle.

Here, here she comes:—I 'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I 'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,[a]
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st,

Puc. Come, come, 't is only I that must disgrace thee. [*They fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I 'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chástise this high-minded strumpet.

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.
[Pucelle *enters the Town, with* Soldiers.

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,[b]
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.
[*A short alarum.*
Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,
Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.
[*Alarum. Another skirmish.*
It will not be:—Retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head!
[*Alarum. Retreat. Exeunt* Talbot *and his Forces, &c.*

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

Enter, on the walls, Pucelle, Charles, Reignier, Alençon, *and* Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescued is Orleans from the English wolves:[a]—
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Char. Divinest creature, bright Astræa's[b] daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Char. 'T is Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which, I will divide my crown with her:
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I 'll rear,
Than Rhodope's, or Memphis',[c] ever was:

[a] The superstitious belief was, that to draw blood from a witch was to destroy her power.

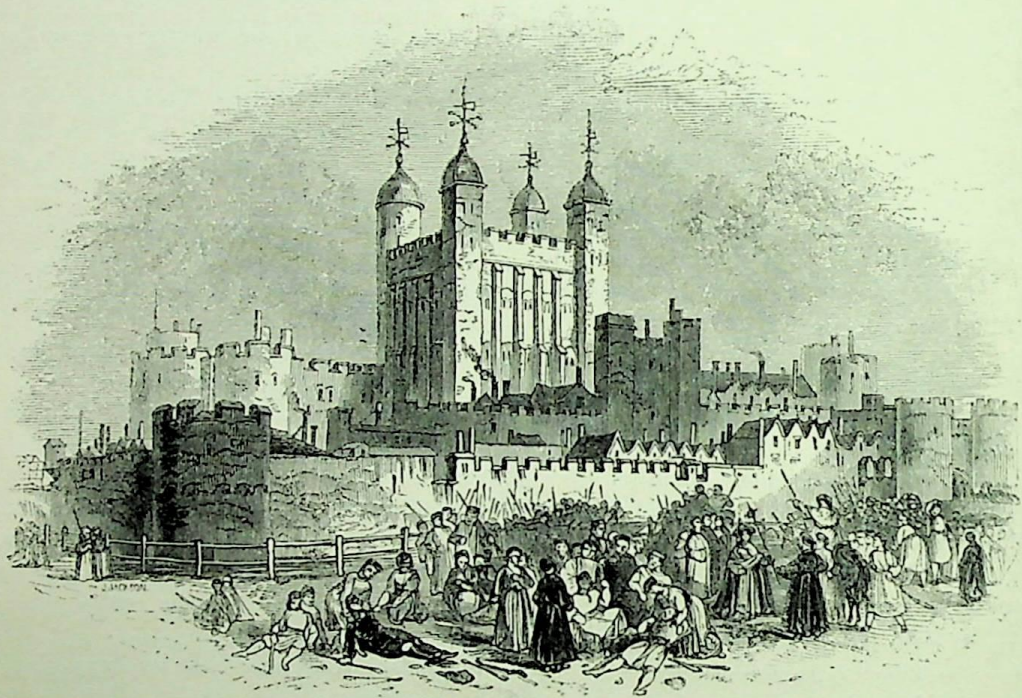
[b] An allusion to Hannibal's stratagem, recorded in Livy, of fixing lighted twigs on the horns of oxen.

[a] So the second folio; the first omits *wolves*.

[b] *Bright* is omitted in the first folio, but is in the second.

[c] We should probably read,
"Than Rhodope's, *of* Memphis."
The pyramid of Rhodope, near Memphis, is mentioned by Pliny:—"The fairest and most commended for workmanship was built at the cost and charges of one Rhodope, a very strumpet." Herodotus (ii., 134) maintains that the pyramid was not built by Rhodope (Rhodopis).

In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich jewell'd coffer of Darius,[a]
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in: and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

[a] The expression of the text, and the explanation, are found in a passage of Puttenham's 'Arte of English Poesie,' 1589:—"In what price the noble poems of Homer were holden with Alexander the Great, insomuch that every night they were laid under his pillow, and by day were carried in *the rich jewel-coffer of Darius*, lately before vanquished by him in battle."

[Tower Hill.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

[1] Scene I.—" *Hung be the heavens with black.*"

"The covering, or internal roof, of the theatre was anciently termed the *heavens*." Malone, in his 'History of the Stage,' has collected some passages from old writers to prove this. The passage before us would warrant us in believing that upon the performance of tragedy the roof, or *heavens*, underwent some gloomy transformation. There is a similar allusion in Marston's 'Insatiate Countess:'

> "The stage of heaven is hung with solemn black,
> A time best fitting to act tragedies."

Mr. Whiter ('Specimen of a Commentary,' &c.) has a long and very ingenious passage to prove, that several of the poetical images of Shakspere are derived from this association.

[2] Scene II.—" *Now am I like that proud insulting ship,*
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once."

The comparison was suggested by a passage in Plutarch's 'Life of Cæsar,' thus translated by North: "Cæsar, hearing that, straight discovered himself unto the master of the pinnace, who at the first was amazed when he saw him; but Cæsar, &c., said unto him, Good fellow, be of good cheer, &c., and fear not, for *thou hast Cæsar and his fortune with thee.*"

[3] Scene II.—" *Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?*'

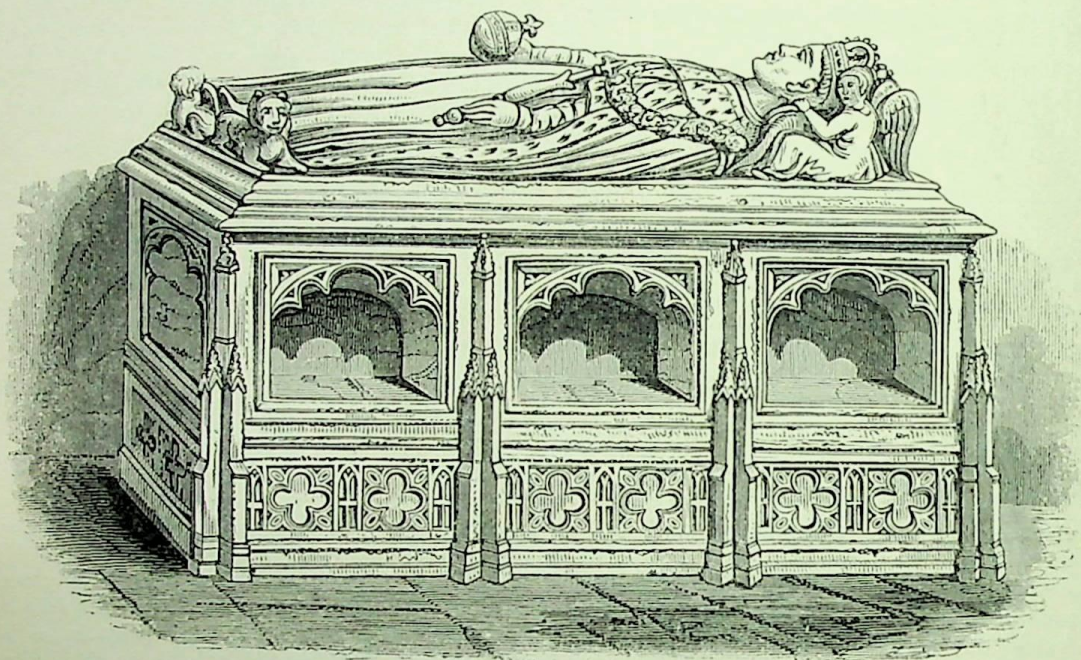
In Prideaux's 'Life of Mahomet' we read that the prophet of the Arabians had a dove, "which he used to feed with wheat out of his ear; which dove, when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find its breakfast; Mahomet persuading the rude and simple Arabians that it was the Holy Ghost that gave him advice."

[4] Scene III.—" *Blue-coats to tawny-coats.*"

It appears that the *tawny coat* was the livery of an apparitor, and probably of ecclesiastical officers in general. Stow describes the Bishop of London as "attended on by a goodly company of gentlemen in *tawny coats.*"

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

It is a favourite theory with all the commentators upon Shakspere, since the time of Dr. Farmer, that the acquired knowledge of the poet was of the most limited character. According to these critics, he was not only unable to read any language but his own, but his power even of reading in English books was limited in a degree that would indicate him to have been the most idle or the most incurious of mankind. Malone's favourite opinion is, that Shakspere consulted but *one* historical writer for the materials of his Histories. In a note upon the passage in the first act of Henry V. in which the King of France is erroneously called "King Louis the tenth," Malone says that Holinshed led Shakspere into the mistake, and that Hall calls the King correctly Charles the ninth; and he adds,—"Here, therefore, we have a decisive proof that our author's guide in *all* his historical plays was Holinshed, and not Hall." In a note upon the second act of the First Part of Henry VI., where an English soldier enters, crying, "A Talbot, a Talbot!" the same critic says, "I have quoted a passage from Hall's Chronicle, which probably furnished the author of this play with this circumstance. It is not mentioned by Holinshed (*Shakspeare's historian*), and is one of the numerous proofs that have convinced me that this play was not the production of our author." Without entering into a discussion in this place as to the value of Malone's argument that Shakspere was not the author of the First Part of Henry VI. because the author of that play had evidently consulted Hall's Chronicle, we must express a decided opinion of the worthlessness of this point, in justification of our intention to illustrate the play before us by passages taken indifferently from Hall or Holinshed. We believe that the question whether Shakspere was the author of the First Part of Henry VI. is not in the slightest degree affected by the circumstance that the author of this play appears to have been familiar with the narrative of Hall, in which the circumstances of this period of history are given more in detail than by Holinshed. It was perfectly impossible that any writer who undertook to produce four dramas upon the subject of the wars of York and Lancaster should not have gone to Hall's Chronicle as an authority; for that book is expressly on the subject of these wars. The original edition of 1548 bears this title:—'The Vnion of the two noble and illustre Famelies of Lancastre and Yorke, beeying long in continual discension for the croune of this noble realme, with all the actes done in bothe the tymes of the princes, bothe of the one linage and of the other, beginnyng at the tyme of Kyng Henry the fowerth, the first

Aurthor of this deuision, and so successiuely proceadyng to the reigne of the high and prudent prince Kyng Henry the eight, the vndubitate flower and very heire of both the sayd linages.' If it could be proved that Shakspere had not consulted a book the entire subject of which he has dramatised, devoting to that subject nine out of his ten historical plays, we should consider it the most marvellous circumstance in literary history, and totally inexplicable upon any other theory than that of the grossest ignorance on the part of the author. The phrase of Malone, "Shakspeare's historian," assumes that Shakspere could only read in one book. It was perfectly natural that he, for the most part, should follow Holinshed, which is a compilation from all the English historians; but, as Holinshed constantly refers to his authorities, and in the period of the civil wars particularly to Hall, it is manifest that for some of his details he would go to the book especially devoted to the subject, in which they were treated more fully than in the abridgment which he generally consulted. For example, in Holinshed's narrative of the pathetic interview between Talbot and his son, before they both fell at the battle of Chatillon, we have no dialogue between the father and son, but simply, "Many words he used to persuade him to have saved his life." In Hall we have the very words at length which the poet has paraphrased. We repeat, therefore, that we shall quote indifferently from Hall and Holinshed passages illustrating this play, without considering that the question of its authorship is in the slightest degree involved in thus tracing the footsteps of its author.

[Tomb of Henry V., in Westminster Abbey.]

The play opens with the funeral of Henry V. In this, as it appears to us, there is great dramatic judgment. The death of that prince, who was the conqueror of France and the idol of England—who, by his extraordinary talents and energy, obliterated almost the memory of the circumstances under which his father obtained the throne—was the starting point of a long period of error and misfortune, during which France was lost, and England torn to pieces by civil war. It was the purpose of the poet to mark most strikingly the obvious cause of these events: and thus, surrounding the very bier of Henry V., the great lords, to whom were committed the management of his kingdom and the guardianship of his son, begin to dispute, and the messenger of France reproaches them for their party conflicts:—

> "Among the soldiers this is muttered,—
> That here you maintain several factions."

This, indeed, was an anticipation; for it was two or three years after the accession of Henry VI. that the quarrels of Gloster and Beaufort became dangerous to the realm. In the same way, the losses of towns in France, the coronation of the Dauphin at Rheims, and the defeat of Talbot at Patay, were all anticipations of events which occurred during the succeeding seven years. The poet had the chronicles before him in which these events are detailed, year by year, with the strictest regard to dates. But he was not himself a chronicler. It was his business to crowd the narrative of these events upon the scene, so as to impress upon his audience the general truth that the death of Henry V. was succeeded by disasters which finally over-

threw the empire of the English in France. In the final chorus to Henry V., written some years after this play, the dramatic connexion of these disasters with the death of this heroic prince is clearly indicated:—

> " ——— Fortune made his sword;
> By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
> And of it left his son imperial lord.
> Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
> Of France and England, did this king succeed;
> Whose state so many had the managing,
> That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
> Which oft our stage hath shown."

This is the theme of the three Parts of Henry VI., and of Richard III.: and in this, the first of these four dramas, or rather the first division of this one great drama, the poet principally shows how France was lost, whilst he slightly touches upon the growth of those factions through which England bled. Previous to the loss of France there was a period of brilliant success, during which the Regent Bedford appeared likely to ensure to Henry VI. the quiet possession of what Henry V. had won for him. But it was not the province of the dramatist to exhibit this aspect of affairs. In the first scene he prepares us, by a bold condensation of the narrative of events connected in themselves, but occurring at distant periods, for the final loss of France. In the second scene he brings us at once into the heart of the extraordinary circumstances in which the final discomfiture of the English commenced—the appearance of Joan of Arc before Orleans, and the almost miraculous success which attended that appearance. There was a real interval of nearly seven years between the events of the first scene and of the second. Henry V. died on the 31st of August, 1422; Joan of Arc entered Orleans in April, 1429. Here, then, commences the true dramatic action of this play. The preceding scene stands in the place of a prologue, and is the key-note to what is to follow.

[Joan of Arc.]

The narrative of Holinshed, and not that of Hall, has been followed by the poet in the second scene of this act. Malone did some injustice to Shakspere in maintaining that he could not have been the author of the First Part of Henry VI., because the author consulted Hall; for, as it is manifest that the author consulted both chroniclers, Malone gives to his unknown author the merit of doing what he affirms Shakspere did not do—consult two writers on one subject. To have been consistent in his argument, he ought to have shown that the unknown author did not consult Holinshed. The narrative of Holinshed, then, who has been consulted in this case, of the first interview of Joan of Arc with Charles VII., is as follows:—

" In time of this siege at Orleans, unto Charles the Dauphin, at Chinon, as he was in very great care and study how to wrestle against the English nation, by one Peter Badricourt, captain of Vaucouleur (made after marshal of France by the Dauphin's creation), was carried a young wench of an eighteen years old, called Joan Arc, by name of her father (a sorry shepherd), James of Arc, and Isabella her mother, brought up poorly in their trade of keeping cattle, born at Domprin (therefore reported by Bale, Joan Domprin), upon Meuse in Lorraine, within the diocese of Thoule. Of favour was she counted likesome, of person strongly made and manly, of courage great, hardy, and stout withal, an understander of counsels though she were not at them, great semblance of chastity both of body and behaviour, the name of Jesus in her mouth about all her businesses, humble, obedient, and fasting divers days in the week. A person (as

their books make her) raised up by power divine, only for succour to the French estate, then deeply in distress, in whom, for planting a credit the rather, first the company that towards the Dauphin did conduct her, through places all dangerous, as held by the English, where she never was afore, all the way and by nightertale* safely did she lead: then at the Dauphin's sending by her assignement, from Saint Katherin's church of Fierbois in Touraine (where she never had been and knew not), in a secret place there, among old iron, appointed she her sword to be sought out and brought her, that with five fleurs-de-lis was graven on both sides, wherewith she fought and did many slaughters by her own hands. In warfare rode she in armour, cap-à-pie and mustered as a man, before her an ensign all white, wherein was Jesus Christ painted with a fleur-de-lis in his hand.

"Unto the Dauphin into his gallery when first she was brought, and he shadowing himself behind, setting other gay lords before him to try her cunning from all the company, with a salutation (that indeed was all the matter) she picked him out alone, who thereupon had her to the end of the gallery, where she held him an hour in secret and private talk, that of his privy chamber was thought very long, and therefore would have broken it off; but he made them a sign to let her say on. In which (among other), as likely it was, she set out unto him the singular feats (forsooth) given her to understand by revelation divine, that in virtue of that sword she should achieve, which were, how with honour and victory she would raise the siege at Orleans, set him in state of the crown of France, and drive the English out of the country, thereby he to enjoy the kingdom alone. Hereupon he hearkened at full, appointed her a sufficient army with absolute power to lead them, and they obediently to do as she bade them."

Our quotation is from the second and enlarged edition of Holinshed published in 1586-7; and by this quotation the fact is established, which has not before been noticed, that the author of the First Part of Henry VI. must have consulted that very edition. In the original edition of Holinshed, the first appearance of Joan of Arc at Orleans is treated in a very different manner:—

"While this treaty was in hand, the Dauphin studied daily how to provide remedy, by the delivery of his friends in Orleans out of their present danger. And even at the same time that monstrous woman, named Joan la Pucell de Dieu, was presented to him at Chinon, where as then he sojourned, of which woman ye may find more written in the French history, touching her birth, estate, and quality. But, briefly to speak of her doings, so much credit was given to her, that she was honoured as a saint, and so she handled the matter that she was thought to be sent from God to the aid of the Dauphin, otherwise called the French King, Charles, the seventh of that name, as an instrument to deliver France out of the Englishmen's hands, and to establish him in the kingdom."

In this passage the term "monstrous woman" is taken from Hall, who says "she as a monster was sent to the Dolphin." Hall says she was "a great space a chamberlain in a common hostery, and was a ramp of such boldness that she would course horses and ride them to water, and do things that other young maidens both abhorred and were ashamed to do." The description of Joan of Arc by herself—

"Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter"—

* Night-time. The word is in Chaucer:—

"So hote he loved, that by nightertale
He slept no more than doth the nightingale."

Tyrwhitt explains it as derived from the Saxon nightern dæl,—*nocturna portio.*

[Charles VII. of France.]

is suggested by Holinshed:—"Brought up poorly in their trade of keeping cattle." Of the choice of her sword "out of a deal of old iron," we have nothing in Hall, nor in the first edition of Holinshed, nor have we the selection of the Dauphin from amongst his courtiers in these earlier authorities.

The third scene of this act hurries us back to London. The poet will not lose sight of the events which made England bleed, whilst he delineates those by which France was lost. The narrative of Holinshed, upon which this scene is founded, is almost a literal transcript from Hall. Both chroniclers give the complaint before the Parliament at Leicester of Gloster against Beaufort; of which the first article alleges that the Bishop incited Woodville, the Lieutenant of the Tower, to refuse admission to Gloster, "he being protector and defender of this land."

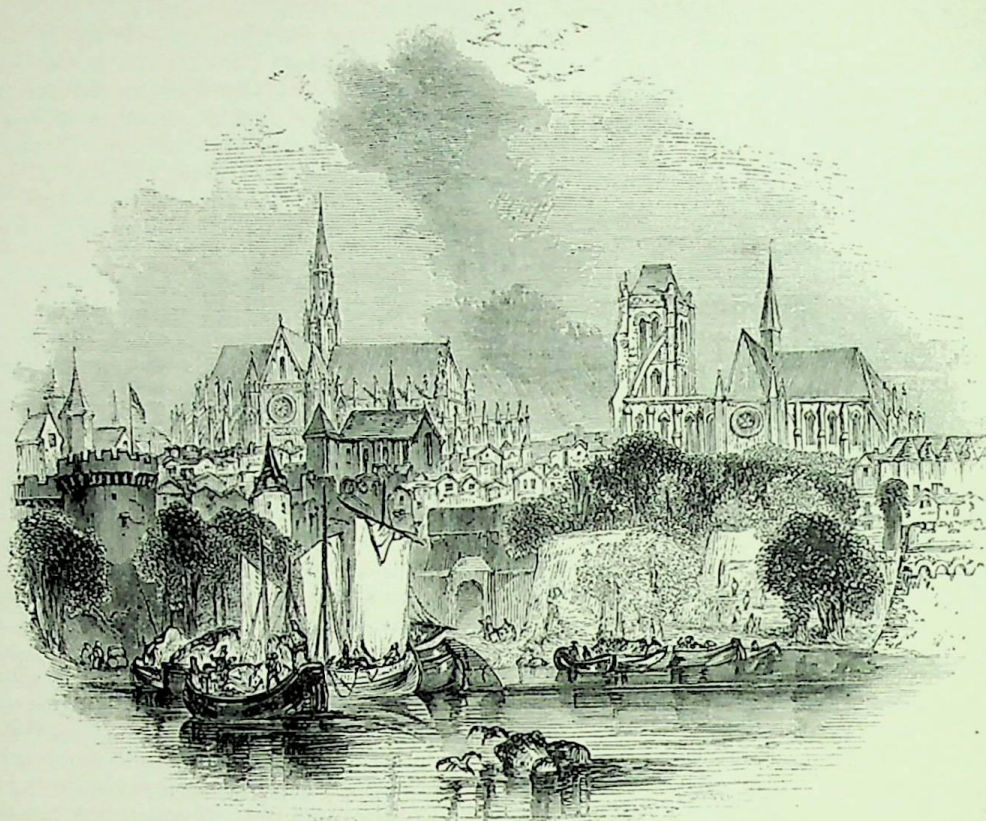
The fourth scene is a dramatic amplification of a dramatic scene which the poet found both in Hall and Holinshed. We give the passage from the latter chronicler, as it differs very slightly from that of his predecessor:—

"In the tower that was taken at the bridge end (as before you have heard) there was an high chamber, having a grate full of bars of iron, by the which a man might look all the length of the bridge into the city; at which grate many of the chief captains stood many times, viewing the city, and devising in what place it was best to give the assault. They within the city well perceived this tooting-hole, and laid a piece of ordinance directly against the window. It so chanced, that, the nine-and-fiftieth day after the siege was laid, the Earl of Salisbury, Sir Thomas Gargrave, and William Glasdale, with divers other, went into the said tower, and so into the high chamber, and looked out at the grate, and, within a short space, the son of the master-gunner, perceiving men looking out at the window, took his match (as his father had taught him, who was gone down to dinner), and fired the gun; the shot whereof broke and shivered the iron bars of the grate, so that one of the same bars struck the earl so violently on the head, that it struck away one of his eyes and the side of his cheek. Sir Thomas Gargrave was likewise stricken, and died within two days. The earl was conveyed to Meun on Loire, where, after eight days, he likewise departed this world."

The fifth scene, the subject of which is the entry of Joan of Arc into Orleans, follows the course of narration in both chroniclers; but it was in Hall that the poet found a suggestion for this passage:—

"Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us."

The old historian is quaintly picturesque in his notice of the joy which this great event produced amongst the French:—

"After this siege thus broken up, to tell you what triumphs were made in the city of Orleans, what wood was spent in fires, what wine was drunk in houses, what songs were sung in the streets, what melody was made in taverns, what rounds were danced in large and broad places, what lights were set up in the churches, what anthems were sung in chapels, and what joy was showed in every place, it were a long work, and yet no necessary cause. For they did as we in like case would have done; and we, being in like estate, would have done as they did."

[Orleans.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Orleans.*

Enter to the gates, a French Sergeant, *and Two* Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noise, or soldier, you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.[a]

1 *Sent.* Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit* Sergeant.]
Thus are poor servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *and Forces, with scaling ladders; their drums beating a dead march.*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,—
By whose approach, the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,—
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity;
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what 's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid! and be so martial!

Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long;
If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armour, as she hath begun.

[a] *Court of guard.* Steevens says this is equivalent to the modern term "guard-room." This is rather a forced interpretation; for the word *court* indicates with sufficient precision the general place of guard—the enclosed space where a guard is held—in which the guard-*room* is situated.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:
God is our fortress; in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bur. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.
Now, Salisbury! for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The* English *scale the walls, crying St.* George! *a* Talbot! *and all enter by the Town.*

Sent. [*Within.*] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

The French *leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways,* BASTARD, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, *half ready, and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords? what, all unready[a] so?

Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

Reig. 'T was time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.

Alen. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens sure favour him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles; I marvel how he sped.

Enter CHARLES *and* LA PUCELLE.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default;
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way; 'tis sure, they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms[a] to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, *crying a* Talbot! *a* Talbot! *They fly, leaving their clothes behind.*

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Orleans. *Within the Town.*

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, *a* Captain, *and others.*

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[*Retreat sounded.*

[a] *Unready*—undressed. So in Beaumont and Fletcher ('Island Princess')—
"——— Make me *unready;*
I slept but ill last night."

[a] *Platforms*—plans. A *platform* is a delineation of a *form* on a *plain* surface—and hence, a plan generally. In North's Plutarch *platform* is used in the sense of a plan, chart, or map:—"They were every one occupied about drawing the *platform* of Sicilia."

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And, that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans;
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'T is thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself (as far as I could well discern,
For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night)
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin, and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord,[a] thou would'st vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies;[b]
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

[a] *Great lord.* So in the original copy, and in all subsequent editions, till those which are called *variorum.* The word *great* is then changed to *good,* probably by an error of the press. The text so corrupted is of course followed in every modern reprint.
[b] *Lies*—dwells.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said,—Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, (since there's no remedy,)
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*]—You perceive my mind.

Capt. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Auvergne. *Court of the Castle.*

Enter the COUNTESS *and her* Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure[a] of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger *and* TALBOT.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?

[a] *Censure*—opinion.

I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspéct,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be this weak and writhled[a] shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?—Go ask him whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, *with keys.*

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now thy substance shall endure the like;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to practice your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am, indeed,

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

[a] *Writhled*—wrinkled. So in Spenser:
"Her *writhled* skin, as rough as maple rind."

He winds a horn. Drums heard; then a Peal of Ordnance. The Gates being forced, enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconster[a]
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only (with your patience) that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. *The* Temple Garden.

Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, *and* WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, *and another* Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once, If I maintain the truth;
Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suf. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.

[a] *Misconster.* So the original: it is ordinarily printed *misconstrue.* In the *quarto* edition of Othello we find the word:
"And his unbookish jealousy must *conster.*"
See Note on Othello, Act IV., Sc. I.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath to speak,
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours;[a] and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen; and pluck no more,
Till you conclude—that he upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected;[b]
If I have fewest I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on; Who else?

Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you;
[*To* SOMERSET.
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that
Shall die your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Meantime, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,
'T is not for fear, but anger,—that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I 'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion,[a] peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward king of England;
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

[a] *Colours*—here used ambiguously for *deceits:* as in Love's Labour 's Lost, "I do fear colourable *colours*."

[b] *Objected.* The word is not here used in the ordinary sense of *opposed*, but in its less common meaning of *proposed*—*suggested.*

[a] *Fashion.* So the original. Malone reads *faction*, which was a correction by Theobald.

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.
Som. By him that made me, I 'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom:
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt[a] from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.
Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I 'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker[b] Poole, and you yourself,
I 'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:[c]
Look to it well; and say you are well warn'd.
Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still:
And know us, by these colours, for thy foes;
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.
Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance[d] of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.
Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition!
And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*
Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*
Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!
War. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster:
And, if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I prophesy,—This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

[a] *Exempt*—excluded. [b] *Partaker*—confederate.
[c] *Apprehension*—opinion. [d] *Cognizance*—badge.

Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.
Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.
Law. And so will I.
Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. A room in the* Tower.

Enter Mortimer, *brought in a chair by Two* Keepers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:[a]
Weak shoulders, overborne with burd'ning grief;
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?
1 *Keep.* Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And answer was return'd, that he will come.
Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied.
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
(Before whose glory I was great in arms,)
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence;
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

[a] *Exigent*—end.

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

1 *Keep.* My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.[a]
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:
Among which terms, he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him:
Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew,[b] that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was;
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mor. I will; if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard,—Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was—for that (young king Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body)
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son
To king Edward the third, whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark; as, in this haughty great attempt,
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the fifth,
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army; weening to redeem,
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest that I no issue have;
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest, I wish thee gather;
And yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic;
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaught'rer doth,
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral;
And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes!
And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war! [*Dies.*

Plan. And peace, no war, befal thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.
Keepers, convey him hence: and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.

[*Exeunt* Keepers, *bearing out* Mortimer.

[a] *Disease*—uneasiness—unease.

[b] *Nephew*—put generally for a relative—the Latin, *nepos*. See Note on Othello, Act I., Sc. I.

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort:
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress:
And therefore haste I to the parliament;
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill[a] the advantage of my good.
[*Exit.*

[a] *Ill*—ill usage.

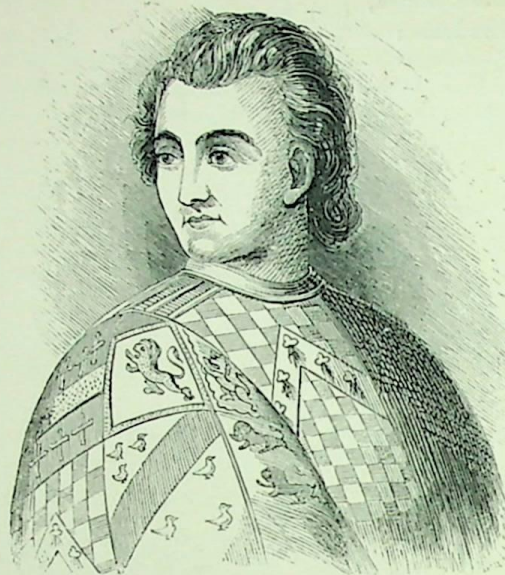
[Scene IV. The Temple Garden.]

[Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT II.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

"This is that terrible Talbot, so famous for his sword, or rather whose sword was so famous for his arm that used it; a sword with bad Latin* upon it, but good steel within it; which constantly conquered where it came, in so much that the bare fame of his approach frighted the French from the siege of Burdeaux."

Such is the quaint notice which old Fuller, in his 'Worthies,' gives of Talbot. He is the hero of the play before us; and it is easy to see how his bold, chivalrous bearing, and, above all, the manner of his death, should have made him the favourite of the poet as well as of the chroniclers. His name appears to have been a traditionary household word up to the time of Shakspere; and other writers, besides the chroniclers, rejoiced in allusions to his warlike deeds. Edward Kerke, the commentator on Spenser's 'Pastorals,' thus speaks of him in 1579:—"His nobleness bred such a terror in the hearts of the French, that ofttimes great armies were defeated and put to flight at the only hearing of his name: in so much that the French women, to affray their children, would tell them that the Talbot cometh." By a poetical licence, Talbot, in this act, is made to retake Orleans; whereas in truth his defeat at the battle of Patay soon followed upon the raising of the siege after the appearance of Joan of Arc. The loss of this battle is attributed, in the description of the messenger in the first act, solely to the cowardice of Sir John Fastolfe; and in the fourth act we are witnesses to the degradation of this knight upon the same imputation of cowardice. There is scarcely enough in the chroniclers to have warranted the poet in making this charge against Fastolfe so prominent. The account of Holinshed, which we subjoin, is nearly a transcript from Hall:—"From this battle departed, without any strokes stricken, Sir John Fastolfe, the same year for his valiantness elected into the Order of the Garter; for which cause the Duke of Bedford took from him the image of St. George, and his garter, though afterward, by mean of friends and apparent causes of good excuse, the same were to him again delivered, against the mind of the Lord Talbot." It is highly probable that Fastolfe, of whose private character we have an intimate knowledge from those most curious records of social life in the days of Henry VI., the 'Paston Letters,' was a commander whose discretion was habitually opposed to the fiery temperament of Talbot; and that, Talbot being the especial favourite of his soldiers, the memory of Fastolfe was handed down to Shakspere's day as that of one who had contributed to lose France by

* Sum Talboti pro vincere inimicos meos.

his timidity, he dying in prosperity and ease in England, whilst the great Talbot perished in the field, leaving in the popular mouth the sentiment which Fuller has preserved, "Henceforward we may say good night to the English in France."

The Bastard of Orleans, who appears in this act, gave the first serious blow to the power of the English in France at the battle of Montargis.

The scene in the Temple gardens is of purely dramatic creation. It is introduced, we think, with singular judgment, with reference to the purpose of connecting the First Part of Henry VI. with the Second and Third Parts. The scene of the death of Mortimer is introduced with the same object. Edmund Mortimer did not die in confinement, nor was he an old man at the time of his death; but the accounts of the chroniclers are so confused, that the poet has not committed any violation of historical truth, such as it presented itself to him, in dramatising the following passage of Hall (the third year of Henry VI.):—"During which season Edmund Mortimer, the last Earl of March of that name (which long time had been restrained from his liberty, and finally waxed lame), deceased without issue, whose inheritance descended to Lord Richard Plantagenet, son and heir to Richard Earl of Cambridge, beheaded, as you have heard before, at the town of Southampton. Which Richard, within less than thirty years, as heir to this Earl Edmund, in open parliament claimed the crown and sceptre of this realm."

[Bastard of Orleans.]

[Scene I. The Parliament-House.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*London. The* Parliament-House.

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *and* SUFFOLK; *the Bishop of* WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *and others.* GLOSTER *offers to put up a bill;* WINCHESTER *snatches it, and tears it.*

Win. Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloster? if thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree;
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissention, who preferreth peace
More than I do,—except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that, that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know, I am as good——

Glo. As good?
Thou bastard of my grandfather!—

Win. Ay, lordly sir: For what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not protector, saucy priest?[a]

Win. And am I not a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo. Thou art reverent,
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War. Roam thither then.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Som. Methinks, my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?

Plan. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;
Lest it be said, 'Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?'
Else would I have a fling at Winchester. [*Aside.*

K. Hen. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.

[a] Steevens prints this line thus, "for the sake of metre:"—
"Am I not *the* protector, saucy priest?"
The opportunities in this play for Steevens's interference in this manner are remarkably few. We should not notice them, except to mention that we hold it of importance to exhibit this play as we have received it, except in cases of manifest error, which rarely occur. It is printed with singular correctness in the original folio.

O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissention is a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.—
[*A noise within; 'Down with the tawny coats!'*
What tumult 's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.
[*A noise again; 'Stones! Stones!'*

Enter the Mayor *of* London, *attended.*

May. O, my good lords, — and virtuous Henry,—
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And banding themselves in contráry parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers of GLOSTER *and* WINCHESTER, *with bloody pates.*

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 *Serv.* Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we 'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 *Serv.* Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
[*Skirmish again.*

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3 *Serv.* My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty:
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,[a]
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.
[*Skirmish again.*

Glo. Stay, stay, I say!
And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

[a] *An inkhorn mate.*—Wilson, in his 'Art of Rhetoric,' 1553, describes a pedant as using "*inkhorn* terms."

K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. Yield, my lord protector;—yield, Winchester;—
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or I would see his heart out ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern and tragical?

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. Hen. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach
That malice was a great and grievous sin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly gird.[a]—
For shame, my lord of Winchester! relent;
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. So help me God, as I intend it not! [*Aside.*

K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contráct!
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content; I 'll to the surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* And so will I.

3 *Serv.* And I will see what physic the tavern affords. [*Exeunt* Servants, Mayor, *&c.*

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign;
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick;—for, sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right:
Especially, for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.

K. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot:
And, in reguerdon[a] of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York:
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;
And rise created princely duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!

Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York! [*Aside.*

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends;
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, king Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but* EXETER.

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue:
This late dissention, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,

[a] *A kindly gird*—a reproof meant in kindness. Falstaff says,—
"Men of all sorts take a pride to *gird* at me."

[a] *Reguerdon*—recompence.

And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degree,
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry nam'd the fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all;
And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all:[a]
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—France. *Before* Rouen.

Enter La Pucelle *disguised, and* Soldiers *dressed like Countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.*

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we shall,)
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I 'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

1 *Sold.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we 'll knock. [*Knocks.*

Guard. [Within.] *Qui est là?*

Puc. Paisans, pauvres gens de France:
Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Guard. Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung. [*Opens the gates.*

Puc. Now, Rouen, I 'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.
[Pucelle, *&c., enter the city.*

Enter Charles, Bastard *of* Orleans, Alençon, *and Forces.*

Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we 'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants;
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is,—
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

[a] The line, as we print it, is found in the second folio. The original copy omits *should*.

Enter La Pucelle *on a battlement: holding out a torch burning.*

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen;
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles! the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Alen. Defer no time: Delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry—'The Dauphin!'—presently,
And then do execution on the watch.
[*They enter.*

Alarums. Enter Talbot, *and certain* English.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.
[*Exeunt to the town.*

Alarum: Excursions. Enter, from the town, Bedford, *brought in sick, in a chair, with* Talbot, Burgundy, *and the* English *Forces. Then, enter on the walls,* La Pucelle, Charles, Bastard, Alençon, *and others.*

Puc. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he 'll buy again at such a rate:
'T was full of darnel: Do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtesan!
I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!

Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I 'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are you so hot, sir? Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.
[TALBOT, *and the rest, consult together.*
God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?
Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?
Puc. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.
Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecaté,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?
Alen. Signior, no.
Tal. Signior, hang!—base muleteers of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.
Puc. Away, captains: let 's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.
God be wi' you, my lord! we came but to tell you
That we are here.
[*Exeunt* LA PUCELLE, *&c., from the walls.*
Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
(Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,)
Either to get the town again, or die:
And I, as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror;
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried;
So sure I swear, to get the town or die.
Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.
Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant duke of Bedford:—Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.
Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal or woe.
Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.
Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I read,
That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.
Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—
Then be it so:—Heavens keep old Bedford safe!—
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.
[*Exeunt* BURGUNDY, TALBOT, *and Forces, leaving* BEDFORD, *and others.*

Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE, *and a* Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?
Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight.
We are like to have the overthrow again.
Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?
Fast. Ay.
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life.
[*Exit.*
Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!
[*Exit.*

Retreat: Excursions. Enter, from the town, LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, *&c., and exeunt flying.*

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please;
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*

Alarum: Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, *and others.*

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Yet, heavens have glory for this victory!
Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monuments.
Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep:
Now where 's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?
What, all a-mort?[a] Rouen hangs her head for grief

[a] *All a-mort*—dispirited.

That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers;
And then depart to Paris, to the king;
For there young Henry, with his nobles, lies.

Bur. What wills lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let 's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen;
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court:
But kings, and mightiest potentates, must die;
For that 's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. The Plains near the City.*

Enter CHARLES, *the* BASTARD, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces.*

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We 'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We 'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint;
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.
[*Drums heard.*
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English *march. Enter, and pass over at a distance,* TALBOT *and his Forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread;
And all the troops of English after him.

A French *March. Enter the* DUKE OF BURGUNDY *and Forces.*

Now, in the rearward, comes the duke, and his;
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.
[*A parley sounded.*

Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast!
O, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots!

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then, but English Henry, will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof;—
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
See then! thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughtermen.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished; these haughty [a] words of her's
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours;
So, farewell, Talbot; I 'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;
And seek how we may prejudice the foe.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Paris. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, *and other* Lords, VERNON, BASSET, *&c. To them* TALBOT, *and some of his* Officers.

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm,—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Besides five hundred prisoners of esteem,—
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet;
And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Hen. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
That hath so long been resident in France?

Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord!
When I was young, (as yet I am not old,)
I do remember how my father said
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, GLOSTER, TALBOT, *and* Nobles.

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York,—
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

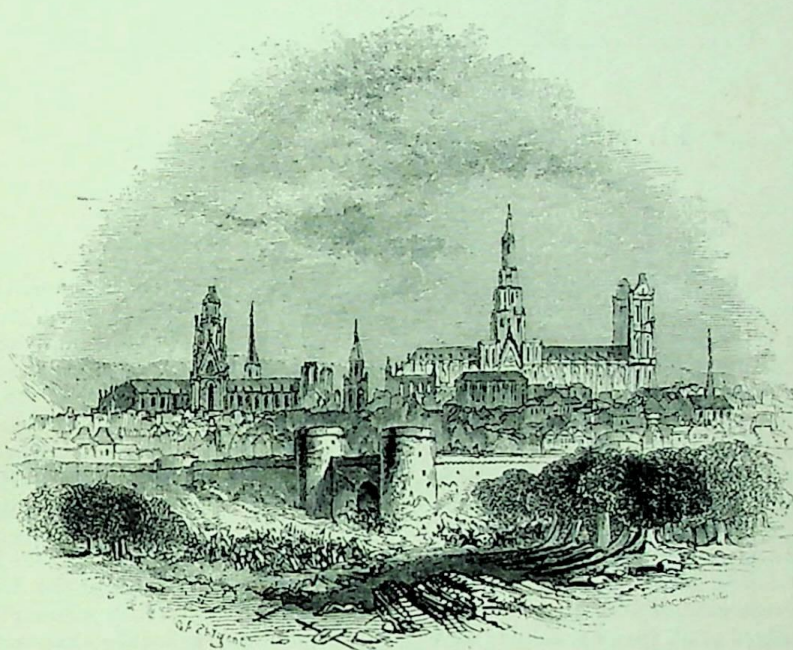
Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness take ye that. [*Strikes him.*

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such,
That whoso draws a sword 't is present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.

[a] *Haughty*—lofty—spirited. So, in the next act,—
"Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage."

But I 'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see I 'll meet thee to thy
cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I 'll be there as soon as
you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.
[*Exeunt.*

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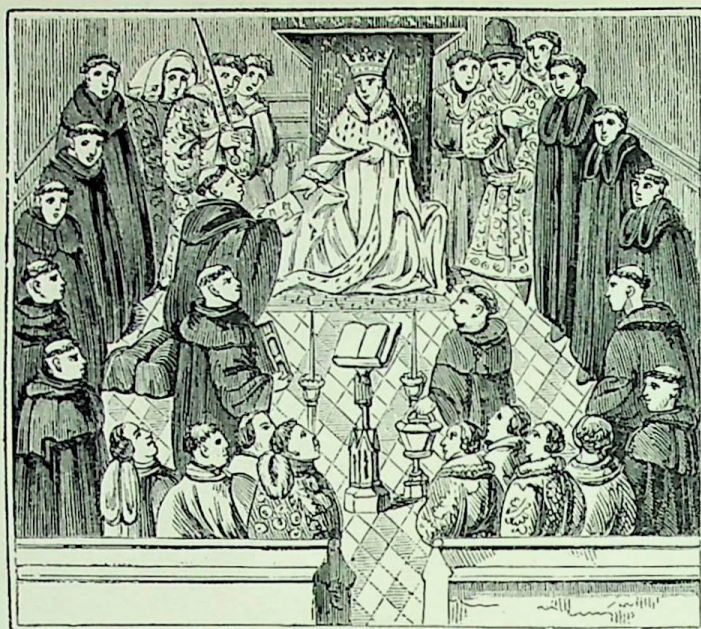

[Parliament of Henry VI.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT III.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

It is here that Henry is first introduced on the scene. The poet has represented him as very young:—

> "What, shall a child instruct you what to do?"

He was, in truth, only in his fifth year when the contest between Gloster and Beaufort was solemnly arbitrated before the parliament at Leicester. But the poor child was made to go through the ceremonies of royalty even before this. Hall, writing of the third year of his reign, says, "About Easter, this year, the king called his high court of parliament, at his town of Westminster: and coming to the parliament house, he was conveyed through the city upon a great courser with great triumph: which child was judged of all men not only to have the very image, the lively portraiture, and lovely countenance of his noble parent and famous father, but also like to succeed and be his heir in all moral virtues, martial policies, and princely feats."

At the parliament of Leicester Bedford presided, and "openly rebuked the lords in general because that they, in the time of war, through their privy malice and inward grudge, had almost moved the people to war and commotion." This rebuke the poet has put into the mouth of Henry:—

> "Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
> Civil dissention is a viperous worm,
> That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth."

The creation of Richard Plantagenet as Duke of York has been dramatically introduced by the poet into the same scene. The honours bestowed upon Plantagenet immediately followed the hollow reconciliation between Gloster and Beaufort.

The second scene brings us again to France. The stratagem by which Joan of Arc is here represented to have taken Rouen is found in Holinshed, as a narrative of the mode in which Evreux was taken in 1442. The scene of Bedford dying in the field is purely imaginary. The chronicler simply records his death in 1435, and that his "body was with all funeral solemnity buried in the cathedral church of our lady in Rone, on the north side of the high altar, under a sumptuous and costly monument."

The defection of the Duke of Burgundy from the English cause did not take place till 1434, and it was in that year that he wrote the letter to Henry to which Gloster alludes in the first scene of the fourth act. The English chroniclers are totally silent as to any influence exercised, or attempted to be exercised, by Joan of Arc, in the separation of Burgundy from the interests of England. The actual event, of course, took place after Joan's death; yet it is most remarkable that the spirited dialogue between La Pucelle and Burgundy, in this act, is wholly borne out by the circumstance that the Maid, on the very day of the coronation of Charles at Rheims, in 1429, addressed a letter to the Duke of Burgundy, in which she uses arguments not at all unlike those of this scene of the play. The letter is published by Barante. ('Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne,' tom. iv. page 259.) The original is in the archives of Lille; and Barante says it was first published in 1780. We can scarcely avoid thinking that the author of this play had access to some French chronicler, by whom the substance of the letter was given. We transcribe the original from Barante; for the characteristic simplicity of the style would be lost in a translation:—

[Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy.]

"Jhesus Maria.

"Haut et redouté prince, duc de Bourgogne, Jehanne la Pucelle vous requiert, de par le roi du ciel, mon droiturier souverain seigneur, que le roi de France et vous fassiez bonne paix, ferme, qui dure longuement. Pardonnez l'un à l'autre de bon cœur, entièrement, ainsi que doivent faire loyaux chrétiens; et s'il vous plaît guerroyer, allez sur le Sarrasin. Prince de Bourgogne, je vous prie, supplie, et requiers tant humblement que je vous puis requérir, que ne guerroyiez plus au saint royaume de France, et faites retraire incontinent et brièvement vos gens qui sont en aucunes places et forteresses du dit royaume. De la part du gentil roi de France, il est prêt de faire paix avec vous, sauf son honneur; et il ne tient qu'à vous. Et je vous fais savoir, de par le roi du ciel, mon droiturier et souverain seigneur, pour votre bien et pour votre honneur, que vous ne gagnerez point de bataille contre les loyaux Français; et que tous ceux qui guerroyent au dit saint royaume de France guerroyent contre le roi Jhesus, roi du ciel et de tout le monde, mon droiturier et souverain seigneur. Et vous prie et vous requiers à jointes mains que ne fassiez nulle bataille, ni ne guerroyiez contre nous, vous, vos gens, et vos sujets. Croyez sûrement, quelque nombre de gens que vous ameniez contre nous, qu'ils n'y gagneront mie; et sera grand pitié de la grand bataille et du sang qui sera répandu de ceux qui y viendront contre nous. Il y a trois semaines que je vous ai écrit et envoyez de bonnes lettres par un héraut pour que vous fussiez au sacre du roi qui, aujourd'hui dimanche, dix-septième jour de ce présent mois de juillet, se fait en la cité de Reims. Je n'en ai pas eu réponse, ni onc depuis n'a ouï nouvelles du héraut. A Dieu vous recommande et soit garde de vous, s'il lui plaît, et prie Dieu qu'il y mette bonne paix. Ecrit au dit lieu de Reims, le 17 juillet."

[Duke of Bedford.]

[View of Bourdeaux—present state.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Paris. A Room of State.*

Enter King Henry, Gloster, Exeter, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Winchester, Warwick, Talbot, *the* Governor *of* Paris, *and others.*

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save king Henry, of that name the sixth!

Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,—
[Governor *kneels.*
That you elect no other king but him:
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends;
And none your foes but such as shall pretend[a]
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!
[*Exeunt* Gov. *and his Train.*

Enter Sir John Fastolfe.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,

[a] *Pretend*—intend.

A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,
[*Plucking it off.*
(Which I have done) because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire, did run away;
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,

And ill-beseeming any common man;
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.
Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth;
Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He then that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.
K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight;
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—
[*Exit* Fastolfe.
And now, lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.
Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his style?
[*Viewing the superscription.*
No more but, plain and bluntly,—'To the king?'
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What's here?—'I have, upon especial cause,—
[*Reads.*
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wrack,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France.'
O monstrous treachery! Can this be so;
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?
K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?
Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.
K. Hen. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?
Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.
K. Hen. Why then, lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse:—
How say you, my lord? are you not content?
Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am prevented,[a]
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

[a] *Prevented*—gone before—anticipated.

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason;
And what offence it is to flout his friends.
Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*

Enter Vernon *and* Basset.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!
Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!
York. This is my servant: Hear him, noble prince!
Som. And this is mine: Sweet Henry, favour him!
K. Hen. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to speak.—
Say, gentlemen, What makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.
Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.
K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.
Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn[a] the truth,
About a certain question in the law,
Argued betwixt the duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.
Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.
York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?
Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.
K. Hen. Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men;
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,

[a] *Repugn*—resist.

Such factious emulations shall arise:
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissention first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous outráge
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords,—methinks you do not well,
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves;
Let me persuade you, take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness:—Good my lords, be friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants:
Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissention in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel?
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified
That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years; and let us not forego
That for a trifle that was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
[*Putting on a red rose.*
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:
And good my lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will return to Calais;
From thence to England, where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.
[*Flourish. Exeunt* KING HENRY, GLO., SOM., WIN., SUF., *and* BASSET.

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And, if I wist he did,—But let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed.
[*Exeunt* YORK, WARWICK, *and* VERNON.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice:
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This should'ring of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'T is much, when sceptres are in children's hands:
But more, when envy breeds unkind division;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—France. *Before* Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT, *with his Forces.*

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter:
Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the General *of the* French *Forces, and others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
And thus he would,—Open your city gates;
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects;
And I 'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;

Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter, but by death:
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, due [a] thee withal;
For ere the glass that now begins to run
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.
[*Drum afar off.*
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul,
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.
[*Exeunt* General, *&c., from the walls.*

Tal. He fables not, I hear the enemy;—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale;
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood: [b]
Not rascal-like,[c] to fall down with a pinch;
But rather moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
God, and Saint George! Talbot, and England's right!
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!
[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Due*—pay as due.
[b] *In blood*—a term of the forest. So in Love's Labour's Lost:—
"The deer was, as you know, in *sanguis*, blood."
[c] *Rascal-like.* Rascal was also a term of wood-craft for a lean deer.

SCENE III.—*Plains in* Gascony.

Enter York, *with Forces; to him a* Messenger.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord: and give it out
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot: As he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led;
Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am lowted [a] by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God! that Somerset, who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!
And on his son, young John; whom, two hours since,
I met in travel toward his warlike father!

[a] *Lowted.*—Malone explains this, "I am treated with contempt like a lowt."

This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Thus while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the fifth:—Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Other plains of* Gascony.

Enter Somerset, *with his Forces; an* Officer *of* Talbot's *with him.*

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Off. Here is sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now? sir William, whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord Talbot;
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse;
I owe him little duty and less love;
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come go; I will despatch the horsemen straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en, or slain:
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The* English *Camp near* Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot *and* John *his Son.*

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagems of war;
That Talbot's name might be in thee revived,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided[a] danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I 'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, begone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me:
The world will say,—He is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

[a] *Unavoided*—not to be avoided.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.
John. He that flies so, will ne'er return again.
Tal. If we both stay we both are sure to die.
John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But, if I bow, they 'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.
Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?
John. Ay, rather than I 'll shame my mother's womb.
Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.
John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.
Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.
John. No part of him but will be shame in me.
Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.
John. Yes, your renowned name: Shall flight abuse it?
Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.
John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.
Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.
John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not if my father die.
Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Field of Battle.*

Alarum: Excursions, wherein TALBOT'S *Son is hemmed about, and* TALBOT *rescues him.*

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot?—pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.
John. O twice my father! twice am I thy son:
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done;
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.
Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy; and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight—I soon encountered;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus: 'Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:'—
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care;
Art thou not weary, John? How didst thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain an if I stay,
'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd if thou wilt fly away.
John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart;
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,)
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die:

And like me to the peasant boys of France;
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance.
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable prov'd, let 's die in pride.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Another Part of the same.*

Alarum: Excursions. Enter TALBOT *wounded, supported by a* Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone;—
O, where 's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His overmounting spirit; and there died
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, *bearing the body of* JOHN TALBOT.

Serv. O my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!

Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.
O thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should say,
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.
[*Dies.*

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers *and* Servant, *leaving the two bodies. Enter* CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, BASTARD, LA PUCELLE, *and Forces.*

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging wood,[a]
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,
'Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:'
But, with a proud, majestical high scorn,
He answer'd thus; 'Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench:'
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight:
See, where he lies inhersed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder;
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no; forbear: for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, *attended; a* French Herald *preceding.*

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent;
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? 't is a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. But where 's[b] the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?

[a] *Raging wood*—raging mad.

[b] *But where 's.*—So the original. The ordinary reading is, "*Where is.*" It appears to us that Lucy utters an exclamation of surprise when he does not see Talbot, supposing him to be prisoner.

Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice-victorious lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the golden fleece;
Great mareshal to Henry the sixth,
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.
Him, that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain? the Frenchmen's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost.
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit,
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I 'll bear them hence:
But from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phœnix that shall make all France afeard.

Char. So we be rid of them do with 'em what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot 's slain.
[*Exeunt.*

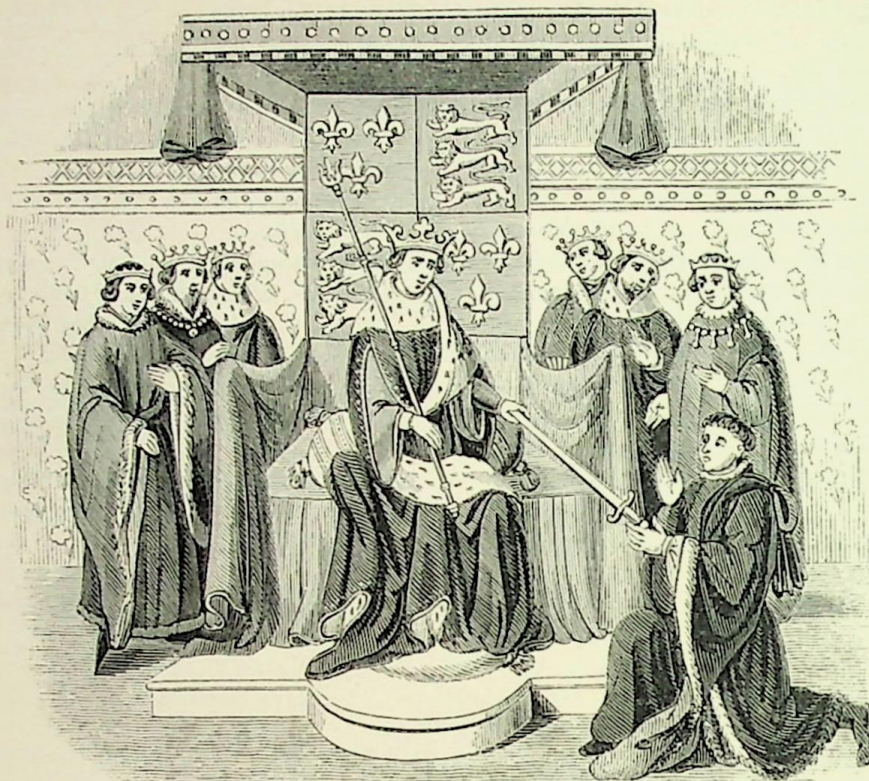
[Scene V. Camp near Bourdeaux.]

[Henry VI. and Court. John Talbot receiving a Sword.]

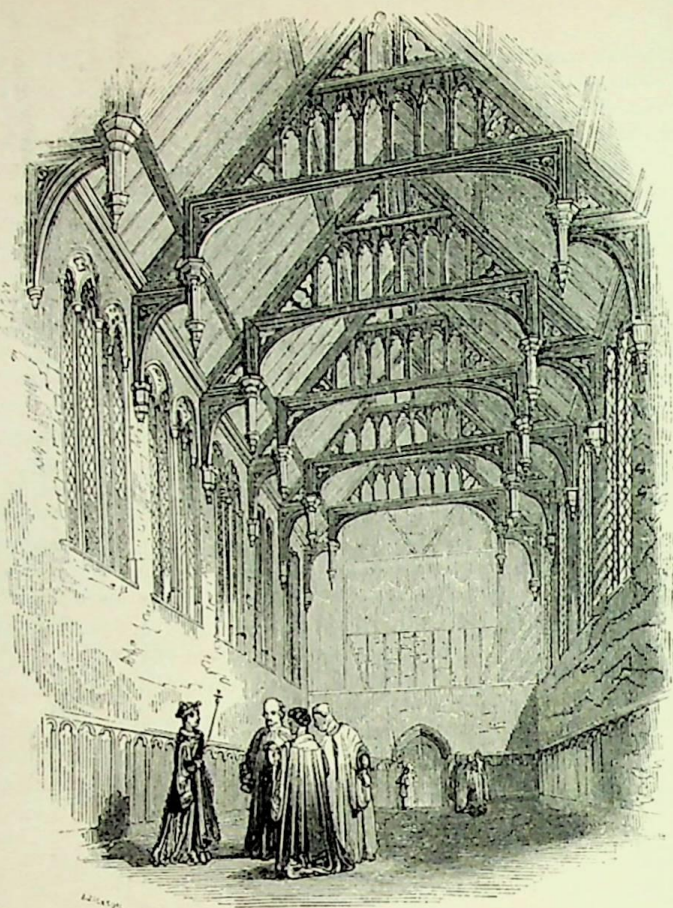
ILLUSTRATION OF ACT IV.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

The coronation of Henry VI. in Paris took place as early as 1431. In the scene of the play where this event is represented, Talbot receives a commission to proceed against Burgundy; and the remainder of the fourth act is occupied with the events of the campaign in which Talbot fell. Twenty years, or more, are leapt over by the poet, for the purpose of showing, amidst the disasters of our countrymen in France, the heroism by which the struggle for empire was so long maintained. We have already alluded to the detailed narrative which Hall gives of Talbot's death, and the brief notice of Holinshed. The account of the elder historian is very graphic, and no doubt furnished the materials for the fifth, sixth, and seventh scenes of this act:—

"This conflict continued in doubtful judgement of victory two long hours; during which fight the lords of Montamban and Humadayre, with a great company of Frenchmen, entered the battle, and began a new field; and suddenly the gunners, perceiving the Englishmen to approach near, discharged their ordinance, and slew three hundred persons near to the earl, who, perceiving the imminent jeopardy and subtile labyrinth in the which he and his people were inclosed and illaqueate, despising his own safeguard, and desiring the life of his entirely and well beloved son the Lord Lisle, willed, advertised, and counselled him to depart out of the field, and to save himself. But when the son had answered that it was neither honest nor natural for him to leave his father in the extreme jeopardy of his life, and that he would taste of that draught which his father and parent should assay and begin, the noble earl and comfortable captain said to him, Oh, son, son! I, thy father, which only hath been the terror and scourge of the French people so many years,—which hath subverted so many towns, and

profligate and discomfited so many of them in open battle and martial conflict,—neither can here die, for the honour of my country, without great laud and perpetual fame, nor fly or depart without perpetual shame and continual infamy. But because this is thy first journey and enterprise, neither thy flying shall redound to thy shame, nor thy death to thy glory: for as hardy a man wisely flieth as a temerarious person foolishly abideth, therefore the fleeing of me shall be the dishonor, not only of me and my progeny, but also a discomfiture of all my company: thy departure shall save thy life, and make thee able another time, if I be slain, to revenge my death, and to do honor to thy prince and profit to his realm. But nature so wrought in the son, that neither desire of life, nor thought of security, could withdraw or pluck him from his natural father; who, considering the constancy of his child, and the great danger that they stood in, comforted his soldiers, cheered his captains, and valiantly set on his enemies, and slew of them more in number than he had in his company. But his enemies, having a greater company of men, and more abundance of ordinance than before had been seen in a battle, first shot him through the thigh with a hand-gun, and slew his horse, and cowardly killed him, lying on the ground, whom they never durst look in the face while he stood on his feet: and with him there died manfully his son the Lord Lisle, his bastard son Henry Talbot, and Sir Edward Hull, elect to the noble Order of the Garter, and thirty valiant personages of the English nation; and the Lord Molyns was there taken prisoner with sixty other. The residue of the English people fled to Burdeaux and other places; whereof in the flight were slain above a thousand persons. At this battle of Chastillon, fought the 13th day of July, in this year, ended his life, John Lord Talbot, and of his progeny the first Earl of Shrewsbury, after that he with much fame, more glory, and most victory, had for his prince and country, by the space of twenty-four years and more, valiantly made war and served the king in the parts beyond the sea, whose corps was left on the ground, and after was found by his friends, and conveyed to Whitchurch in Shropshire, where it is intumulate."

[Effigy upon the Tomb of John Talbot.]

[Scene V.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King Henry, Gloster, *and* Exeter.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And 'stablish quietness on every side.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity [a] and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

[a] *Immanity*—barbarity.

Glo. Beside, my lord,—the sooner to effect,
And surer bind, this knot of amity,—
The earl of Armagnac—near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Hen. Marriage, uncle! alas! my years are young;
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, *and two* Ambassadors, *with* Winchester, *in a Cardinal's habit.*

Exe. What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then, I perceive that will be verified,
Henry the fifth did sometime prophesy,—

'If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.'

K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master,—
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,—
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, [*to the* Amb.] pledge of my affection.
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt* King Henry *and Train;* Gloster, Exeter, *and* Ambassadors.

Win. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive
The sum of money, which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth, or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—France. *Plains in* Anjou.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alençon, La Pucelle, *and Forces, marching.*

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits:
'T is said the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Char. What tidings send our scouts? I prithee, speak.

Mess. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one;
And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd:—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. Before* Angiers.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter La Pucelle.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.
Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts;[a]
And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents!

[*Thunder.*

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,[b]
Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

[*They walk about and speak not.*

O, hold me not with silence over-long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit;
So you do condescend to help me now.—

[*They hang their heads.*

No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[*They shake their heads.*

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,

[a] *Periapts*—amulets—charms. Cotgrave explains the words, "medicines *hanged about* any part of the body."

[b] "The *monarch of the North*," says Douce, "was Zimimar, one of the four principal devils invoked by witches. The others were, Amaimon king of the East, Gorson king of the South, and Goap king of the West. Under these devil kings were devil marquesses, dukes, prelates, knights, presidents, and earls. They are all enumerated, from Wier, *De Præstigiis Dæmonum*, in Scot's 'Discoverie of Witchcraft,' book xv. c. 2, 3."

Before that England give the French the foil.
[*They depart.*
See! they forsake me. Now the time is come
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.
[*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter French *and* English, *fighting.* LA PUCELLE [a] *and* YORK *fight hand to hand.* LA PUCELLE *is taken. The* French *fly.*

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell, banning hag! enchantress, hold thy tongue.

Puc. I prithee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, *leading in Lady* MARGARET.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[*Gazes on her.*
O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.[b]

[a] The old stage direction is, "*Burgundy* and York fight hand to hand."

[b] We print these lines as they stand in the original. All the modern editors, however, give them thus:—

"For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace."

Malone says that by the original reading "Suffolk is made to kiss his own fingers, a symbol of peace of which there is, I believe, no example." We do not see this. Suffolk says,—

"Do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands."

He then adds, kissing the lady's fingers,—

"I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side,"—

accompanying the words by a corresponding action. He takes the lady's hand, but, instead of seizing it as the hand of a prisoner, he replaces it, having kissed it, on her tender side.

I kiss these fingers [*kissing her hand*] for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples; whosoe'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.
Yet if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.
[*She turns away as going.*
O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I 'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:
Fie, De la Poole! disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk, if thy name be so,
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell, she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aside.*

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

Suf. She 's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman; therefore to be won. [*Aside.*

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?

Suf. Fond man! remember that thou hast a wife;
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?
[*Aside.*

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. I 'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: Tush! that 's a wooden thing.

Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy[a] may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that too:
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*

Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ere now. [*Aside.*

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, t'is but *quid* for *quo.*

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my —

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam; are you so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains, and our colours, forth:
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.
[*Troops come forward.*

A Parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, *on the walls.*

Suf. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier; and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, (and for thy honour, give consent,)
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
[*Exit from the walls.*

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, *below.*

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of such a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the county Maine, and Anjou,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two counties, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king:
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case. [*Aside.*
I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd;
So, farewell, Reignier! set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord! Good wishes, praise, and prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*

[a] *Fancy*—love.

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark you, Margaret,
No princely commendations to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again,—
No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*

Mar. That for thyself; I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens to a king.
[*Exeunt* REIGNIER *and* MARGARET.

Suf. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wond'rous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount;
Mad,[a] natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Camp of the Duke of* York, *in* Anjou.

Enter YORK, WARWICK, *and others.*

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, *guarded, and a* Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

Puc. Decrepit miser![b] base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood;
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 't is not so;
I did beget her all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle![a]
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'T is true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good.
[*Exit.*

York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots, let there be enow;
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?

[a] *Mad.*—Steevens thinks this epithet is used in the sense of *wild.*
[b] *Miser*—wretch, miserable creature.

[a] *Obstacle*—obstinate. In Chapman's 'May-Day' we have—
"An *obstacle* young thing it is."

Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heaven forefend! the holy maid with child?

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live;
Especially, since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his;
It was Alençon that enjoyed my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither Charles nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave my curse:
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode!
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you; till mischief, and despair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves! [*Exit guarded.*

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *attended.*

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, *attended;* ALENÇON, BASTARD, REIGNIER, *and others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful[a] enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That, in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet;
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'T is known, already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league;

[a] *Baleful*—baneful.

And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility:
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves. [*Aside, to* Charles.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall:
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—

[Charles, *and the rest, give tokens of fealty.*

So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King Henry, *in conference with* Suffolk; Gloster *and* Exeter *following.*

K. Hen. Your wond'rous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush! my good lord! this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one that at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my lord, her father is a king,
The king of Naples, and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

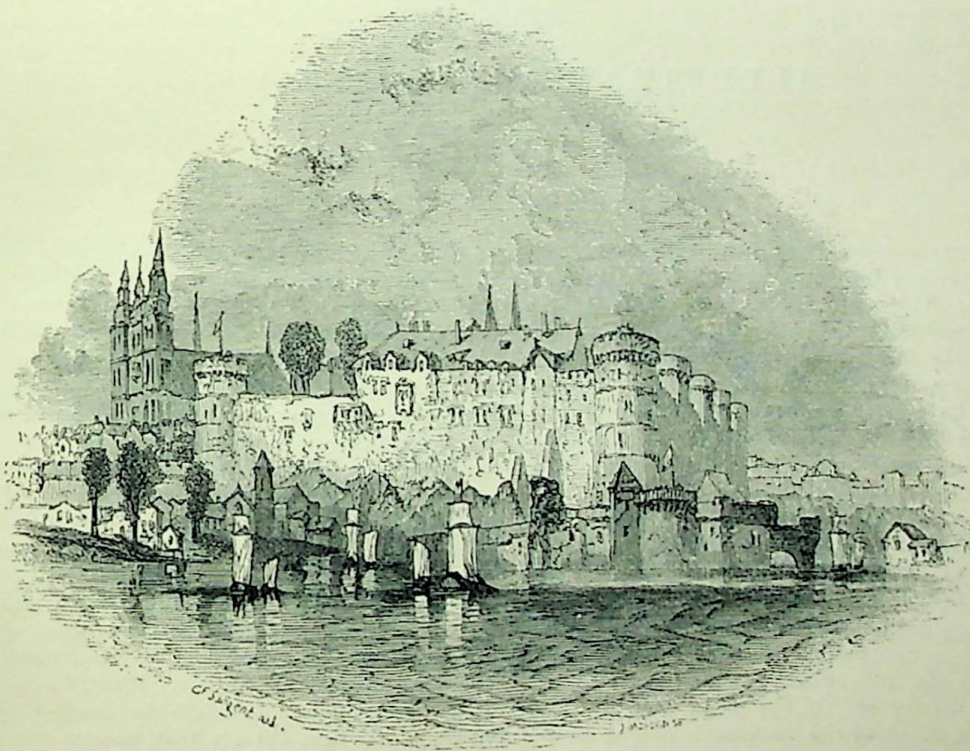
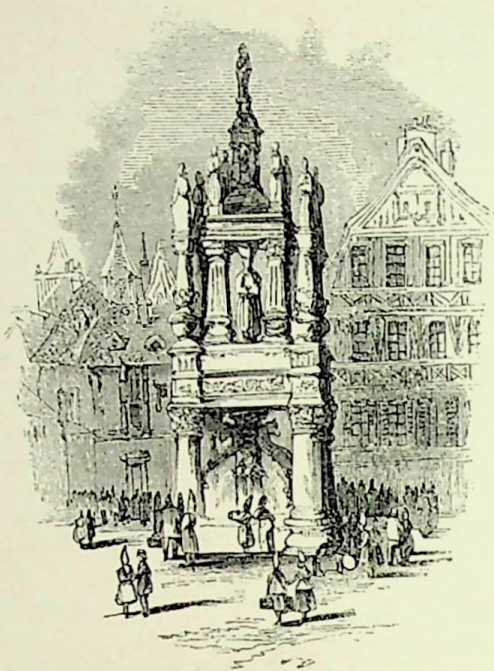
Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,

Approves her fit for none but for a king :
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More than in women commonly is seen,)
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of Suffolk; or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissention in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants; and procure
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen :
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.
And you, good uncle, banish all offence :
If you do censure[a] me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where, from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
[*Exeunt* Gloster *and* Exeter.

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd: and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.
[*Exit.*

[a] *Censure*—judge.

[Angiers.]

[Old Monument of Joan of Arc, Rouen]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

THE circumstances which attended the capture of Joan of Arc are differently told by the French chroniclers. They all agree, however, that the event happened at Compeigne. The narrative which we find in the first edition of Holinshed is almost entirely taken from that of Hall. In the second edition we have an abstract of the details of the 'Chroniques de Bretagne.' The poet has departed from the literal exactness of all the accounts. We give the passage from Holinshed :—

"After this the Duke of Bourgoyne, accompanied with the Earls of Arundel and Suffolk, and the Lord John of Lutzenburg, besieged the town of Compeigne with a great puissance. This town was well walled, manned, and victualled, so that the besiegers were constrained to cast trenches, and make mines, for otherwise they saw not how to compass their purpose. In the mean time it happened, in the night of the Ascension of our Lord (A. 1430), that Poyton de Saintreyles, Joan la Pucelle, and five or six hundred men of arms, issued out by the bridge toward Mondedier, intending to set fire in the tents and lodgings of the Lord Bawdo de Noyelle. At the same very time, Sir John de Lutzenburg, with eight other gentlemen, chanced to be near unto the lodgings of the said Lord Bawdo, where they espied the Frenchmen, which began to cut down tents, overthrow pavilions, and kill men in their beds; whereupon they with all speed assembled a great number of men, as well English as Bourgoynions, and courageously set on the Frenchmen, and in the end beat them back into the town, so that they fled so fast that one letted another, as they would have entered. In the chase and pursuit was the Pucelle taken with divers other, besides those that were slain, which were no small number."

The mode in which the author of this play has chosen to delineate the character of Joan of Arc, in the last act, has been held to be a proof that Shakspere was not the author. It will be our duty to treat this subject at length in another place; but we would here observe that, however the dramatist may have represented this extraordinary woman as a sorceress, and made her accuse herself of licentious conduct, he has fallen very far short of the injustice of the English chroniclers, who, no doubt, represented the traditionary opinions of the

English nation. Upon her first appearance at Orleans she was denounced by Bedford in his letter to the king of France as "a devilish witch and satanical enchantress." After the cruel revenge which the English took upon their captive, a letter was written in the name of Henry to the Duke of Burgundy, setting forth and defending the proceedings which had taken place at Rouen. The conclusion of this letter marks the spirit of the age; and Hall, writing more than a century afterwards, affirms that the letter is quite sufficient evidence that Joan was an organ of the devil: "And because she still was obstinate in her trespasses and villainous offences," says the letter of Henry, "she was delivered to the secular power, the which condemned her to be burnt and consumed her in the fire. And when she saw that the fatal day of her obstinacy was come, she openly confessed that the spirits which to her often did appear were evil and false, and apparent liars; and that their promise which they had made to deliver her out of captivity was false and untrue, affirming herself by those spirits to be often beguiled, blinded, and mocked. And so, being in good mind, she was by the justices carried to the old market within the city of Roan, and there by the fire consumed to ashes in the sight of all the people." The confession in the fourth scene, which is so revolting to us, is built upon an assertion which the dramatist found in Holinshed. Taken altogether, the character of Joan of Arc, as represented in this play, appears to us to be founded upon juster views than those of the chroniclers; and the poet, without any didactic expression of his opinion, has dramatically made us feel that the conduct of her persecutors was atrocious. That in a popular play, written two hundred and fifty years ago, we should find those tolerant, and therefore profound, views of the character of such an enthusiast as Joan of Arc by which she is estimated in our own day, was hardly to be expected. From her own countrymen Joan tof Arc had an equally scanty measure of justice. Monstrelet, the French chronicler, does not hesitate to affirm that the whole affair was a got-up imposture. The same views prevailed in France in the next century; and it is scarcely necessary to observe that Voltaire converted the story of the Maid into a vehicle for the most profligate ribaldry. Long after France had erected monuments to Joan of Arc her memory was ridiculed by those who claimed to be in advance of public opinion.

[Reignier, Duke of Anjou.]

The narrative of the wooing of Margaret of Anjou by Suffolk is thus given by Holinshed:—

"In the treating of this truce, the Earl of Suffolk, extending his commission to the uttermost, without the assent of his associates, imagined in his fantasy that the next way to come to a perfect peace was to move some marriage between the French king's kinswoman, the Lady Margaret, daughter to Regner Duke of Anjou, and his sovereign lord King Henry. This Regner, Duke of Anjou, named himself King of Sicily, Naples, and Jerusalem, having only the name and style of those realms, without any penny profit, or foot of possession. This marriage was made strange to the earl at first, and one thing seemed to be a great hindrance to it, which was, because the King of England occupied a great part of the duchy of Anjou, and the whole county of Maine, appertaining (as was alledged) to King Regner. The Earl of Suffolk (I can not say) either corrupted with bribes, or too much affection to this unprofitable marriage, condescended and agreed that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine should be delivered to the king, the bride's father, demanding for her marriage neither penny nor far-

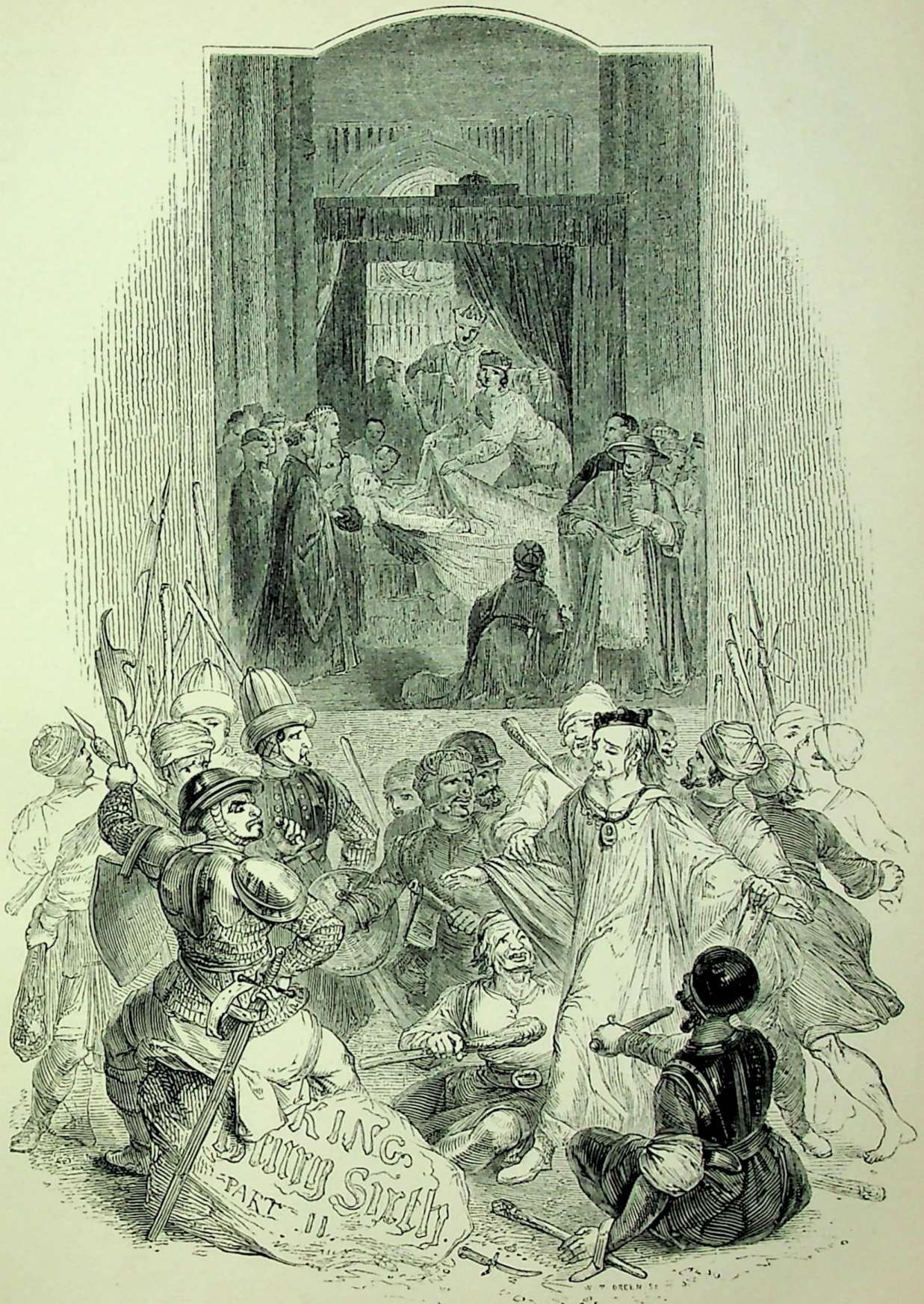
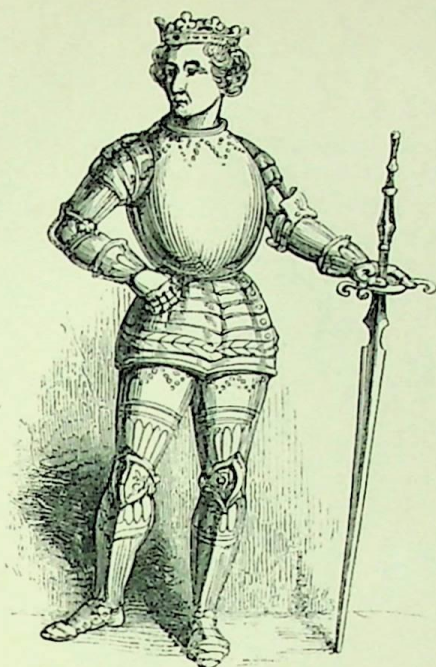
thing, as who would say that this new affinity passed all riches, and excelled both gold and precious stone. * * * * * * *
But although this marriage pleased the king and others of his counsel, yet Humfrey Duke of Gloucester, protector of the realm, was much against it, alledging that it should be both contrary to the laws of God and dishonourable to the prince if he should break that promise and contract of marriage made by ambassadors, sufficiently thereto instructed, with the daughter of the Earl of Arminack, upon conditions, both to him and his realm, as much profitable as honourable. But the duke's words could not be heard, for the earl's doings were only liked and allowed. * * * *
The Earl of Suffolk was made Marquis of Suffolk, which marquis, with his wife and many honourable personages of men and women, sailed into France for the conveyance of the nominated queen into the realm of England. For King Regner, her father, for all his long style, had too short a purse to send his daughter honourably to the king her spouse."

In the fourth scene we find

"That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France."

By this was probably intended the truce of 1444, which lasted till 1449. It was in that year that Charles VII. poured his troops into Normandy, and that Rouen, "that rich city," as Holinshed calls it,—the scene of the English glory and the English shame,—was delivered to the French.

[Triumphal Entry of Charles VII. into Rouen.]

KING
Henry Sixth.
PART II.

[Richard Duke of York.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

The drama which we now publish appears in the original folio edition of Shakspere's plays under the title of 'The Second part of Henry the Sixt, with the Death of the Good Duke Humfrey.' In the form in which it has been transmitted to us by the editors of that first collected edition of our author, it had not been previously printed. But in 1594 there appeared a separate play, in quarto, under the following title :—' The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the Death of the Good Duke Humphrey, and the Banishment and Death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragical End of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Jack Cade, and the Duke of Yorkes first Claime unto the Croune. Printed by Thomas Creede for Thomas Millington.' This play, in the entire conduct of the scenes, and in a great measure in the dialogue, is 'The Second Part of Henry the Sixt.' But the alterations and additions are so considerable that it has been held, of late years, that 'The First Part of the Contention,' as published by Millington in 1594, reprinted by him in 1600, and subsequently republished about 1619 as written by Shakspere, was the entire work of some other dramatist; and that Shakspere only added certain lines to this original, and altered others. This is the question which, in connexion with the more general question of the literary history of the Three Parts of Henry VI. and of Richard III., we propose to examine in a separate Dissertation. It has appeared to us, however, that it would be desirable on many accounts if we were to reprint 'The First Part of the Contention' as a Supplement to this Second Part of Henry VI., and 'The Second Part of the Contention' as a Supplement to the Third Part of Henry VI. To enable the reader fairly to compare the original and the revised dramas, we have modernised the orthography of the elder performances, as well as corrected the punctuation, and printed some lines metrically, which, although appearing as prose, were obviously intended to be read as verse; and the contrary. We have also, for the convenience of reference, divided each of these plays into Acts and Scenes. In every other respect we strictly follow the original copies.

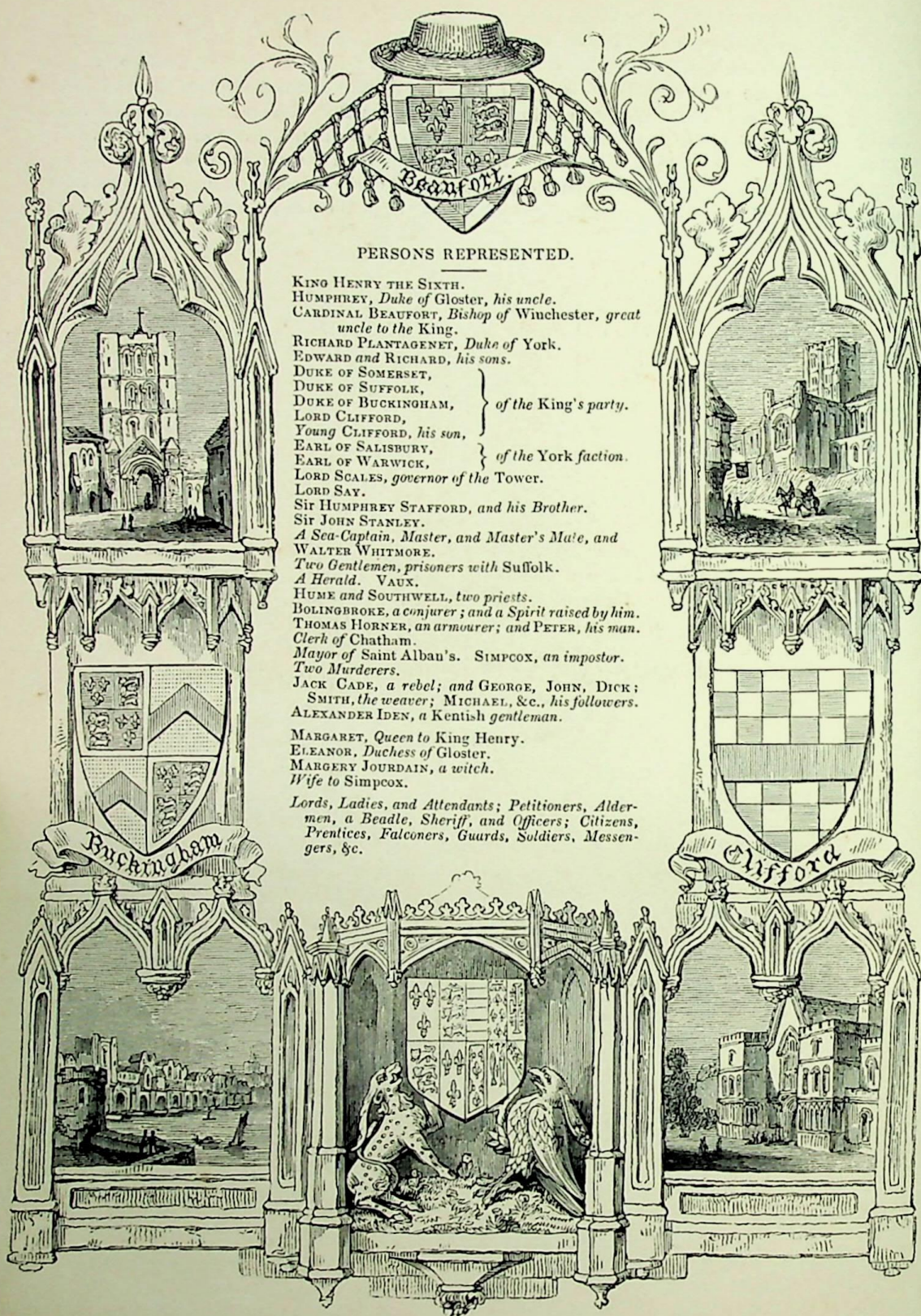
[Henry VI.]

Costume of Henry VI., Part II.

In our Notice to the First Part of this play we mentioned that we knew of no contemporary portrait or effigy of Humphrey Duke of Gloster. A figure supposed to represent him exists in a piece of tapestry belonging to St. Mary's Hall, at Coventry; but the tapestry is, in our opinion, of the date of Henry VII., although Major Hamilton Smith, in his 'Ancient Costume of England,' quotes the suggestion of an antiquarian friend that it was put up in all probability during the lives of Henry VI. and Queen Margaret, who both frequently visited the city, and were entertained in that hall. Our reason for doubting this circumstance is, that the costume is evidently of a later date than the accession of Edward IV., and that during the reign of that monarch, or of Richard III., not even the Lancastrian citizens of Coventry would have been likely to venture so ostentatious a display of the portraits of Henry, Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, the Duke of Bedford, Duke Humphrey, and all the principal nobility and courtiers attached to the party of the Red Rose. We believe it to have been executed immediately after the triumph of Henry VII. at Bosworth Field; and, therefore, though we shall give two or three figures from it in this Part of the play as illustrations, they must not be taken as authorities for the dress of this precise period. The plates in Major Hamilton Smith's work are incorrectly drawn and coloured; ours were taken from a careful copy of the original tapestry made many years ago, and exhibit on the dresses of the King and Queen the peculiar pine-apple pattern so much in vogue during the close of the fifteenth century. The attitudes alone have been altered; Henry and Margaret being represented kneeling in the original. Of Cardinal Beaufort we give the effigy from his monument described in Part I. Of *Edmund* Beaufort, the Duke of Somerset in this Part of the play, we have no representation: he was buried in the Abbey of St. Alban's.

Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, is depicted on glass in Trinity Hall, Cambridge: the figure has been frequently but improperly engraved as Richard Duke of Gloster. Sandford mentions another painting on glass of this Richard Plantagenet, in the east window of the north aisle of Cirencester church in Gloucestershire, "having on the pomel of his sword the arms of

Mortimer Earl of March, it may be thereby to signifie that, although he was forced to use the *blade* to dispute his right to the crown, yet did he shroud himself under the *shield* or *hilt* of a good title." Of Humphrey Stafford Duke of Buckingham, or of the Cliffords, father and son, we have no representation: neither know we any of Richard Nevil Earl of Salisbury; but his son Richard Nevil Earl of Warwick is depicted by Rouse in the Warwick Roll, College of Arms, London, from which, by permission, our copy is made. The general costume of this period may be observed in our engraving from Lydgate's MS. in the Harleian Collection mentioned in Part I.; and, as a curious rather than an authentic illustration, we give (p. 81) the composition supposed to represent the marriage of Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou, from Walpole's 'Anecdotes of Painting in England.'

[Costume of the Commonalty of the Period.]

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
HUMPHREY, *Duke of* Gloster, *his uncle.*
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of* Winchester, *great uncle to the* King.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of* York.
EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *his sons.*
DUKE OF SOMERSET, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, LORD CLIFFORD, *Young* CLIFFORD, *his son,* } *of the* King'*s party.*
EARL OF SALISBURY, EARL OF WARWICK, } *of the* York *faction.*
LORD SCALES, *governor of the* Tower.
LORD SAY.
Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, *and his Brother.*
Sir JOHN STANLEY.
A Sea-Captain, Master, and Master's Mate, and WALTER WHITMORE.
Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.
A Herald. VAUX.
HUME *and* SOUTHWELL, *two priests.*
BOLINGBROKE, *a conjurer; and a Spirit raised by him.*
THOMAS HORNER, *an armourer; and* PETER, *his man.*
Clerk of Chatham.
Mayor of Saint Alban's. SIMPCOX, *an impostor.*
Two Murderers.
JACK CADE, *a rebel; and* GEORGE, JOHN, DICK; SMITH, *the weaver;* MICHAEL, &c., *his followers.*
ALEXANDER IDEN, *a* Kentish *gentleman.*

MARGARET, *Queen to* King Henry.
ELEANOR, *Duchess of* Gloster.
MARGERY JOURDAIN, *a witch.*
Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

[Room of State. Scene I.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

Flourish of Trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one side, KING HENRY, *Duke of* GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and* CARDINAL BEAUFORT; *on the other,* QUEEN MARGARET, *led in by* SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, *and others following.*

Suff. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretaigne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,—
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had,
By day, by night,—waking, and in my dreams,—

In courtly company, or at my beads,—
With you mine alder-liefest [a] sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish; but her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys; [b]
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. [*kneeling.*] Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign, and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [*Reads.*] 'Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.—Item,—That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father'—

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Car. 'Item,—It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and Maine [c] shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.'

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down;
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword. Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
In the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, *and* SUFFOLK.

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief;
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house,
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And hath his highness in his infancy
Been [a] crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes?
And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame:
Blotting your names from books of memory:
Razing the characters of your renown;
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France;
Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,—
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 't is ours; and we will keep it still.

[a] *Alder-liefest*—dearest of all. This beautiful word is a Saxon compound. *Alder*, of all, is thus frequently joined with an adjective of the superlative degree,—as *alderfirst*, *alderlast*. *Liefest*, *levest*, is the superlative of *lefe*, *leve*, dear.

[b] This line is usually pointed thus:—

" Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys."

But *wondering* is an adjective agreeing with *joys* as well as *weeping*.

[c] Gloster reads this document thus:—" That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released," &c. In the Cardinal's hands the words are changed—" That the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released," &c. Malone says, " The words in the instrument could not thus vary whilst it was passing from the hands of the duke to those of the Cardinal;" and he adds that the inaccuracy is not found in the original play. It seems to us that the variation was intentional. The Cardinal reads the document correctly; but Gloster, whose mind had seized upon the substance of the articles before he recited the conclusion of the sentence, ceases to *read* when the sudden qualm hath struck him at the heart, and delivers the import of the words which have so moved him with substantial correctness but formal inaccuracy.

[a] *Been* is not in the original.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke, that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy:—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

War. For grief, that they are past recovery:
For were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities that I got with wounds
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives:
And our king Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in France,
Before——

Car. My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot,
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
'T is not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 't is my presence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out: Proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury: if I longer stay
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied—France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'T is known to you he is mine enemy:
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords,—he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown;
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.
What, though the common people favour him,
Calling him—'Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster;'
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
'Jesu maintain your royal excellence!'
With—'God preserve the good duke Humphrey!'
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together with the duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,
And greatness of his place, be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside;
If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despight duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and* SOMERSET.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—
More like a soldier, than a man o' the church,
As stout and proud as he were lord of all,—
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age!
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline;
Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people:
Join we together, for the public good;
In what we can, to bridle and suppress

The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds
While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country!

York. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine;
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.
[*Exeunt* WARWICK *and* SALISBURY.

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle[a] point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the articles;
The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd,
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all: What is't to them?
'T is thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtesans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone:
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away;
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold.
Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.[b]
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.

[a] *Tickle*—uncertain; the Saxon *tikel*. So in Chaucer, 'The Milleres Tale:'—

"This world is now full tikel sikerly"—

i.e., this world is now quite uncertain, surely.

[b] Meleager, the prince of Calydon, died in great torments when his mother Althea threw into the flames the firebrand upon the preservation of which his life depended.

A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey,
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke of* Gloster's *House.*

Enter GLOSTER *and the* DUCHESS.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What see'st thou there? king Henry's diadem,
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:
What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine:
And, having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heav'n;
And never more abase our sight so low
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!

My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
And, on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmond duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole first duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

Duch. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd [a] Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm:
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto St. Alban's,
Whereas [b] the king and queen do mean to hawk.

[a] So, in 'Venus and Adonis:'—
"Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice."

[b] *Whereas* is here used in the sense of *where*, as it frequently is by Shakspere's contemporaries. Thus, in Daniel's tragedy of 'Cleopatra,' 1594, we have—
"That I should pass *whereas* Octavia stands
To view my misery."

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

[*Exeunt* Gloster *and* Messenger.

Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant.
Where are you there? Sir John! [a] nay, fear not, man,
We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!

Duch. What say'st thou, majesty! I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;
With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised,—to show your highness
A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions,
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
When from Saint Alban's we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit* Duchess.

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;
Marry, and shall. But how now, sir John Hume?
Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum!
The business asketh silent secrecy.
Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:

[a] *Sir John.* Hume was a priest, and receives the title common to his order. Tyrwhitt says that, from the title being so usually given in this way, "a *Sir John* came to be a nickname for a priest."

I dare not say from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And buz these conjurations in her brain.
They say, A crafty knave does need no broker;
Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands: And thus, I fear, at last,
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wrack;
And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Peter, *and others, with petitions.*

1 *Pet.* My masters, let 's stand close; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.[a]

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he 's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter Suffolk *and* Queen Margaret.

1 *Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him: I 'll be the first, sure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool; this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow? wouldst anything with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. [*Reading the superscription.*] 'To my lord protector!' are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them: What is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an 't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that is some wrong, indeed.—What 's yours?—What 's here! [*Reads.*] 'Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.'—How now, sir knave?

2 *Pet.* Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [*Presenting his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, That the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? Did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master[a] was? No, forsooth: my master said, That he was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter* Servants.]—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently:—we 'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exeunt* Servants, *with* Peter.

Q. Mar. And as for you that love to be protected
Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.
[*Tears the petition.*
Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let 's be gone.
[*Exeunt* Petitioners.

Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashions in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What, shall king Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloster's governance?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought king Henry had resembled thee,
In courage, courtship, and proportion:
But all his mind is bent to holiness,
To number Ave-Maries on his beads:
His champions are the prophets and apostles;
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
I would the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head;
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haughty protector, have we Beaufort,
The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York: and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

[a] *In the quill*, or *in quill*, must mean *written*—our written petitions. In the same way *in print* means *printed*.

[a] *Master.* In the original this is printed *mistress*. The words are similarly confounded in other passages of our poet, *M.* having been the abridged form of writing both *master* and *mistress*.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than duke Humphrey's wife;
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her;
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: And, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this:
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we 'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter KING HENRY, YORK, *and* SOMERSET, *conversing with him; Duke and Duchess of* GLOSTER, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset, or York, all 's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be denay'd[a] the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The cardinal 's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

[a] *Denay'd*—denied. So, in Twelfth Night—
"My love can give no place, bide no *denay*."

Sal. Peace, son; and show some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure;[a] these are no women's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And at his pleasure will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wer't king, (as who is king but thou?)
The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack:
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortion.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution,
Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.
[*Exit* GLOSTER. *The* QUEEN *drops her fan.*
Give me my fan: What, minion! can you not?
[*Gives the* DUCHESS *a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

Duch. Was 't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments[b] in your face.

K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 't was against her will.

Duch. Against her will! Good king, look to 't in time;
She 'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby.
Though in this place most master wear no breeches,

[a] *Censure*—opinion

[b] *Ten commandments.* This phrase, which might more worthily fill the mouth of a lady of the fish-market, was common to the dramatists who wrote before the date of this play, and after. Thus, in 'The Four P's,' 1569—

"Now ten times I beseech him that hie sits,
Thy wifes X *com.* may serche thy five wits."

And, in 'Westward Hoe,' 1607—

——"your harpy has set his *ten commandments* on my back."

She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.
[*Exit* Duchess.

Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now: her fume needs no spurs,
She'll gallop far[a] enough to her destruction.
[*Exit* Buckingham.

Re-enter Gloster.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown,
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country!
But, to the matter that we have in hand:
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants *of* Suffolk, *bringing in* Horner *and* Peter.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

K. Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? Tell me: What are these?

Suf. Please it your Majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason:
His words were these;—that Richard, duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown;
And that your majesty was an usurper.

K. Hen. Say, man, were these thy words?

Hor. An 't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones,[a] my lords, [*holding up his hands*] he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech:—
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge.
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion:
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat, in convenient place;
For he hath witness of his servant's malice:
This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.[b]

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevaileth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart!

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

K. Hen. Away with them to prison: and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.
[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Far.* So the original. The common altered reading is *fast.*

[a] *Ten bones.* This is an ancient adjuration. In the mystery of 'Candlemas Day,' 1512, we have—

"But by their *bonys ten,* thei be to you untrue."

This form of words, like that of the *ten commandments,* was retained in the time of Shakspere, and indeed after. In 'Monsieur Thomas,' by Fletcher, 1637, we have—

"By these *ten bones,* sir, by these eyes and tears."

[b] In this place the following two lines are usually inserted:—

"*K. Hen.* Then be it so. My lord of Somerset,
We make your grace lord regent o'er the French."

The lines were found by Theobald in 'The First Part of the Contention,' and he introduced them because he thought that "duke Humphrey's doom" required the confirmation of King Henry. But Henry, having given the power of deciding to Gloster, both in the case of the armourer and of the regency, might be intended by the poet, on his revisal of the play, to speak by the mouth of the Protector. The scene as it stands is an exhibition of the almost kingly authority of Gloster immediately before his fall.

SCENE IV.—*The same. The Duke of* Gloster's *Garden.*

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, *and* BOLINGBROKE.

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided: Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay: What else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: But it shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit* HUME.] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth:—John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter DUCHESS, *above.*

Duch. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this geer; the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,[a]
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining, and make the circle;* BOLINGBROKE, *or* SOUTHWELL, *reads,* Conjuro te, &c. *It thunders and lightens terribly; then the* Spirit *riseth.*

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath,
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For, till thou speak thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt: That I had said and done!

Boling. 'First of the king. What shall of him become?'
[*Reading out of a paper.*

Spir. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.
[*As the* Spirit *speaks,* SOUTHWELL *writes the answer.*

Boling. 'What fates await the duke of Suffolk?'

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. 'What shall befall the duke of Somerset?'

Spir. Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness and the burning lake:
False fiend, avoid!
[*Thunder and lightning.* Spirit *descends.*

Enter YORK *and* BUCKINGHAM, *hastily, with their* Guards, *and others.*

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.
Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—
What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke; that threat'st where is no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call you this? [*Showing her the papers.*
Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder:—You, madam, shall with us:—
Stafford, take her to thee.
[*Exit* DUCHESS *from above.*
We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming;
All, away!
[*Exeunt* Guards, *with* SOUTH., BOLING., *&c.*

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon:
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*
'The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.'
Why, this is just,
Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.
Well, to the rest:
'Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die, and take his end.—
What shall betide the duke of Somerset?

[a] In the 'First Part of the Contention,' this line thus appears:—
"Dark night, dread night, the *silence* of the night."
The use of *silent* as a noun is wonderfully fine; and reminds us of "the *vast* of night" in the Tempest.

Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.'
Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardily [a] attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The king is now in progress toward Saint Alban's,
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry
them;
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—
Who 's within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Invite my lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away!
[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Hardily*—in the folio *hardly*. The correction, which is ingenious, was made by Theobald.

[Duke of Gloster's Garden. Incantation Scene.]

[Marriage of Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT I.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

The connexion between the last scene of the First Part of Henry VI. and the first scene of the Second Part is as perfect as if they each belonged to one play. The concluding words of that last scene show us Suffolk departing for France for the accomplishment of the anxious wish of Henry—

> "That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
> To cross the seas to England."

In the first lines of the Second Part we find Suffolk returned from his mission, the purpose of which, as expressed in the last scene of the First Part, he here recapitulates. The passage of the poet is almost exactly copied from the historians, — Holinshed being in this case a literal transcriber from Hall:— "The Marquis of Suffolk, as procurator to King Henry, espoused the said lady in the church of Saint Martin's. At the which marriage were present the father and mother of the bride; the French king himself, which was uncle to the husband; and the French queen also, which was aunt to the wife. There were also the Dukes of Orleans, of Calaber, of Alanson, and of Britaine, seven earls, twelve barons, twenty bishops, beside knights and gentlemen."

The displeasure of the Duke of Gloster at this marriage is indicated by the poet in the last scene of the First Part. There Henry says,—

> ——— "Agree to any covenants."

The announcement of the surrender of Anjou and Maine is reserved by the dramatist for the scene before us. This surrender is the chief cause of the Duke of Gloster's indignation, as expressed in the celebrated speech,—

> "Brave peers of England, pillars of the state," &c.

The poet makes the duke intimate no dislike of the queen's person; and Henry, indeed, expressly thanks him

> "for this great favour done,
> In entertainment to my princely queen."

The poet here follows Holinshed, who copies Fabian:—"On the eighteenth of May she came to London, all the lords of England in most sumptuous sort meeting and receiving her upon the way, and specially the Duke of Gloster, with such honour as stood with the dignity of his person." Of this circumstance Hall has no mention.

Margaret of Anjou arrived in England in 1445.

Her impatience under the authority of the Protector Gloster, and her intrigues to procure his disgrace, are set forth very graphically by Hall:—"This woman, perceiving that her husband did not frankly rule as he would, but did all things by the advice and counsel of Humphrey Duke of Gloster, and that he passed not much on the authority and governance of the realm, determined with herself to take upon her the rule and regiment both of the king and his kingdom, and to deprive and evict out of all rule and authority the said duke, then called the lord protector of the realm: lest men should say and report that she had neither wit nor stomach, which would permit and suffer her husband, being of perfect age and man's estate, like a young scholar or innocent pupil to be governed by the disposition of another man." But the hatred of Queen Margaret to "duke Humphrey's wife" is purely an invention of the poet. The disgrace of Eleanor Cobham took place three years before the arrival of Margaret in England. It is insinuated, however, by the chroniclers, that the accusation of the duchess upon a charge of sorcery and treason was prompted by the enemies of the protector. The following is Hall's account of this tragedy, in which "horror and absurdity are mingled in about equal portions:"*—

"But venom will once break out, and inward grudge will soon appear, which was this year to all men apparent: for divers secret attempts were advanced forward this season against the noble duke Humphrey of Gloster, afar off, which in conclusion came so near that they bereft him both of life and land, as you shall hereafter more manifestly perceive. For first this year, dame Eleanor Cobham, wife to the said duke, was accused of treason, for that she, by sorcery and enchantment, intended to destroy the king, to the intent to advance and to promote her husband to the crown: upon this she was examined in Saint Stephen's chapel, before the bishop of Canterbury, and there by examination convict and judged to do open penance in three open places within the city of London, and after that adjudged to perpetual prison in the Isle of Man, under the keeping of Sir John Stanley, knight. At the same season were arrested, as aiders and counsellors to the said duchess, Thomas Southwel, priest and canon of Saint Stephen's in Westminster; John Hum, priest; Roger Bolingbroke, a cunning necromancer; and Margery Jourdain, surnamed the witch of Eye: to whose charge it was laid, that they, at the request of the duchess, had devised an image of wax representing the king, which by their sorcery a little and little consumed, intending thereby in conclusion to waste and destroy the king's person, and so to bring him death; for the which treason they were adjudged to die: and so Margery Jourdain was burnt in Smithfield, and Roger Bolingbroke was drawn and quartered at Tyburn, taking upon his death that there was never no such thing by them imagined. John Hum had his pardon, and Southwel died in the Tower before execution. The Duke of Gloster took all these things patiently, and said little."

In the third scene, the charges which Beaufort, and Somerset, and Buckingham, insultingly heap upon the protector, are supported by this passage of Hall:—"Divers articles, both heinous and odious, were laid to his charge in open council; and in especial, one that he had caused men adjudged to die to be put to other execution than the law of the land had ordered or assigned." This is the charge of Buckingham:—

> "Thy cruelty in execution,
> Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
> And left thee to the mercy of the law."

* Pictorial History of England, vol. ii., p. 83.

[Saint Alban's. Hawking Party.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Saint Alban's.

Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Gloster, Cardinal, *and* Suffolk, *with* Falconers *hollaing.*

Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,[a]
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And ten to one old Joan had not gone out.[b]

K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain[c] of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Glo. My lord, 't is but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much; he would be above the clouds.

Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal: How think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy!

Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown,[a] the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!

[a] *Flying at the brook*—flying at birds of the brook; hawking at waterfowl.

[b] Percy explains that "the wind was so high it was ten to one that old Joan would not have taken her flight at the game."

[c] *Fain.* Steevens says that *fain* here signifies *fond*; and he quotes Heywood's 'Epigrams on Proverbs:'—

"Fayre words make fooles *faine*."

Surely, in this quotation *fain* means *glad*,—the Saxon meaning. And this, it appears to us, is the signification in the passage before us.

[a] *Beat on a crown*—are intent on a crown. This fine expression may be explained by a passage in The Tempest:—

"Do not infest your mind with *beating on*
The strangeness of this business."

Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown perémptory?
Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it?

Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord?

Suf. Why, as you, my lord;
An 't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.

K. Hen. I prithee, peace,
Good queen; and whet not on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector with my sword!

Glo. 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 't were come to that! [*Aside to the* Cardinal.

Car. Marry, when thou dar'st. [*Aside.*

Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the matter,
In thine own person answer thy abuse. [*Aside.*

Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,
This evening, on the east side of the grove. [*Aside.*

K. Hen. How now, my lords?

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport.—Come, with thy two-hand sword. [*Aside to* Glo.

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. Are you advis'd?—the east side of the grove?

Glo. Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aside.*

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster!

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, priest, I 'll shave your crown for this,
Or all my fence shall fail. [*Aside.*

Car. *Medice teipsum;*
Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself. [*Aside.*

K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.
How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter One, crying, A Miracle!

Glo. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

One. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blind man at St. Alban's shrine,
Within this half-hour, hath receiv'd his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Hen. Now, God be prais'd! that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor *of* St. Alban's, *and his brethren; and* Simpcox, *borne between two persons in a chair; his wife and a great multitude following.*

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.

K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

Glo. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king;
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an 't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an 't like your worship.

Glo. Hadst thou been his mother thou couldst have better told.

K. Hen. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an 't like your grace.

K. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times, and oftener, in my sleep
By good Saint Alban; who said,—'Simpcox, come;
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.'

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!
Suf. How cam'st thou so?
Simp. A fall off of a tree.
Wife. A plum-tree, master.
Glo. How long hast thou been blind?
Simp. O, born so, master.
Glo. What, and wouldst climb a tree?
Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.
Glo. 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so.
Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons.
And made me climb, with danger of my life.
Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—
Let me see thine eyes:—wink now; now open them:—
In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.
Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God and Saint Alban.
Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?
Simp. Red, master; red as blood.
Glo. Why, that's well said: What colour is my gown of?
Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.
K. Hen. Why then thou know'st what colour jet is of?
Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
Glo. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.
Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.
Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?
Simp. Alas, master, I know not.
Glo. What's his name?
Simp. I know not.
Glo. Nor his?
Simp. No, indeed, master.
Glo. What's thine own name?
Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names, as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible. —My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think that cunning to be great that could restore this cripple to his legs again?[a]

[a] Steevens prints this speech metrically, with certain changes after his fashion of making verses. We give it as prose, as it stands in the original.

Simp. O master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of St. Alban's, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.
Glo. Then send for one presently.
May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight. [*Exit an* Attendant.

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [*A stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone; you go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, *with the* Beadle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the* Beadle *hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the people follow, and cry,* A Miracle!

K. Hen. O God, seest thou this, and bear'st so long?
Q. Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain run.
Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.
Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipped through every market town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[*Exeunt* Mayor, Beadle, Wife, *&c.*

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.
Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.
Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?
Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A sort[a] of naughty persons, lewdly[b] bent,—
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,—

[a] *Sort*—company. [b] *Lewdly*—wickedly.

Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.
Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.
[*Aside to* GLOSTER.
Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart!
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers:
And vanquish'd as I am I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.
K. Hen. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones;
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!
Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.
Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my king and commonweal:
And for my wife, I know not how it stands;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard;
Noble she is; but if she have forgot
Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company;
And give her as a prey to law, and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.
K. Hen. Well, for this night we will repose us here:
To-morrow toward London, back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. *The Duke of* York's *Garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.
Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.
War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.
York. Then thus—
Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster:
The fifth was Edmond Langley, duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father;
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as king;
Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;
Sent his poor queen to France from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murdered traitorously.
War. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.
York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.
Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.
York. The third son, duke of Clarence, (from whose line
I claim the crown,) had issue—Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March:
Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March:
Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.
Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And but for Owen Glendower had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But, to the rest.
York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard earl of Cambridge; who was son
To Edmond Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger earl of March; who was the son

Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel duke of Clarence:
So if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceedings are more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails his should not reign:
It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And, in this private plot,[a] be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign,
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd;
But with advice, and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey:
'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me that the earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—
Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the king.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Hall of Justice.*

Trumpets sounded. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, *and* SALISBURY; *the Duchess of* GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, *and* BOLINGBROKE, *under guard.*

K. Hen. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife:
In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great;
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.

[a] *Plot*—Spot.

You four, from hence to prison back again;
[*To* JOURD., *&c.*
From thence, unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With sir John Stanley, in the isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment, welcome were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee;
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—
[*Exeunt the* DUCHESS, *and the other prisoners guarded.*
Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!
I beseech your majesty give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster: ere thou go
Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
Protector be: and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet;
And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.
God and king Henry govern England's helm:[a]
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign,
As ere thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne. [*Exit.*

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey duke of Gloster scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once,—
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
This staff of honour raught:[b]—There let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

[a] *Helm.*—In the original this is *realm*. Johnson made the correction: the repetition of *realm* being most probably a typographical error.

[b] *Raught.*—This is used by Chaucer and Spenser in the sense of *reached*; it certainly means here *taken away*, as in Peele's 'Arraignment of Paris:'—

"How Pluto *raught* queen Ceres' daughter thence."

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go:—Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

K. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit;
Here let them end it, and God defend the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, Horner, *and his neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; a drum before him: at the other side,* Peter, *with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by prentices drinking to him.*

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack. And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here 's a cup of charneco.[a]

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I 'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord, bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what 's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

[a] *Charneco*—the name of a wine.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man: and touching the duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: And therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, [as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.[a]]

York. Despatch;—this knave's tongue begins to double.
Sound trumpets alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum. They fight, and* Peter *strikes down his master.*

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon:—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;
For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:
And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter Gloster *and* Servants, *in mourning cloaks.*

Glo. Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound as seasons fleet.
Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess;
Uneath[b] may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face,
With envious[c] looks still laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou did'st ride in triumph through the streets.

[a] The words in brackets are not in the folio, but are found in 'The First Part of the Contention.' The story of Bevis and Ascapart was a favourite legend. See Illustrations of Act II.

[b] *Uneath*—not easily.

[c] *Envious*—malicious.

But soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of GLOSTER, *in a white sheet, with papers pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand;* Sir JOHN STANLEY, *a* Sheriff, *and* Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!
See, how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;
And in thy closet pent up rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself:
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back;
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet[a] groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And when I start the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world;
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife;
And he a prince, and ruler of the land:
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing stock,
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will.
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all
With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they 'll tangle thee:

[a] *Deep-fet*—deep-fetched.

But fear not thou until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry;
I must offend before I be attainted:
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any scath,[a]
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?
Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!
This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.
[*Exit* Herald.
My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An 't please your grace, here my commission stays:
And sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, sir John, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may 't please your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well:
The world may laugh again; and I may live
To do you kindness, if you do it her.
And so, sir John, farewell.[b]

Duch. What gone, my lord; and bid me not farewell?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* Servants.

Duch. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee,
For none abides with me: my joy is—death;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—

[a] *Scath*—harm.

[b] In these lines we follow the metrical arrangement of the original. They are ordinarily printed thus:—

"Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well: The world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her. And so, sir John, farewell."

Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the isle of Man;
There to be used according to your state.

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be used reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's lady,
According to that state you shall be used.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare;
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame!

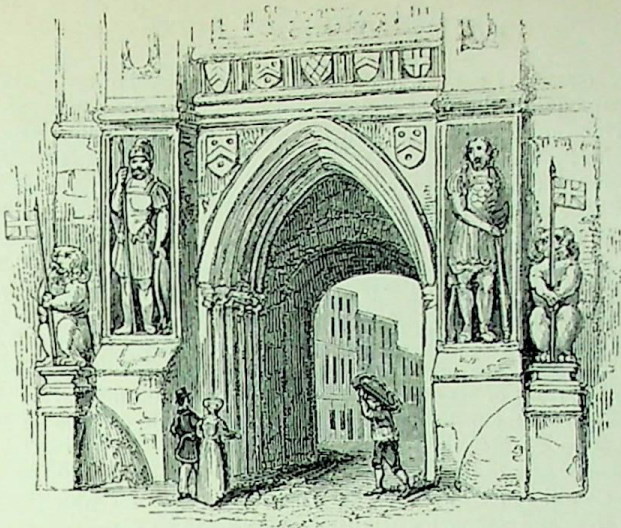
Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd.
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.

[*Exeunt.*

[Street in London; Cheapside. Scene IV.]

[The Bar-Gate, Southampton.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

" *As Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.*"

We have been unwilling to part with these words, although they are wanting in the text as revised by Shakspere. The allusions in our old poets to the older romances, form a chain of traditionary literature of which it is not pleasant to lose a single link. We have no doubt that our greatest poet was a diligent student of those ancient legends, upon which one who in many respects greatly resembled him chiefly formed himself. Scott has done more than any man of our own generation to send us back to these well-heads of poesy. His lines in the ' Lady of the Lake ' illustrate the passage before us:—

> " My sire's tall form might grace the part
> Of Ferragus, or Ascabart."

Sir Bevis has had monuments of stone (as the Gate at Southampton), and more enduring monuments of literature. He earned these honours, as the legend says, by the conquest of the mightiest of giants, who yet stands by his side, in the sculptured record, as a person of very reasonable dimensions. But the romance (we give the modernised version of Ellis) tells us something different:—

> " This giant was mighty and strong,
> And full thirty feet was long.
> He was bristled like a sow;
> A foot he had between each brow;
> His lips were great and hung aside;
> His eyen were hollow, his mouth was wide;
> Lothly he was to look on than,
> And liker a devil than a man:
> His staff was a young oak,—
> Hard and heavy was his stroke."

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

The miracle scene at St. Alban's is founded upon a real occurrence. Sir Thomas More tells the story as related to him by his father. The poet probably found it in More's works, which were printed in 1557; but this ludicrous episode in a tragic history is also thus told by Grafton in his Chronicle:—

" In the time of King *Henry* VI., as he rode in progress, there came to the town of *Saint Alban's* a certain beggar, with his wife, and there was walking about the town, begging, five or six days before the king's coming, saying that he was born blind, and never saw in all his life; and was warned in his dream that he should come out of *Berwick*, where he said that he had ever dwelled, to seek *Saint Alban*. When the king was come, and the town full of people, suddenly this blind man, at *Saint Alban's* shrine, had his sight; and the same was solemnly rung for a miracle, and *Te Deum* songen: so that nothing was talked of in all the town but this miracle. So happened it then that Duke *Humphrey*, Duke of *Gloucester*, a man no less wise than also well learned, called the poor man up to him, and looked well upon his eyen, and asked whether he could never see anything at all in all his life before? and when as well his wife as himself affirmed fastly, No; then he looked advisedly upon his eyen again, and said, I believe you may well, for me thinketh that ye cannot see well yet. Yes, sir, quoth he: I

thank God and his holy martyr, I can see now as well as any man. Ye can, quoth the duke; what colour is this gown? Then anon the beggar told him. What colour, quoth he, is this man's gown? He told him also, without staying or stumbling, and told the names of all the colours that could be showed him. And when the duke saw that, he made him be set openly in the stocks."

The poet found the picturesque story of the trial of battle between the armourer and his servant thus briefly told in Holinshed:—

"In the same year also a certain armourer was appeached of treason by a servant of his own. For proof thereof a day was given them to fight in Smithfield, insomuch that in conflict the said armourer was overcome and slain; but yet by misgoverning of himself: for, on the morrow, when he should come to the field fresh and fasting, his neighbours came to him, and gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort that he was therewith distempered, and reeled as he went, and so was slain without guilt. As for the false servant, he lived not long unpunished; for, being convict of felony in court of assize, he was judged to be hanged, and so was, at Tyburn."

The event is dramatically connected by the poet with the main plot, by his exact description of the treason of which "a certain armourer was appeached:"—

"His words were these;—that Richard, duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown;
And that your majesty was an usurper."

The poetical variations of the incident told by Holinshed greatly heighten the dramatic effect. The scene, in all probability, presents an accurate representation of the forms which attended a trial of battle. In this remarkable case of the battle between the armourer and his servant, some very curious particulars, not detailed by the chroniclers, have been found in the original precept to the sheriffs, and the return of expenses on the occasion, both of which are preserved in the Exchequer. The names of the combatants were John Daveys and William Catour. The barriers, it appears, were brought to Smithfield from Westminster; a large quantity of sand and gravel was laid down, and the place of battle was strewed with rushes. The return of expenses contains the following item: "Also paid to officers for watchyng of ye ded man in Smyth felde ye same day and ye nyghte aftyr yt ye bataill was doon, and for hors hyre for ye officers at ye execucion doyng, and for ye hangman's labor, xj*s.* vi*d.*" The "hangman's labor" was subsequent to the battle. All the historians agree tha- the armourer was slain by his servant; but the ceret monies attending the punishment of a traitor were gone through with the dead body. (See Douce, 'Illustrations.') It is remarkable that the trial of battle was only abolished by law as recently as 1819; and that in the previous year there was every probability that a somewhat similar scene to that here dramatized would have been acted by the authority of the law, in the celebrated case of Ashford and Thornton.

[Queen Margaret.]

[Parliament in Abbey of Bury.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Abbey at* Bury.

Enter to the Parliament, King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, *and others.*

K. Hen. I muse,[a] my lord of Gloster is not come:
'T is not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, peremptory, and unlike himself?
We know the time since he was mild and affable;
And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submission;
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin;
But great men tremble when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First, note, that he is near you in descent;
And should you fall he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no policy,—
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,—
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;
And, when he please to make commotion,
'T is to be fear'd they all will follow him.

[a] *I muse*—I wonder.

Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
Which fear, if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say—I wrong'd the duke.
My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—
Reprove my allegation, if you can;
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
Or, if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
(As next the king he was successive heir,)
And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.
No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm,
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut! These are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Humphrey.

K. Hen. My lords, at once. The care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: But shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah, what 's more dangerous than this fond affiance!
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he 's disposed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he 's inclin'd as are the ravenous wolves.
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

K. Hen. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from France?

Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

K. Hen. Cold news, lord Somerset: But God's will be done!

York. Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away:
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave. [*Aside.*

Enter Gloster.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk's duke,[a] thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest;
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'T is thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—
Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England!
That doit that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial day!

[a] *Well, Suffolk's duke.* The reading of the first folio is,
"Well, Suffolk, thou shalt not see me blush."
In the second folio the defect of the metre is remedied by the addition of *yet*: "Well, Suffolk, yet," &c. In the 'First Part of the Contention' we have the line,
"Why, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt not see me blush."

No! many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispersed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship, you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 't is well known, that whiles I was protector
Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief, that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them cóndign punishment:
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy,[a] quickly answer'd:
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Hen. My lord of Gloster, 't is my special hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspects;[b]
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous.
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exíl'd your highness' land.
I know their complot is to have my life;
And, if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness:
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,

[a] *Easy.* The adjective is here probably used adverbially.
[b] *Suspects.* In the original, *suspence.* The correction was made by Steevens.

Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life:
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head;
And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up
My liefest[a] liege to be mine enemy:
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together.
Myself had notice of your conventicles,
And all to make away my guiltless life:
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well affected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable:
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'T will make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here,
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose, indeed;—
Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He 'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day:
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt* Attendants, *with* GLOSTER.

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the parliament?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery;
For what 's more miserable than discontent?

[a] *Liefest*—dearest. See note on *alder-liefest*, Act I. Sc. I.

Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good;
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
Say—'Who's a traitor, Gloster he is none.'
[*Exit.*

Q. Mar. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.
Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity: and Gloster's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
(And yet, herein I judge mine own wit good,)
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy:
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'T is meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life;
The commons haply rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shows him worthy death.

York. So that by this you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.

York. 'T is York that hath more reason for his death.
But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—
Wer 't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 't is true: and wer 't not madness then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
(Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,)
As Humphrey, prov'd by reasons, to my liege.
And do not stand on quillets, how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping or waking, 't is no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates [a] him first that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 't is resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
Say, you consent, and censure well [b] the deed,
And I 'll provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain,
To signify, that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For being green there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient [c] stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

[a] *Mates*—destroys,—confounds.
[b] *Censure well*—approve.
[c] *Expedient*—expeditious. So, in King John:—
"His marches are *expedient* to this town."

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither;
'T is meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have staid in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all as thou hast done:
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Show me one scar charácter'd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.

Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:
No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be still:
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than naught? nay, then a shame take all!

Som. And in the number, thee, that wishest shame!

Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil Kernes of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent;
And what we do establish he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content: Provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off; the day is almost spent:
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.
[*Exeunt all but* YORK.

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be; or what thou art
Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying:
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought;
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well, 't is politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell:
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.[a]
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of Kernes;
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
And, in the end being rescued, I have seen him
Caper upright like a wild Mórisco,[b]
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty Kerne,
Hath he conversed with the enemy;
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And given me notice of their villainies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured;
I know no pain they can inflict upon him,
Will make him say—I mov'd him to those arms.
Say, that he thrive, (as 'tis great like he will,)
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Bury. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter certain Murderers, *hastily.*

1 Mur. Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know
We have despatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

[a] *Flaw*—a sudden gust of wind.
[b] *Morisco.* This term probably points at the Moorish origin of the morris-dance.

2 *Mur.* O, that it were to do!—What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

Enter Suffolk.

1 *Mur.* Here comes my lord.
Suf. Now, sirs, have you despatch'd this thing?
1 *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he 's dead.
Suf. Why that's well said. Go, get you to my house;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand:—
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?
1 *Mur.* 'T is, my good lord.
Suf. Away, be gone! [*Exeunt* Murderers.

Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, Somerset, Lords, *and others.*

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight:
Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.
Suf. I 'll call him presently, my noble lord. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. Lords, take your places:—And, I pray you all
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.
Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
Pray God he may acquit him of suspicion!
K. Hen. I thank thee, Margaret; these words content me much.—

Re-enter Suffolk.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what 's the matter, Suffolk?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.
Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend!
Car. God's secret judgment:—I did dream to-night
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.
[*The* King *swoons.*
Q. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king is dead.
Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.
Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help!—O Henry, ope thine eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again:—Madam, be patient.
K. Hen. O heavenly God!
Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?
Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, comfort!
K. Hen. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:
Yet do not go away:—Come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life but double death, now Gloster 's dead.
Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most christian like, laments his death:
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known we were but hollow friends;
It may be judg'd I made the duke away:
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy!
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!
K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!
Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper, look on me.
What, art thou like the adder waxen deaf?
Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
Erect his statue then, and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.

Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea;
And twice by awkward[a] wind from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boded this, but well-forewarning wind
Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them forth their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee:
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
Knowing that thou would'st have me drown'd on shore,
With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cow'rd in the sinking sands,
And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish[b] Margaret.
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatches in the storm:
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
And threw it towards thy land;—the sea receiv'd it;
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy,)
To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Didò would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK *and* SALISBURY. *The Commons press to the door.*

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That shall I do, my liege:—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[WARWICK *goes into an inner room, and* SALISBURY *retires.*

K. Hen. O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts;
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
For judgment only doth belong to thee!
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

The folding doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER *is discovered dead in his bed:* WARWICK *and others standing by it.*[a]

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave is made:
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace:
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

[a] *Awkward wind.* The same epithet is used by Marlow, and by Drayton.
[b] *Perish*—used actively, as *destroy.*

[a] This direction is modern. There can be no doubt that, as the play was originally acted, the secondary stage (described in Othello, Act v.) was employed. In the 'First Part of the Contention' the murder itself takes place before the audience, as indicated by the following singular direction:—"Then the curtains being drawn, Duke Humphrey is discovered in his bed, and two men lying on his breast, and smothering him in his bed." At the present scene the direction in the folio is, "A bed with Gloster's body put forth."

War. See, how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,[a]
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;[b]
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.
Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's foes;
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'T is like you would not feast him like a friend;
And 't is well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 't was he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk; where's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite; where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
But here 's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt* CARDINAL, SOM., *and others.*

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still, with reverence may I say;
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say—It was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I 'll cope with thee,
And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt* SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK.

K. Hen. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK, *with their weapons drawn.*

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons drawn
Here in our presence? dare you be so bold?—
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

[a] *Timely-parted ghost.* The word *ghost* was used somewhat vaguely by the old writers; it here undoubtedly means a *body* recently parted from the soul.

[b] The adjective *bloodless*, by a licence of construction, includes the substantive—*the blood* "being all descended," &c.

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.— [*Speaking to those within.*
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,—
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,—
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slily glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you whe'r you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, my lord of Salisbury.

Suf. 'T is like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is, that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, or we will all break in.

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been 'cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
And therefore, by His majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.
[*Exit* SALISBURY.

Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But when I swear, it is irrevocable:
If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.
Come, Warwick, come good Warwick, go with me:
I have great matters to impart to thee.
[*Exeunt* K. HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, *&c.*

Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
Be playfellows to keep you company!
There 's two of you; the devil make a third!
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
And even now my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music frightful as the serpents' hiss;
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,

Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.
Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?
Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.
Q. Mar. O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.
O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand, [*Kisses his hand.*
That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'T is but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself:
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—
O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!
Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'T is not the land I care for, wert thou thence;
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world;
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more:—Live thou to joy thy life;
Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news I prithee?
Vaux. To signify unto his majesty
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime, he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.
Q. Mar. Go tell this heavy message to the king. [*Exit* VAUX.
Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears;
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows?
Now, get thee hence: The king, thou know'st, is coming?
If thou be found by me thou art but dead.
Suf. If I depart from thee I cannot live:
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where,[a] from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;
So should'st thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee were but to die in jest;
From thee to die were torture more than death:
O, let me stay, befall what may befall.
Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fretful corsive,[b]
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from thee;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I 'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.
Suf. I go.
Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.
Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the woeful'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.
Q. Mar. This way for me. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—London. Cardinal Beaufort's *Bedchamber.*

Enter KING HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, *and others. The* CARDINAL *in bed;* Attendants *with him.*

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

[a] *Where*—for whereas. The words were convertible. See Note on Act I.
[b] *Corsive*—corrosive. The word was often spelt and pronounced *corsive*.

Car. If thou be'st death, I 'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—
O! torture me no more, I will confess.—
Alive again? then show me where he is;
I 'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—
Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Hen. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

[Bury St. Edmunds.]

[Humphrey, Duke of Gloster.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT III.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

We have already noticed the charges which were made by his enemies against the Duke of Gloster. Hall, whom Holinshed copies, thus proceeds to describe his death:—

"Although the duke (not without great laud and praise) sufficiently answered to all things to him objected, yet because his death was determined, his wisdom little helped, nor his truth smally availed: but of this unquietness of mind he delivered himself, because he thought neither of death, nor of condemnation to die: such affiance had he in his strong truth, and such confidence had he in indifferent justice. But his capital enemies and mortal foes, fearing that some tumult or commotion might arise if a prince so well beloved of the people should be openly executed and put to death, determined to trap and undo him, or he thereof should have knowledge or warning. So, for the furtherance of their purpose, a parliament was summoned to be kept at Bury, whither resorted all the peers of the realm, and amongst them the Duke of Gloster, which, on the second day of the session, was by the Lord Beaumont, then high constable of England, accompanied by the Duke of Buckingham and other, arrested, apprehended, and put in ward, and all his servants sequestered from him, and xxxii of the chief of his retinue were sent to divers prisons, to the great admiration of the common people. The duke, the night after his imprisonment, was found dead in his bed, and his body showed to the lords and commons as though he had died of a palsy or empostom; but all indifferent persons well knew that he died of no natural death, but of some violent force."

The conspiracy which the poet has exhibited in the first scene of this act, of the queen, the cardinal, Suffolk, and York, against the life of Gloster, is not borne out by any relation of the chroniclers. Indeed it is by no means clear that the duke actually did die by violence. The people, no doubt, firmly believed that he came to his end by foul practices; and they would naturally associate this belief with the suspicion of his avowed enemies. Hence, probably, the general tone of the chroniclers. The participation of the queen in the supposed crime is distinctly stated by Hall; and he suggests, also, the motive by which York might have been prompted to remove so able and popular a branch of the house of Lancaster as the Duke Humphrey. The following passage bears upon both points:—

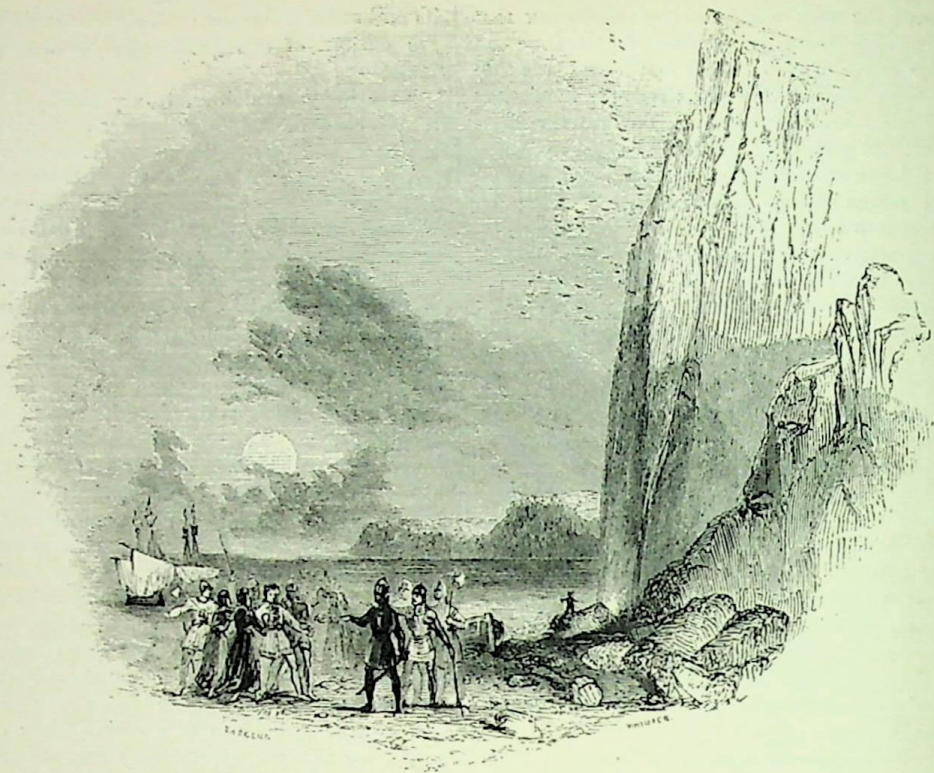
"There is an old said saw, that a man intending to avoid the smoke falleth into the fire: so here the queen, minding to preserve her husband in honour and herself in authority, procured and consented to the death of this noble man, whose only death brought to pass that thing which she would

most fain have eschewed, and took from her that jewel which she most desired: for if this duke had lived, the Duke of York durst not have made title to the crown: if this duke had lived, the nobles had not conspired against the king, nor yet the commons had not rebelled: if this duke had lived, the house of Lancaster had not been defaced and destroyed; which things happened all contrary by the destruction of this good man."

The banishment of Suffolk took place in 1450, three years after the death of Gloster. In the articles against him "proponed by the commons," there were many accusations of "treason, misprision, and evil demeanour;" but the murder of the Duke of Gloster was not therein imputed to him. Hall, indeed, says that the commonalty affirmed him to "be the chief procurer of the death of the good Duke of Gloster." The protection of the queen, "which entirely loved the duke," was for some time his safeguard; but he was finally banished by the king, according to Hall, "as the abhorred toad and common nuisance of the whole realm, for the term of five years." The poet has brought events which were separated by considerable intervals of time into a dramatic unity; and he has connected the guilt which was popularly attributed to Suffolk with the punishment which was demanded by the public hatred of him.

The death of Cardinal Beaufort is one of those scenes of the Shaksperian drama which stand in the place of real history, and almost supersede its authority. Shakspere, however, found the meagre outline of this great scene in a passage of Hall:—

"During these doings, Henry Beauford Bishop of Winchester, and called the rich cardinal, departed out of this world, and was buried at Winchester. This man was son to John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster, descended of an honourable lineage, but born in Baste, more noble of blood than notable in learning, haut in stomack and high in countenance, rich above measure of all men, and to few liberal; disdainful to his kin and dreadful to his lovers, preferring money before friendship, many things beginning and nothing performing. His covetous insaciable, and hope of long life, made him both to forget God, his prince, and himself, in his latter days; for Doctor John Baker, his privy counsellor and his chaplain, wrote that he, lying on his death-bed, said these words: 'Why should I die, having so much riches? If the whole realm would save my life, I am able either by policy to get it, or by riches to buy it. Fie! will not death be hired, nor will money do nothing? When my nephew of Bedford died, I thought myself half up the wheel; but when I saw my other nephew of Gloster deceased, then I thought myself able to be equal with kings, and so thought to increase my treasure in hope to have worn a triple crown. But I see now the world faileth me, and so I am deceived: praying you all to pray for me.'"

[Cardinal Beaufort.]

[Sea-shore near Dover.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Kent. *The Sea-shore, near* Dover.

Firing heard at sea. Then enter from a boat, a Captain, *a* Master, *a* Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, *and others; with them* SUFFOLK, *and other* Gentlemen, *prisoners.*

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day[a]
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night; [b]
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
The other, [*pointing to* SUFFOLK] Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

1 *Gent.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—
Cut both the villains' throats,—for die you shall.—
The lives of those which we have lost in fight
Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum? [a]

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

[a] These epithets are beautifully chosen. Milton has copied one of them in 'Comus:'—

> "Ere the *blabbing* eastern scout,
> The nice morn, on th' Indian steep,
> From her cabin'd loop-hole peep."

[b] The *jades* with flagging *wings* are the "night's swift dragons" of A Midsummer Night's Dream:—

> "For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast."

[a] We follow the reading of the folio. Malone has corrected the passage as follows:—

> "The lives of those which we have lost in fight
> *Cannot* be counterpois'd with such a petty sum."

It appears to us that this emendation greatly weakens the force of the passage. Upon the hesitation to pay ransom the Captain exclaims, "*What*, think you much," &c. He then, parenthetically, threatens death; and continues his half-interrogative sentence, *What*, "The lives of those which we have lost in fight be counterpois'd," &c.

2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore to revenge it shalt thou die;
[*To* Suf.
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

Suf. Look on my George, I am a gentleman;
Rate me at what thou wilt thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by *Water* [a] I should die.
Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded;
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is I care not;
Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!
[*Lays hold on* Suffolk.

Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Whit. The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;
[Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I? [b]]

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

[*Cap.* Yes, Poole.

Suf. Poole? [a]]

Cap. Poole! Sir Poole! lord!
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground:
And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy [b] a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France:
The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,
Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—

[a] In the Incantation Scene in Act I. we have this prophecy:—

"What fates await the duke of Suffolk?
By *water* shall he die, and take his end."

It appears from this passage that *Walter* was commonly pronounced *Water*.

[b] This line, which is necessary for the understanding of what follows, is not found in the folio. It is introduced from 'The First Part of the Contention,' &c.

[a] The passage in brackets is not found in the folio. Without it the point of the dialogue is lost. There can be no doubt that it was omitted by a typographical error, for in 'The First Part of the Contention' the reading is as follows:—

"*Suf.* Thou dar'st not for thy own.
Cap. Yes, Poole.
Suf. Poole?
Cap. Ay, Poole; puddle, kennel, sink, and dirt."

[b] *To affy*—to betroth.

Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ *Invitis nubibus*.[a]
The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee:—Away! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.[b]
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee waft me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter,——

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. *Penè gelidus timor occupat artus*:—'tis thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave thee.
What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

1 *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit: no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear:—
More can I bear than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot!—
Great men oft die by vile bezonians:[c]
A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,
Pompey the great: and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit* SUF., *with* WHIT. *and others.*

[a] This is an allusion to the device of Edward III., which was, according to Camden, "the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud."

[b] "Bargulus, Illyrius latro." Ciceronis Officia. Lib. II., cap. XI.

[c] *Bezonian* was a term of contempt, of somewhat uncertain derivation. Pistol uses it insultingly in Henry IV., Part II.:—
"Under which king, Bezonian? speak or die."

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure one of them depart:—
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the first* Gentleman.

Re-enter WHITMORE, *with* SUFFOLK'*s body.*

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*

1 *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[*Exit, with the body.*

SCENE II.—Blackheath.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS *and* JOHN HOLLAND.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath; they have been up these two days.

John. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

Geo. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handycrafts-men.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Geo. Nay more, the king's council are no good workmen.

John. True. And yet it is said, Labour in thy vocation: which is as much to say as, let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

John. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham;—

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher,—

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith the weaver.

Geo. *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. *Enter* CADE, DICK *the butcher*, SMITH *the weaver, and others in great number.*

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.[a] [*Aside.*

Cade. —for our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer. [*Aside.*

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife. [*Aside.*

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces. [*Aside.*

Smith. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home. [*Aside.*

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house but the cage. [*Aside.*

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant. [*Aside.*

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market days together. [*Aside.*

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof. [*Aside.*

Dick. But methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep. [*Aside.*

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And, when I am king, (as king I will be)——

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings: but I say 't is the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now? who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk *of* Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here 's a villain!

Smith. H' as a book in his pocket with red letters in 't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjuror.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, on mine honour; unless I find him guilty he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters;—'T will go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him; he 's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck. [*Exeunt some with the* Clerk.

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where 's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I 'll fell thee down: He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: He is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently: Rise up sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford, *and* William *his brother, with drum and Forces.*

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down,
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom;
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

[a] *A cade of herrings*, according to an old monastic account, is a cask containing somewhat more than half a barrel.

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward: Therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not;
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
Over whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,
Married the duke of Clarence' daughter:—Did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That 's false.

Cade. Ay, there 's the question; but, I say, 't is true:
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stolen away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it if you can.

Dick. Nay, 't is too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore, deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it myself. [*Aside.*
—Go to, sirrah: Tell the king from me, that, for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I 'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we 'll have the lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason, for thereby is England maimed, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that that lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go to then. I ask but this,—can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away: and, throughout every town,
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;
That those which fly before the battle ends
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors:
And you that be the king's friends follow me.
[*Exeunt the two* STAFFORDS, *and Forces.*

Cade. And you that love the commons follow me.
Now show yourselves men, 't is for liberty.
We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of* Blackheath.

Alarum. The two parties enter and fight, and both the STAFFORDS *are slain.*

Cade. Where 's Dick the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee,—The Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.[a]

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear;[b] and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse' heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

[a] Malone reads, "for a hundred lacking one, a *week*." Malone's addition is warranted by the text of 'The First Part of the Contention.' The licence to kill beasts during Lent was one of the ancient modes of favouritism.

[b] A passage in Holinshed explains this: "Jack Cade, upon his victory against the Staffords, apparelled himself in sir Humphrey's brigandine, set full of gilt nails."

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let 's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King Henry, *reading a supplication; the* Duke of Buckingham, *and* Lord Say, *with him: at a distance,* Queen Margaret, *mourning over* Suffolk's *head.*

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
But where 's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. Hen. I 'll send some holy bishop to entreat:
For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade their general.
But stay, I 'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul'd, like a wandering planet, over me:
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

K. Hen. How now, madam?
Still lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love,[a] if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark. Fly, my lord!
Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,
Descended from the duke of Clarence' house;
And calls your grace usurper, openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.

[a] *I fear me, love.* So the folio. This is usually printed, *I fear, my love.*

His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed;
All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Hen. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,[a]
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive,
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger:
The sight of me is odious in their eyes;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge;
The citizens fly and forsake their houses;
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

K. Hen. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

K. Hen. Farewell, my lord; [*to* Lord Say] trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. The* Tower.

Enter Lord Scales, *and others, on the walls. Then enter certain* Citizens, *below.*

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade slain?

1 Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare you shall command;

[a] *Killingworth.* This is the old orthography of *Kenilworth,* and is still the local pronunciation.

But I am troubled here with them myself:
The rebels have essay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will send you Matthew Gough:
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so farewell, for I must hence again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same.* Cannon-street.

Enter JACK CADE, *and his Followers. He strikes his staff on London-stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, *running.*

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more: I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The same.* Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter, on one side, CADE *and his company; on the other,* Citizens, *and the* KING'S *Forces, headed by* MATTHEW GOUGH. *They fight; the* Citizens *are routed, and* MATTHEW GOUGH *is slain.*

Cade. So, sirs:—Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. Mass, 't will be sore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 't is not whole yet. [*Aside.*

Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [*Aside.*

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out. [*Aside.*

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORE BEVIS, *with the* LORD SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee, by these presence, even the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun, and a verb; and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 'T is *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When have I aught exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you,[a]
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king,
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.[b]
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching[c] for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the pap of hatchet.[d]

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I 'll be even with you. I 'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth, or honour; speak?
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,[a]
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words: but I 'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,
God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye. [*Exeunt some, with* LORD SAY.] The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: Men shall hold of me *in capite;* and we charge and command that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?[b]

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Re-enter Rebels, *with the heads of* LORD SAY *and his Son-in-law.*

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in

[a] We follow the original punctuation in making Say unconditionally ask—

"When have I aught exacted at your hands?"

He then goes on to say that, for the good of all, he has encouraged learned men. Instead of "*Kent* to maintain," Johnson proposes to read "*But* to maintain."

[b] This is usually pointed so as to close the sentence at "preferr'd me to the king." He not only bestowed gifts on learned clerks because his own book had preferred him, but from a general conviction that ignorance is the curse of God, &c. This declaration has little connexion with the exhortation not to murder him.

[c] *For watching*—in consequence of watching.

[d] This is "*help* of hatchet" in the original text. In Steevens' edition, we first read, upon the suggestion of Farmer, "the *pap* of a hatchet." There is every reason to think that the correction is right. "Caudle of hemp" and "pap of hatchet" were to cure Say's "sickness and diseases," according to Cade's prescription. We have no authority for the phrase "hempen caudle;" but there is no doubt that "pap of hatchet" was a common cant phrase. Lyly's pamphlet, so celebrated in the history of controversy, bears this title: 'Pap with an hatchet; alias, a fig for my godson; or, crack me this nut; or, a country cuff; that is, a sound box of the ear, et cætera.' A title such as this must have been founded upon common sayings which, in those days, the learned did not disdain to pick up.

[a] This inverted phrase is somewhat difficult. It means, "These hands are free from shedding guiltless blood."

[b] *Upon our bills.*—This is an equivoque. The *bills* of Cade were not *bills of debt* (as bonds for the payment of money, executed in the simplest form, were anciently called), but the *brown bills* of the rabble soldiery.

France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and, at every corner, have them kiss.—Away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—Southwark.

Alarum. Enter CADE, *and all his Rabblement.*

Cade. Up Fish-street! down St. Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—[*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM, *and Old* CLIFFORD, *with Forces.*

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons, whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilst t 'is offer'd you;
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty!
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London Gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards; and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: For me,—I will make shift for one; and so—God's curse light upon you all!

All. We 'll follow Cade, we 'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you 'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.
Wer 't not a shame that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying—*Villageois!* unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
Spare England, for it is your native coast:
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we 'll follow the king, and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude? The name of Henry the fifth hales them to a hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying.—In despight of the devils and hell, have through the very middest of you! and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit.*

Buck. What, is he fled? go some, and follow him;
And he that brings his head unto the king
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—
[*Exeunt some of them.*
Follow me, soldiers; we 'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—Killingworth Castle.

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, *and* SOMERSET, *on the terrace of the Castle.*

K. Hen. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months old:
Was never subject long'd to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your majesty!

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, a great number of CADE'S *Followers, with halters about their necks.*

Clif. He 's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

K. Hen. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind;
And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advértised,
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland:
And with a puissant and a mighty power,
Of Gallowglasses, and stout Kernes,[a]
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd;
Like to a ship, that, having scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate:
But now[b] is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;
And now is York in arms to second him.
I pray thee, Buckingham, go forth and meet him;
And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.
Tell him, I 'll send duke Edmund to the Tower;—
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord,
I 'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Hen. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—Kent. Iden's *Garden.*

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods; and durst not peep out, for all the country is lay'd for me. But now am I so hungry that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick-wall have I climbed into this garden; to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And I think this word sallet was born to do me good: for, many a time, but for a sallet[a] my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in: And now the word sallet[b] must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, *with* Servants.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me
Contenteth me, and 's worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning;
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here 's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to him; but I 'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not: Why then should I betray thee?
Is 't not enough to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that

[a] The mention of these soldiery occurs again in Macbeth (Act I., Sc. II.). In the 'Mirror for Magistrates' they are described as giving no quarter:—

"The Gallowglas, the Kerne,
Yield or not yield, whom so they take they slay."

[b] *But now*—just now.

[a] *Sallet*, or sallad—a helmet; from the Spanish *celada*, so called, according to Du Cange, because the soldier who wears it *celetur*. Chaucer used the word.

[b] *Sallet*, or *salad*—a herb which is eaten salted—*salada*.

ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days: yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes on mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burley-boned clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees thou mayest be turned to hobnails. [*They fight.* CADE *falls.*] O, I am slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I 'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is 't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrongst me, heaven, be my judge.
Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.
[*Exit, dragging out the body.*

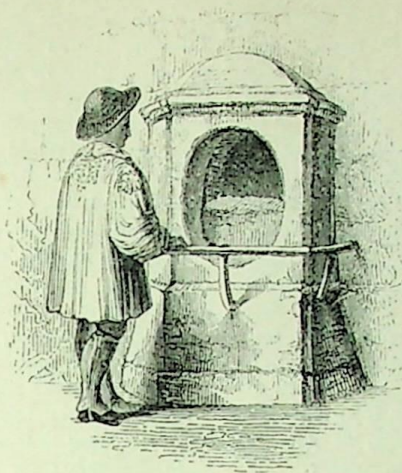
[Blackheath.]

[London Stone.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT IV.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

The extraordinary circumstances attending the execution, or more properly murder, of the Duke of Suffolk are very briefly given by the chroniclers. Holinshed, in the following passage, copies Hall with little variation:—

"But God's justice would not that so ungracious a person should so escape; for when he shipped in Suffolk, intending to transport himself over into France, he was encountered with a ship of war appertaining to the Duke of Excester, constable of the Tower of London, called the Nicholas of the Tower. The captain of that bark with small fight entered into the duke's ship, and, perceiving his person present, brought him to Dover road, and there on one side of a cock-boat caused his head to be stricken off, and left his body with the head lying there on the sands; which corpse, being there found by a chaplain of his, was conveyed to Wingfield College, in Suffolk, and there buried. This end had William de la Poole Duke of Suffolk, as men judge by God's providence, for that he had procured the death of that good Duke of Gloster, as before is partly touched."

The most circumstantial account of this event is to be found in the Paston Correspondence, in one of the letters in that most curious and interesting collection, dated the 5th of May, 1450, and written immediately after the occurrence:—

"Right worshipful Sir,—I recommend me to you, and am right sorry of that I shall say, and have so washed this little bill with sorrowful tears, that scarcely ye shall read it. As on Monday next after May-day (4th May) there came tidings to London that on Thursday before (30th April) the Duke of Suffolk came unto the coasts of Kent full near Dover, with his two ships and a little spinner; the which spinner he sent with certain letters by certain of his trusted men unto Calais-ward to know how he should be received, and with him met a ship called Nicholas of the Tower, with other ships waiting on him, and by them that were in the spinner the master of the Nicholas had knowledge of the duke's coming. When he espied the duke's ships he sent full his boat to weet what they were, and the duke himself spoke to them, and said he was, by the king's commandment, sent to Calais-ward, &c.; and they said he must speak with their master; and so he, with two or three of his men, went forth with them in their boat to the Nicholas; and when he came the master bade him Welcome, traitor, as men say. And further, the master desired to weet if the shipmen would hold with the duke, and they sent word they would not in no wise; and so he was in the Nicholas till Saturday next following. Some say he wrote much things to be delivered to the king, but that is not verily known; some say he had his confessor with him, &c.; and some say he was arraigned in the ship in their manner, upon the impeachments, and found guilty, &c.

"Also he asked the name of the ship, and when he knew it he remembered Stacy, that said, if he might escape the danger of the Tower he would be safe; and then his heart failed him, for he thought he was deceived. And in the sight of all his men he was drawn out of the great ship into the boat, and there was an axe and a stock; and one of the lewdest of the ship bade him lay down his head, and

he should be fairly ferd (*dealt*) with, and die on a sword; and took a rusty sword and smote off his head within half a dozen strokes, and took away his gown of russet, and his doublet of velvet mailed, and laid his body on the sands of Dover, and some say his head was set on a pole by it, and his men set on the land, by great circumstance and prey. And the sheriff of Kent doth watch the body, and sent his under-sheriff to the judges to weet what to do; and also to the king, what shall be done. Further I wot not; but thus far is it, if the process be erroneous let his counsel reverse it," &c.

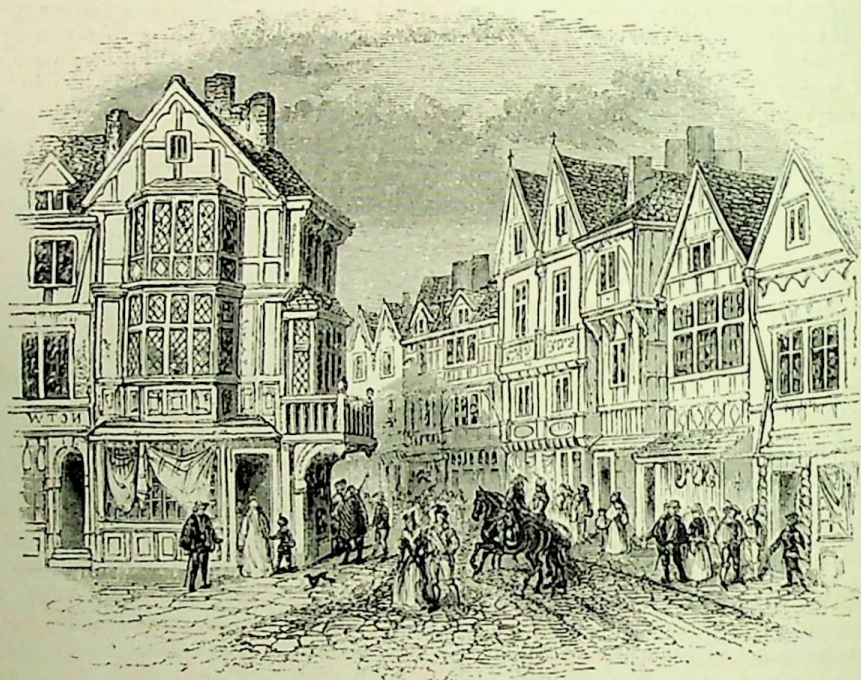
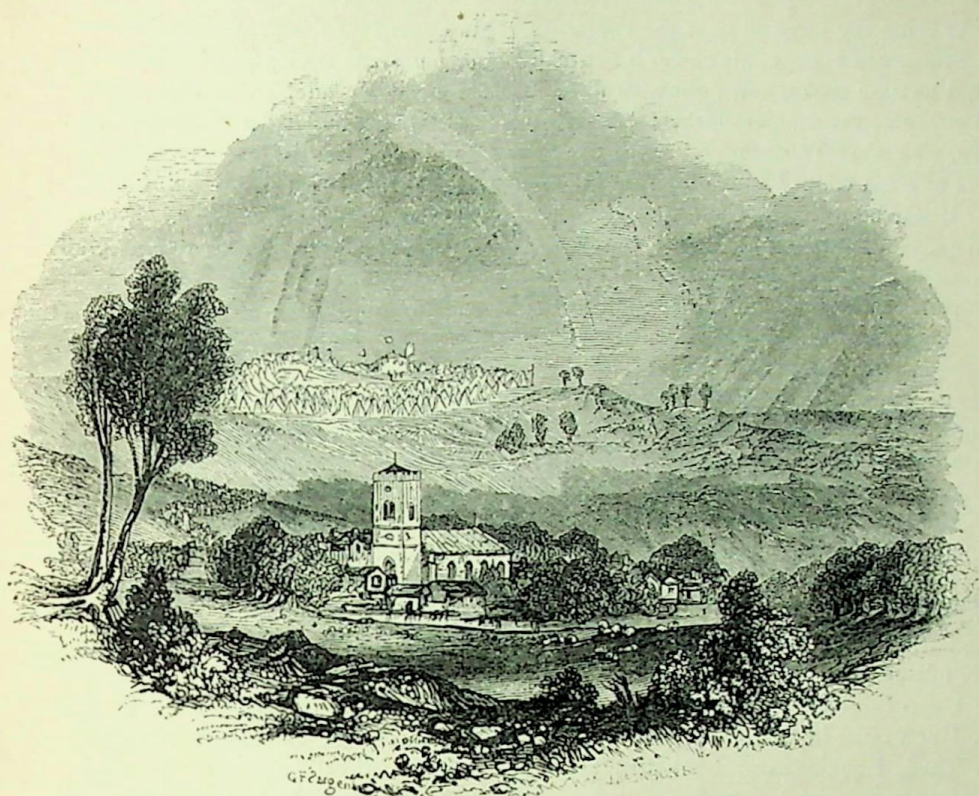
The other scenes of this act are almost wholly occupied with the insurrection of Cade. In the principal events the poet has pretty exactly followed the chroniclers; but the vigorous delineation of character is entirely his own. The narrative of Holinshed is copied almost literally from that of Hall, with the introduction, however, of several state papers not given by the elder chronicler. The story is told by Hall with great spirit; and we give it entire to show with what wonderful power Shakspere seized upon these materials to work them up into a representation, universally and permanently true, of the folly and injustice which invariably attend every attempt to redress public grievances by popular violence:—

"A certain young man of a goodly stature and pregnant wit was enticed to take upon him the name of John Mortimer, although his name was John Cade, and not for a small policy, thinking that by that surname the line and lineage of the assistant house of the Earl of March, which were no small number, should be to him both adherent and favourable. This captain, not only suborned by teachers, but also enforced by privy schoolmasters, assembled together a great company of tall personages; assuring them that their attempt was both honourable to God and the king, and also profitable to the commonwealth, promising them, that if either by force or policy they might once take the king, the queen, and other their counsellors, into their hands and governance, that they would honourably entreat the king, and so sharply handle his counsellors, that neither fifteens should hereafter be demanded, nor once any impositions or tax should be spoken of. These persuasions, with many other fair promises of liberty (which the common people more affect and desire, rather than reasonable obedience and due conformity), so animated the Kentish people, that they, with their captain above named, in good order of battle (not in great number) came to the plain of Blackheath, between Eldham and Greenwich. And to the intent that the cause of this glorious captain's coming thither might be shadowed from the king and his counsel, he sent to him an humble supplication, with loving words but with malicious intent, affirming his coming not to be against him, but against divers of his counsel, lovers of themselves and oppressors of the poor commonalty, flatterers to the king and enemies to his honour, suckers of his purse and robbers of his subjects, partial to their friends and extreme to their enemies, for rewards corrupted and for indifferency nothing doing. This proud bill was both of the king and his counsel disdainfully taken, and thereupon great consultation had, and after long debating it was concluded that such proud rebels should rather be suppressed and tamed with violence and force than with fair words or amicable answer: whereupon the king assembled a great army and marched toward them, which had lyen on Blackheath by the space of vii days. The subtil captain, named Jack Cade, intending to bring the king farther within the compass of his net, brake up his camp, and retired backward to the town of Sevenoaks, in Kent, and there, expecting his prey, encamped himself and made his abode. The queen, which bare the rule, being of his retreat well advertised, sent Sir Humphrey Stafford, knight, and William his brother, with many other gentlemen, to follow the chase of the Kentishmen, thinking that they had fled; but verily they were deceived; for at the first skirmish both the Staffords were slain, and all their company shamefully discomfited. The king's army, being at this time come to Blackheath, hearing of this discomfiture, began to grudge and murmur amongst themselves; some wishing the Duke of York at home to aid the captain his cousin; some desiring the overthrow of the king and his counsel; other openly crying out on the queen and her complices. This rumour, openly spoken and commonly published, caused the king, and certain of his counsel, not led by favour nor corrupted by rewards (to the intent to appease the furious rage of the inconstant multitude), to commit the Lord Say, Treasurer of England, to the Tower of London; and if other, against whom like displeasure was borne, had been present, they had likewise been served: but it was necessary that one should suffer rather than all the nobility then should perish. When the Kentish captain, or the covetous Cade, had thus obtained victory and slain the two valiant Staffords, he apparelled himself in their rich armour, and so with pomp and glory returned again toward London; in which retreat, divers idle and vagabond persons resorted to him from Sussex and Surrey, and from other parts, to a great number. Thus this glorious captain, compassed about and environed with a multitude of evil, rude, and rustic persons, came again to the plain of Blackheath, and there strongly encamped himself: to whom were sent by the king the Archbishop of Canterbury and Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, to commune with him of his griefs and requests. These lords found him sober in communication, wise in disputing, arrogant in heart, and stiff in his opinion, and by no ways possible to be persuaded to dissolve his army, except the king in person would come to him and assent to all things which he would require. These lords, perceiving the wilful pertinacy and manifest contumacy of this rebellious Javelin, departed to the king, declaring to him his temerarious and rash words and presumptuous requests. The king, somewhat hearing and more marking the sayings of this outragious losel, and having daily report of the concourse and access of people which continually

resorted to him, doubting as much his familiar servants as his unknown subjects (which spared not to speak that the captain's cause was profitable for the commonwealth), departed in all haste to the castle of Killingworth, in Warwickshire, leaving only behind him the Lord Scales, to keep the Tower of London. The captain, being advertised of the king's absence, came first into Southwark, and there lodged at the White Hart, prohibiting to all men murder, rape, or robbery; by which colour he allured to him the hearts of the common people. But after that he entered into London, and cut the ropes of the drawbridge, striking his sword on London stone, saying, 'Now is Mortimer lord of this city,' and rode in every street like a lordly captain. And after a flattering declaration made to the mayor of the city of his thither coming, he departed again into Southwark. And upon the third day of July he caused Sir James Fines Lord Say, and Treasurer of England, to be brought to the Guildhall of London, and there to be arraigned; which, being before the king's justices put to answer, desired to be tried by his peers, for the longer delay of his life. The captain, perceiving his dilatory plea, by force took him from the officers and brought him to the standard in Cheap, and there, before his confession ended, caused his head to be cut off, and pitched it on a high pole, which was openly borne before him through the streets. And this cruel tyrant, not content with the murder of the Lord Say, went to Mile-end, and there apprehended Sir James Cromer, then sheriff of Kent, and son-in-law to the said Lord Say, and him, without confession or excuse heard, caused there likewise to be beheaded, and his head fixed on a pole, and with these two heads this bloody butcher entered into the city again, and in despite caused them in every street kiss together, to the great detestation of all the beholders.

"After this shameful murder succeeded open rapine and manifest robbery in divers houses within the city, and in especial in the house of Philip Malpas, alderman of London, and divers other: over and beside ransoming and fining of divers notable merchants, for the tuition and security of their lives and goods; as Robert Horne, alderman, which paid v. C. marks, and yet neither he or no other person was either of life or substance in a surety or safeguard. He also put to execution in Southwark divers persons, some for infringing his rules and precepts, because he would be seen indifferent; other he tormented of his old acquaintance, lest they should blase and declare his base birth and low lineage, disparaging him from his usurped name of Mortimer; for the which he thought, and doubted not, both to have friends and fautors both in London, Kent, and Essex. The wise mayor and sage magistrates of the city of London, perceiving themselves neither to be sure of goods nor of life well warranted, determined with fear to repell and expulse this mischievous head and his ungracious company. And because the Lord Scales was ordained keeper of the Tower of London, with Mathew Gough, the often-named captain in Normandy (as you have heard before), they purposed to make them privy both of their intent and enterprise. The Lord Scales promised them his aid, with shooting of ordinance; and Mathew Gough was by him appointed to assist the mayor and the Londoners, because he was both of manhood and experience greatly renowned and noised. So the captains of the city appointed took upon them in the night to keep the bridge of London, prohibiting the Kentishmen either to pass or approach. The rebels, which never soundly slept for fear of sudden chances, hearing the bridge to be kept and manned, ran with great haste to open their passage, where between both parties was a fierce and cruel encounter. Mathew Gough, more expert in martial feats than the other chieftains of the city, perceiving the Kentishmen better to stand to their tackling than his imagination expected, advised his company no further to proceed toward Southwark till the day appeared; to the intent that the citizens, hearing where the place of the jeopardy rested, might occur their enemies and relieve their friends and companions. But this counsel came to small effect, for the multitude of the rebels drew the citizens from the stoulps at the bridge foot to the drawbridge, and began to set fire in divers houses. Alas! what sorrow it was to behold that miserable chance; for some, desiring to eschew the fire, leapt on his enemy's weapon, and so died: fearful women, with children in their arms, amazed and appalled, leapt into the river; other, doubting how to save themselves between fire, water, and sword, were in their houses suffocated and smouldered. Yet the captains, nothing regarding these chances, fought on the drawbridge all the night valiantly; but, in conclusion, the rebels got the drawbridge, and drowned many, and slew John Sutton, alderman, and Robert Heysand, a hardy citizen, with many other, beside Mathew Gough, a man of great wit, much experience in feats of chivalry, the which in continual wars had valiantly served the king and his father in the part beyond the sea (as before ye have heard). But it is often seen that he which many times had vanquished his enemies in strange countries, and returned again as a conqueror, hath of his own nation afterward been shamefully murdered and brought to confusion. This hard and sore conflict endured on the bridge till ix of the clock in the morning, in doubtful chance and fortune's balance. For some time the Londoners were bet back to the stoulps at Saint Magnes corner, and suddenly again the rebels were repulsed and driven back to the stoulps in Southwark; so that both parties, being faint, weary, and fatigued, agreed to desist from fight, and to leave battle till the next day, upon condition that neither Londoners should pass into Southwark nor the Kentishmen into London.

"After this abstinence of war agreed, the lusty Kentish captain, hoping on more friends, brake up the gaols of the King's Bench and Marshalsea, and set at liberty a swarm of galants, both meet for his service and apt for his enterprise. The Archbishop of Canterbury, being then Chancellor of England, and for his surety lying in the Tower of London, called to him the Bishop of Winchester,

which also for fear lurked at Halywell. These two prelates, seeing the fury of the Kentish people, by reason of their beating back, to be mitigated and minished, passed the river of Thames from the Tower into Southwark, bringing with them, under the king's seal, a general pardon unto all the offenders; which they caused to be openly proclaimed and published. Lord! how glad the poor people were of this pardon (yea, more than of the great Jubilee of Rome), and how they accepted the same, in so much that the whole multitude, without bidding farewell to their captain, retired the same night, every man to his own home, as men amazed and stricken with fear. But John Cade, desperate of succours, which by the friends of the Duke of York were to him promised, and seeing his company thus without his knowledge suddenly depart, mistrusting the sequel of the matter, departed secretly, in habit disguised, into Sussex; but all his metamorphosis and transfiguration little prevailed, for after a proclamation made that whosoever could apprehend the said Jack Cade should have for his pain a M marks, many sought for him, but few espied him, till one Alexander Iden, esquire of Kent, found him in a garden, and there, in his defence, manfully slew the caitiff Cade, and brought his dead body to London, whose head was set on London bridge."

[Ancient View of a Street in Southwark.]

[Between Dartford and Blackheath.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. Fields between* Dartford *and* Blackheath.

The King's *Camp on one side. On the other, enter* York *attended, with drum and colours: his Forces at some distance.*

York. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright;
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or sceptre balance it.
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul, [a]
On which I'll toss the fleur-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,

[a] The editors make a difficulty here, and would read—

"A sceptre shall it have, have I a *sword*."

The meaning is very obvious by reading "have I a soul" parenthetically—that is, if I have a soul.

To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why, thou, being a subject as I am,
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.
O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury!
I am far better born than is the king;
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—
[*All the preceding is spoken aside.*
Buckingham, I prithee pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither,
Is, to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part:
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand;
The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay, and everything you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll send them all as willing as I live;
Lands, goods, horse, armour, anything I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King Henry, *attended.*

K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your highness.

K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden, *with* Cade's *head.*

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Hen. The head of Cade?—Great God, how just art thou!—
O, let me view his visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an 't like your majesty.

K. Hen. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 't were not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.

K. Hen. Iden, kneel down: [*He kneels.*] Rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege!

K. Hen. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen;
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen Margaret *and* Somerset.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

York. How now! Is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—
False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.

Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. Would'st have me kneel? first let me ask of these,[a]
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;
[*Exit an* Attendant.
I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They 'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain, [*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.
To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *with Forces, at one side; at the other, with Forces also, Old* CLIFFORD *and his Son.*

See, where they come; I 'll warrant they 'll make it good.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king! [*Kneels.*

York. I thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much to think I do:—
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

K. Hen. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Clif. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,[a]
That, with the very shaking of their chains,
They may astonish these fell lurking curs;
Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Drums. Enter WARWICK *and* SALISBURY, *with Forces.*

Clif. Are these thy bears? we 'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!—
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

[a] He probably points to his sons, who are waiting without: or, it may be, to his troops.

[a] *The bear and ragged staff* was the cognizance of the Nevils. See, in this scene, Warwick's speech.

Sal. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
And have no other reason for this wrong
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.

Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best to go to bed, and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,)
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despight the bearward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.

Rich. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatick,[a] that's more than thou canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—Saint Alban's.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. [*Exit.*

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shown ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it!

Clif. My soul and body on the action both!—

York. A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly.

[*They fight, and* CLIFFORD *falls.*

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.* [*Dies.*

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will. [*Exit.*

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war

[a] *Stigmatick.* This was the appellation of an offender who had been branded—upon whom a *stigma* had been set. Young Clifford insults Richard with the natural stigma of his deformity.

Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,
[*Seeing his dead father.*
And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease![a] Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight
My heart is turn'd to stone: and, while 'tis mine,
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;
[*Taking up the body.*
As did Æneas old Anchises bear
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [*Exit.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet *and* Somerset, *fighting, and* Somerset *is killed.*

Rich. So, lie thou there;—
For, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.[b]
Sword, hold thy temper: heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [*Exit.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, *and others, retreating.*

Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame, away!

K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll not fight, nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way; and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*
If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
We shall to London get, where you are lov'd;
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopp'd.

Enter Young Clifford.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you must; uncurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.[a]
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give:
Away, my lord, away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Fields near* Saint Alban's.

Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter York, Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, *and* Soldiers, *with drum and colours.*

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him?—
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time;
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still where danger was still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

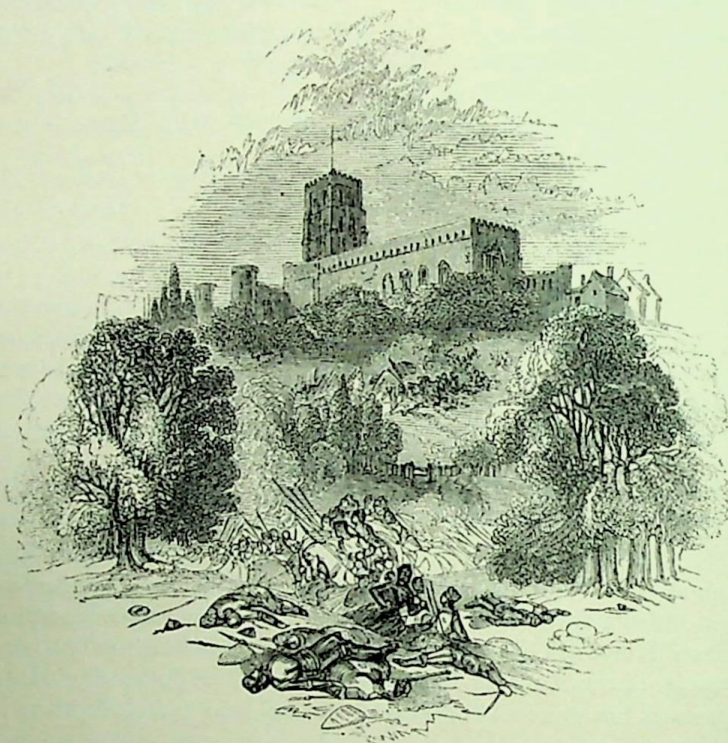
Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have:
'T is not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them;

[a] *To cease*—actively—to stop.
[b] See the prediction in Act I.—
"Let him shun castles."

[a] *Parts*—parties—party.

For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth:
What says lord Warwick? shall we after them?
War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my hand, lords, 't was a glorious day:
Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.
Sound, drum and trumpets:—and to London all:
And more such days as these to us befall!
[*Exeunt.*

[Fields near St. Alban's.]

[Richard Nevil, Earl of Warwick.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT V.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

The persecution of the Duke of Gloster, the banishment and death of Suffolk, the insurrection of Cade, were events that had long distracted and agitated the people, and prepared the way for the open claim of the house of York to the crown. The return of the Duke of York from Ireland, his demand for the removal of Somerset, and the subsequent dismissal of his forces upon learning that Somerset was a prisoner, are detailed by the chroniclers. The indignation of York upon finding Somerset at liberty is also related by them. The poet leaps over the subsequent committal of York as prisoner to the Tower, and his release under the terror which was produced by the approach of his son Edward towards London with a great army. The duke, previous to his release, solemnly submitted under oath to the king. The poet has preserved the unity of action by destroying the intervals between one event and the other, and bringing causes and consequences into closer union. It is scarcely necessary for us to trace the real course of events, but we transcribe Hall's narrative of the first battle of St. Alban's:—

"The king, being credibly informed of the great army coming toward him, assembled an host, intending to meet with the duke in the north part, because he had too many friends about the city of London; and for that cause, with great speed and small luck, he, being accompanied with the Dukes of Somerset and Buckingham, the Earls of Stafford, Northumberland, and Wiltshire, with the Lord Clifford and divers other barons, departed out of Westminster, the xx day of May, toward the town of S. Albans: of whose doings the Duke of York being advertised by his espials, with all his power coasted the country, and came to the same town the third day next ensuing. The king, hearing of their approaching, sent to him messengers, straitly charging and commanding him, as an obedient subject, to keep the peace, and not, as an enemy to his natural country, to murder and slay his own countrymen and proper nation. While King Henry, more desirous of peace than of war, was sending forth his orators at the one end of the town, the Earl of Warwick, with the Marchmen, entered at the other gate of the town, and fiercely set on the king's

foreward, and them shortly discomfited. Then came the Duke of Somerset and all the other lords with the king's power, which fought a sore and cruel battle, in the which many a tall man lost his life: but the Duke of York sent ever fresh men to succour the weary, and put new men in the places of the hurt persons, by which policy the king's army was profligate and dispersed, and all the chieftains of the field almost slain and brought to confusion. For there died, under the sign of the Castle, Edmund Duke of Somerset, who long before was warned to eschew all castles; and beside him lay Henry the second Earl of Northumberland, Humphrey Earl of Stafford, son to the Duke of Buckingham, John Lord Clifford, and viii M men and more.* Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, being wounded, and James Butler Earl of Wiltshire and Ormond, seeing fortune's lowering chance, left the king post alone, and with a great number fled away. This was the end of the first battle at S. Albans, which was fought on the Thursday before the feast of Pentecost, being the xxiii day of May. In this xxxiii year of the king's reign, the bodies of the noble men were buried in the monastery, and the mean people in other places."

* Holinshed suggests this is an error for 800. The Paston Letters say "some six score" were slain.

THE

FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION

OF THE TWO FAMOUS HOUSES OF

YORK AND LANCASTER,

WITH THE

DEATH OF THE GOOD DUKE HUMPHREY.

(ACT I.)

(SCENE I.)

Enter at one door, KING HENRY *the Sixth, and Humphrey Duke of* GLOSTER, *the Duke of* SOMERSET, *the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *and others.*

Enter at the other door, the Duke of YORK, *and the Marquess of* SUFFOLK, *and Queen* MARGARET, *and the Earls of* SALISBURY *and* WARWICK.

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty's command,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator for your excellence,
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
So in the ancient famous city Tours,
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretaigne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
I did perform my task, and was espous'd:
And now, most humbly on my bended knees,
In sight of England and her royal peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
Unto your gracious excellence, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent:
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king possess'd.

King. Suffolk arise,
Welcome queen Margaret to English Henry's court:
The greatest show of kindness yet we can bestow,
Is this kind kiss: O gracious God of heaven,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness,
For in this beauteous face thou hast bestow'd
A world of pleasures to my perplex'd soul.

Queen. Th' excessive love I bear unto your grace
Forbids me to be lavish of my tongue,
Lest I should speak more than beseems a woman:
Let this suffice, my bliss is in your liking;
And nothing can make poor Margaret miserable,
Unless the frown of mighty England's king.

King. Her looks did wound, but now her speech doth pierce.
Lovely queen Margaret, sit down by my side:
And uncle Gloster, and you lordly peers,
With one voice welcome my beloved queen.

All. Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness.

Queen. We thank you all. [*Sound trumpets.*

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles confirm'd, of peace
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.

Hum. Imprimis, it is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Pole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England, that the said Henry shall wed and espouse the lady Margaret, daughter to Reignier king of Naples, Sicil, and Jerusalem, and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth day of the next month.

Item. It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and of Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her fa——

[*Duke* HUMPHREY *lets it fall.*

King. How now uncle, what's the matter that you stay so suddenly?

Hum. Pardon my lord, a sudden qualm came o'er my heart,
Which dims mine eyes that I can read no more.
My lord of York, I pray do you read on.

York. Item, It is further agreed between them, that the duchies of Anjou and of Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father, and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without dowry.

King. They please us well, lord marquess kneel down:
We here create thee first duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword. Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
In the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. Thanks uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, and Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick.
We thank you for all this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.

Come let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.
[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, *and* SUFFOLK, *and Duke* HUMPHREY *stays all the rest.*

Hum. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you duke Humphrey must unfold his grief;
What, did my brother Henry toil himself,
And waste his subjects for to conquer France?
And did my brother Bedford spend his time,
To keep in awe that stout unruly realm?
And have not I and mine uncle Beaufort here,
Done all we could to keep that land in peace?
And are all our labours then spent quite in vain?
For Suffolk he, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given away for our king Henry's queen,
The duchies of Anjou and Maine unto her father.
Ah lords, fatal is this marriage, cancelling our states,
Reversing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as none had ne'er been done.

Card. Why how now cousin Gloster, what needs this;
As if our king were bound unto your will,
And might not do his will without your leave?
Proud protector, envy in thine eyes I see,
The big swoll'n venom of thy hateful heart,
That dares presume 'gainst that thy sovereign likes.

Hum. Nay, my lord, 'tis not my words that trouble you,
But my presence, proud prelate as thou art:
But I 'll begone, and give thee leave to speak.
Farewell my lords, and say when I am gone,
I prophesied France would be lost ere long.
[*Exit Duke* HUMPHREY.

Card. There goes our protector in a rage.
My lords, you know he 's my great enemy,
And though he be protector of the land,
And thereby covers his deceitful thoughts.
For you well see, if he but walk the streets,
The common people swarm about him straight,
Crying, Jesus bless your royal excellence,
With God preserve the good duke Humphrey,
And many things besides that are not known,
Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Humphrey.
But I will after him, and if I can,
I 'll lay a plot to heave him from his seat.
[*Exit* CARDINAL.

Buck. But let us watch this haughty Cardinal.
Cousin of Somerset, be ruled by me,
We 'll watch duke Humphrey and the Cardinal too,
And put them from the mark they fain would hit.

Som. Thanks, cousin Buckingham, join thou with me,
And both of us with the duke of Suffolk,
We 'll quickly heave duke Humphrey from his seat.

Buck. Content, come then let us about it straight,
For either thou or I will be protector.
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and* SOMERSET.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows after.
Whilst these do seek their own preferments thus,
My lords, let us seek for our country's good:
Oft have I seen this haughty Cardinal
Swear, and forswear himself, and brave it out,
More like a ruffian than a man of the church.
Cousin York, the victories thou hast won,
In Ireland, Normandy, and in France,
Hath won thee immortal praise in England:
And thou brave Warwick, my thrice valiant son,
Thy simple plainness and thy house-keeping
Hath won thee credit amongst the common sort:
The reverence of mine age, and Nevil's name,
Is of no little force if I command.
Then let us join all three in one for this,
That good duke Humphrey may his state possess.
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my noble son?

War. For grief that all is lost that Warwick won.

Sons. Anjou and Maine, both given away at once, why Warwick did win them! and must that then which we won with our swords, be given away with words?

York. As I have read, our kings of England were wont to have large dowries with their wives, but our king Henry gives away his own.

Sal. Come sons, away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the Main! O father, Maine is lost,
Which Warwick by main force did win from France:
Main chance, father, you meant, but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.
[*Exeunt* SALISBURY *and* WARWICK.

York. Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!
Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England.
A day will come when York shall claim his own,
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey:
And, when I spy advantage claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit,
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown;
Then, York, be still awhile till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love
With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars.
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd,
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster:
And, force perforce, I 'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

(SCENE II.)

Enter Duke HUMPHREY, *and Dame* ELEANOR COBHAM, *his Wife.*

Eleanor. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
What, see'st thou, duke Humphrey, king Henry's crown?
Reach at it, and if thine arm be too short,
Mine shall lengthen it. Art thou not a prince?
Uncle to the king? and his protector?
Then what shouldst thou lack that might content thy mind?

Hum. My lovely Nell, far be it from my heart,
To think of treasons 'gainst my sovereign lord;
But I was troubled with a dream to-night,
And God I pray it do betide none ill.

Eleanor. What dreamt my lord? Good Humphrey tell it me,
And I 'll interpret it: and when that's done,
I 'll tell thee then what I did dream to-night.

Hum. This night when I was laid in bed, I dreamt
That this my staff, mine office-badge in court,

Was broke in twain; by whom I cannot guess;
But, as I think, by the Cardinal. What it bodes
God knows; and on the ends were placed
The heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,
And William de la Pole first duke of Suffolk.

Eleanor. Tush my lord, this signifies nought but this,—
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove
Shall for the offence make forfeit of his head.
But now, my lord, I 'll tell you what I dreamt:
Methought I was in the cathedral church
At Westminster, and seated in the chair
Where kings and queens are crown'd, and at my feet
Henry and Margaret with a crown of gold
Stood ready to set it on my princely head.

Hum. Fie, Nell. Ambitious woman as thou art,
Art thou not second woman in this land,
And the protector's wife? belov'd of him?
And wilt thou still be hammering treason thus?
Away I say, and let me hear no more.

Eleanor. How now, my lord, what angry with your Nell
For telling but her dream? The next I have
I 'll keep it to myself, and not be rated thus.

Hum. Nay, Nell, I 'll give no credit to a dream,
But I would have thee to think on no such things.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An it please your grace, the king and queen to-morrow morning will ride a hawking to Saint Alban's, and crave your company along with them.

Hum. With all my heart; I will attend his grace.
Come, Nell, thou wilt go with us I am sure.
[*Exit* Humphrey.

Eleanor. I 'll come after you, for I cannot go before,
As long as Gloster bears this base and humble mind:
Were I a man, and protector as he is,
I 'd reach to th' crown, or make some hop headless.
And being but a woman, I 'll not behind
For playing of my part, in spite of all that seek to cross me thus:
Who is within there?

Enter Sir John Hume.

What, sir John Hume, what news with you?

Sir John. Jesus preserve your majesty.

Eleanor. My majesty: why, man, I am but grace.

Sir John. Ay, but by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
Your grace's state shall be advanc'd ere long.

Eleanor. What, hast thou conferr'd with Margery Jourdain the cunning witch of Eye, with Roger Bolingbroke, and the rest? and will they undertake to do me good?

Sir John. I have, madam; and they have promised me to raise a spirit from depth of under ground, that shall tell your grace all questions you demand.

Eleanor. Thanks, good sir John.
Some two days hence I guess will fit our time,
Then see that they be here:
For now the king is riding to Saint Alban's,
And all the dukes and earls along with him.
When they be gone, then safely may they come,
And on the back side of my orchard here,
There cast their spells in silence of the night,
And so resolve us of the thing we wish;
Till when, drink that for my sake, and so farewell.
[*Exit* Eleanor.

Sir John. Now, sir John Hume, no words but mum.
Seal up your lips, for you must silent be:
These gifts ere long will make me mighty rich.
The duchess she thinks now that all is well,
But I have gold comes from another place,
From one that hired me to set her on,
To plot these treasons 'gainst the king and peers;
And that is the mighty duke of Suffolk.
For he it is, but I must not say so,
That by my means must work the duchess' fall,
Who now by conjurations thinks to rise.
But wist, sir John, no more of that I trow,
For fear you lose your head before you go.

(SCENE III.)

Enter two Petitioners, *and* Peter *the* Armourer*'s man.*

1 *Pet.* Come sirs let 's linger hereabout a while,
Until my lord protector come this way,
That we may show his grace our several causes.

2 *Pet.* I pray God save the good duke Humphrey's life,
For but for him a many were undone,
They cannot get no succour in the court.
But see where he comes with the queen.

Enter the Duke of Suffolk *with the* Queen, *and they take him for Duke* Humphrey, *and give him their writings.*

1 *Pet.* Oh, we are undone, this is the duke of Suffolk.

Queen. Now good fellows, whom would you speak withal?

2 *Pet.* If it please your majesty, with my lord protector's grace.

Queen. Are your suits to his grace? Let us see them first.
Look on them my lord of Suffolk.

Suff. A complaint against the Cardinal's man.
What hath he done?

2 *Pet.* Marry my lord, he hath stole away my wife, and they are gone together, and I know not where to find them.

Suff. Hath he stole thy wife? that's some injury indeed. But what say you?

Peter. Marry, sir, I come to tell you, that my master said that the duke of York was true heir to the crown, and that the king was an usurer.

Queen. An usurper thou would'st say.

Peter. Ay, forsooth, an usurper.

Queen. Didst thou say the king was an usurper?

Peter. No, forsooth, I said my master said so, th' other day when we were scouring the duke of York's armour in our garret.

Suff. Ay marry, this is something like,
Who 's within there?

Enter One *or* Two.

Sirrah, take in this fellow, and keep him close,
And send out a pursuivant for his master straight,
We 'll hear more of this thing before the king.
[*Exeunt, with the* Armourer*'s man.*

Now sir, what's yours? Let me see it,
What's here?
A complaint against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Long Melford.
How now, sir knave?

1 *Pet.* I beseech your grace to pardon me, I am but a messenger for the whole township.
[*He tears the papers.*

Suff. So now show your petitions to duke Humphrey.

Villains get you gone, and come not near the court.
Dare these peasants write against me thus?
[*Exeunt* Petitioners.

Queen. My lord of Suffolk, you may see by this
The commons' loves unto that haughty duke,
That seek to him more than to king Henry:
Whose eyes are always poring on his book,
And ne'er regards the honour of his name,
But still must be protected like a child,
And governed by that ambitious duke,
That scarce will move his cap to speak to us;
And his proud wife, high-minded Eleanor,
That ruffles it with such a troop of ladies,
As strangers in the court take her for queen:
She bears a duke's whole revenues on her back.
The other day she vaunted to her maids,
That the very train of her worst gown
Was worth more wealth than all my father's lands.
Can any grief of mind be like to this?
I tell thee Pole, when thou didst run at tilt,
And stol'st away our ladies' hearts in France,
I thought king Henry had been like to thee,
Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France.

Suff. Madam, content yourself a little while,
As I was cause of your coming into England,
So will I in England work your full content:
And as for proud duke Humphrey and his wife,
I have set lime-twigs that will entangle them,
As that your grace ere long shall understand.
But stay, madam, here comes the king.

Enter KING HENRY, *and the Duke of* YORK *and the Duke of* SOMERSET *on both sides of the* KING, *whispering with him: Then entereth Duke* HUMPHREY, *Dame* ELEANOR, *the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *the Earl of* SALISBURY, *the Earl of* WARWICK, *and the Cardinal of* WINCHESTER.

King. My lords, I care not who be regent in France,
Or York or Somerset, all's one to me.

York. My lord, if York have ill demean'd himself,
Let Somerset enjoy his place, and go to France.

Som. Then whom your grace thinks worthy, let him go,
And there be made the regent over the French.

War. Whomsoever you account worthy,
York is the worthiest.

Card. Peace, Warwick, give thy betters leave to speak.

War. The Cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this place are thy betters far.

War. And Warwick may live to be best of all.

Queen. My lord in mine opinion, it were best
That Somerset were regent over France.

Hum. Madam, our king is old enough himself,
To give his answer without your consent.

Queen. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector over him so long?

Hum. Madam, I am but protector o'er the land,
And when it please his grace, I will resign my charge.

Suf. Resign it then, for since thou wast a king
(As who is king but thee?) the common state
Doth as we see, all wholly go to wrack,
And millions of treasure hath been spent.
And as for the regentship of France,
I say Somerset is more worthy than York.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am not worthy,
Because I cannot flatter as thou canst.

War. And yet the worthy deeds that York hath done
Should make him worthy to be honour'd here.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick.

War. Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason;
Pray God the duke of York do clear himself.
Hō, bring hither the armourer and his man.

Enter the Armourer *and his man.*

If it please your grace, this fellow here hath accused his master of high treason, and his words were these: That the duke of York was lawful heir unto the crown, and that your grace was an usurper.

York. I beseech your grace let him have what punishment the law will afford for his villainy.

King. Come hither fellow, didst thou speak these words?

Arm. An't shall please your worship, I never said any such matter. God is my witness; I am falsely accused by this villain here.

Peter. 'T is no matter for that, you did say so.

York. I beseech your grace let him have the law.

Arm. Alas, master, hang me if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees that he would be even with me: I have good witness of this, and therefore I beseech your worship do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

King. Uncle Gloster, what do you think of this?

Hum. The law my lord is this (because it rests suspicious,)
That a day of combat be appointed,
And there to try each other's right or wrong,
With ebon staves and sandbags, combating
In Smithfield, before your royal majesty.
[*Exit* HUMPHREY.

Arm. And I accept the combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my lord, I am not able for to fight.

Suf. You must either fight, sirrah, or else be hang'd:
Go take them hence again to prison. [*Exeunt with them.*
[*The* QUEEN *lets fall her glove, and hits the Duchess of* GLOSTER *a box on the ear.*

Queen. Give me my glove. Why, minion, can you not see? [*She strikes her.*
I cry you mercy, madam, I did mistake,
I did not think it had been you.

Eleanor. Did you not, proud Frenchwoman?
Could I come near your dainty visage with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

King. Be patient, gentle aunt,
It was against her will.

Eleanor. Against her will. Good king, she'll dandle thee,
If thou wilt always thus be rul'd by her,
But let it rest: as sure as I do live,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.
[*Exit* ELEANOR.

King. Believe me, my love, thou wert much to blame:
I would not for a thousand pounds of gold,
My noble uncle had been here in place.

Enter Duke HUMPHREY.

But see where he comes: I am glad he met her not.
Uncle Gloster, what answer makes your grace
Concerning our regent for the realm of France,
Whom thinks your grace is meetest for to send.

Hum. My gracious lord, then this is my resolve:
For that these words the armourer should speak,
Doth breed suspicion on the part of York,

Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Till trial 's made, and York may clear himself.
King. Then be it so, my lord of Somerset,
We make your grace regent over the French,
And to defend our right 'gainst foreign foes,
And so do good unto the realm of France.
Make haste my lord, 't is time that you were gone,
The time of truce is I think full expir'd.
Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty,
And take my leave to post with speed to France.
[*Exit* Somerset.
King. Come uncle Gloster, now let's have our horse,
For we will to St. Alban's presently.
Madam, your hawk, they say, is swift of flight,
And we will try how she will fly to-day.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

(SCENE IV.)

Enter Eleanor, *with Sir* John Hume, Roger Bolingbroke *a* Conjurer, *and* Margery Jourdain *a* Witch.

Eleanor. Here, sir John, take this scroll of paper here,
Wherein is writ the questions you shall ask,
And I will stand upon this tower here,
And hear the spirit what it says to you:
And to my questions write the answers down.
[*She goes up to the tower.*
Sir John. Now, sirs, begin, and cast your spells about,
And charm the fiends for to obey your wills,
And tell dame Eleanor of the thing she asks.
Witch. Then Roger Bolingbroke about thy task,
And frame a circle here upon the earth,
Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face,
Do talk and whisper with the devils below,
And conjure them for to obey my will.
[*She lies down upon her face.* Bolingbroke *makes a circle.*
Boling. Dark night, dread night, the silence of the night,
Wherein the furies mask in hellish troops,
Send up I charge you from Cocytus' lake
The spirit Ascalon to come to me,
To pierce the bowels of this centric earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye:
Ascalon, ascend, ascend.

It thunders and lightens, and then the Spirit *riseth up.*

Spirit. Now, Bolingbroke, what wouldst thou have me do?
Boling. First, of the king, what shall become of him?
Spirit. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose,
But him outlive, and die a violent death.
Boling. What fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?
Spirit. By water shall he die, and take his end.
Boling. What shall betide the duke of Somerset?
Spirit. Let him shun castles.
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand:
Now question me no more, for I must hence again.
[*He sinks down again.*
Boling. Then down I say unto the damned pool
Where Pluto in his fiery waggon sits,
Riding amidst the sing'd and parched smokes,
The road of Ditis by the river Styx:
There howl and burn for ever in those flames.
Rise, Jourdain, rise, and stay thy charming spells.
Zounds, we are betray'd.

Enter the Duke of York, *and the Duke of* Buckingham, *and others.*

York. Come, sirs, lay hands on them, and bind them sure.
This time was well watch'd. What, madam, are you there?
This will be great credit for your husband,
That you are plotting treason thus with conjurers;
The king shall have notice of this thing.
[*Exit* Eleanor *above.*
Buck. See here, my lord, what the devil hath writ.
York. Give it me, my lord, I'll show it to the king:
Go, sirs, see them fast lock'd in prison.
[*Exit with them.*
Buck. My lord, I pray you let me go post unto the king,
Unto St. Alban's, to tell this news.
York. Content. Away then, about it straight.
Buck. Farewell my lord. [*Exeunt* Buckingham.
York. Who 's within there?

Enter One.

One. My lord.
York. Sirrah, go will the earls of Salisbury and Warwick
To sup with me to-night. [*Exit* York.
One. I will my lord. [*Exit.*

(ACT II.)

(SCENE I.)

Enter the King *and* Queen *with her hawk on her fist, and Duke* Humphrey *and* Suffolk, *and the* Cardinal, *as if they came from hawking.*

Queen. My lord, how did your grace like this last flight?
But as I cast her off the wind did rise,
And 't was ten to one old Joan had not gone out.
King. How wonderful the Lord's works are on earth,
Even in these silly creatures of his hands!
Uncle Gloster, how high your hawk did soar,
And on a sudden souc'd the partridge down.
Suf. No marvel, if it please your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master soars a falcon's pitch.
Hum. Faith, my lord, it 's but a base mind,
That soars no higher than a bird can soar.
Card. I thought your grace would be above the clouds.
Hum. Ay, my lord cardinal, were it not good
Your grace could fly to heaven?
Card. Thy heaven is on earth, thy words and thoughts
Beat on a crown, proud protector, dangerous peer,
To smooth it thus with king and commonwealth.

Hum. How now my lord, why this is more than needs!
Churchmen so hot? Good uncle can you do 't?
Suf. Why not, having so good a quarrel,
And so bad a cause?
Hum. As how, my lord?
Suf. As you, my lord, and 't like your lordly lord's protectorship.
Hum. Why Suffolk, England knows thy insolence.
Queen. And thy ambition, Gloster.
King. Cease, gentle queen,
And whet not on these furious lords to wrath,
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.
Card. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector with my sword.
Hum. Faith, holy uncle, I would it were come to that.
Card. Even when thou dar'st.
Hum. Dare? I tell thee priest,
Plantagenets could never brook the dare.
Card. I am Plantagenet as well as thou,
And son to John of Gaunt.
Hum. In bastardy.
Card. I scorn thy words.
Hum. Make up no factious numbers,
But even in thine own person meet me at the east end of the grove.
Card. Here's my hand, I will.
King. Why, how now, lords?
Card. Faith, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man cast off so soon, we had had
More sport to-day. Come with thy sword and buckler.
Hum. God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown.
Card. Protector, protect thyself well.
King. The wind grows high, so doth your choler, lords.

Enter One *crying* A Miracle, A Miracle.

How now? Now, sirrah, what miracle is it?
One. An it please your grace, there is a man that came blind to Saint Alban's, and hath received his sight at the shrine.
King. Go fetch him hither, that we may glorify the Lord with him.

Enter the Mayor *of* Saint Alban's, *and his brethren, with music, bearing the man that had been blind between* Two *in a chair.*

King. Thou happy man, give God eternal praise,
For he it is that thus hath helped thee:
Where wast thou born?
Poor Man. At Berwick, please your majesty, in the north.
Hum. At Berwick, and come thus far for help?
P. Man. Ay, sir, it was told me in my sleep,
That sweet Saint Alban should give me my sight again.
Hum. What, art lame too?
P. Man. Ay, indeed, sir, God help me.
Hum. How cam'st thou lame?
P. Man. With falling off a plum-tree.
Hum. Wert thou blind and would climb plum-trees?
P. Man. Never but once sir in all my life,
My wife did long for plums.
Hum. But tell me, wert thou born blind?
P. Man. Ay, truly, sir.
Woman. Ay, indeed, sir, he was born blind.
Hum. What, art thou his mother?

Woman. His wife, sir.
Hum. Hadst thou been his mother,
Thou couldst have better told.
Why, let me see, I think thou canst not see yet.
P. Man. Yes, truly, master, as clear as day.
Hum. Say'st thou so? what colour 's his cloak?
P. Man. Red, master, as red as blood.
Hum. And his cloak?
P. Man. Why, that 's green.
Hum. And what colour 's his hose?
P. Man. Yellow, master, yellow as gold.
Hum. And what colour 's my gown?
P. Man. Black, sir, as black as jet.
King. Then belike he knows what colour jet is on.
Suf. And yet I think jet did he never see.
Hum. But cloaks and gowns ere this day many a one.
But tell me, sirrah, what 's my name?
P. Man. Alas, master, I know not.
Hum. What 's his name?
P. Man. I know not.
Hum. Nor his?
P. Man. No, truly, sir.
Hum. Nor his name?
P. Man. No, indeed, master.
Hum. What 's thine own name?
P. Man. Sander, and it please you, master.
Hum. Then, Sander, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours, but suddenly to nominate them all it is impossible. My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle, and would you not think his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again?
P. Man. O, master, I would you could.
Hum. My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips?
Mayor. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.
Hum. Then send for one presently.
Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither strait. [*Exit* One.
Hum. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

Enter a Beadle.

P. Man. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone, you go about to torture me in vain.
Hum. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.
Beadle. I will, my lord: come on, sirrah, off with your doublet quickly.
P. Man. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the* Beadle *hath hit him one jerk, he leaps over the stool, and runs away, and they run after him, crying* A Miracle, A Miracle.

Hum. A miracle, a miracle! Let him be taken again, and whipped through every market-town till he comes at Berwick where he was born.
Mayor. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exit* Mayor.
Suf. My lord protector hath done wonders to-day,
He hath made the blind to see, and halt to go.
Hum. Ay, but you did greater wonders, when you made whole dukedoms fly in a day.
Witness France.

King. Have done, I say, and let me hear no more of that.

Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

What news brings duke Humphrey of Buckingham?
Buck. Ill news for some, my lord, and this it is,
That proud dame Eleanor our protector's wife,
Hath plotted treasons 'gainst the king and peers.
By witchcrafts, sorceries, and conjurings,
Who by such means did raise a spirit up,
To tell her what hap should betide the state;
But ere they had finished their devilish drift,
By York and myself they were all surpris'd;
And here's the answer the devil did make to them.
King. First, of the king, what shall become of him?
(*Reads.*) The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose,
Yet him outlive, and die a violent death.
God's will be done in all.
What fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die, and take his end.
Suf. By water must the duke of Suffolk die?
It must be so, or else the devil doth lie.
King. Let Somerset shun castles,
For safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.
Card. Here's good stuff, how now my lord protector?
This news I think hath turn'd your weapon's point,
I am in doubt you 'll scarcely keep your promise.
Hum. Forbear, ambitious prelate, to urge my grief,
And pardon me my gracious sovereign,
For here I swear unto your majesty,
That I am guiltless of these heinous crimes
Which my ambitious wife hath falsely done;
And for she would betray her sovereign lord,
I here renounce her from my bed and board,
And leave her open for the law to judge,
Unless she clear herself of this foul deed.
King. Come, my lords, this night we 'll lodge in Saint Alban's,
And to-morrow we will ride to London,
And try the utmost of these treasons forth.
Come, uncle Gloster, along with us,
My mind doth tell me thou art innocent
[*Exeunt omnes.*

(SCENE II.)

Enter the Duke of YORK, *and the Earls of* SALISBURY *and* WARWICK.

York. My lords, our simple supper ended thus,
Let me reveal unto your honours here
The right and title of the house of York
To England's crown by lineal descent.
War. Then, York, begin, and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.
York. Then thus, my lords:
Edward the third had seven sons,
The first was Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales.
The second was William of Hatfield, who died young.
The third was Lionel, duke of Clarence.
The fourth was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster.
The fifth was Edmund of Langley, duke of York.
The sixth was William of Windsor, who died young.
The seventh and last was sir Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of York.
Now Edward the Black Prince died before his father, leaving behind him two sons, Edward born at Angoulême, who died young, and Richard, that was after crowned king by the name of Richard the second, who died without an heir. Lionel duke of Clarence died, and left him one only daughter, named Philippe, who was married to Edmund Mortimer, earl of March and Ulster: and so by her I claim the crown, as the true heir to Lionel duke of Clarence, third son to Edward the third. Now, sir, in time of Richard's reign, Henry of Bolingbroke, son and heir to John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster, fourth son to Edward the third, he claimed the crown, deposed the mirthful king, and as both you know, in Pomfret castle harmless Richard was shamefully murdered, and so by Richard's death came the house of Lancaster unto the crown.

Sal. Saving your tale, my lord, as I have heard, in the reign of Bolingbroke the duke of York did claim the crown, and but for Owen Glendower had been king.

York. True: but so it fortuned then, by means of that monstrous rebel Glendower, the noble duke of York was put to death, and so ever since the heirs of John of Gaunt have possessed the crown. But if the issue of the elder should succeed before the issue of the younger, then am I lawful heir unto the kingdom.

War. What proceedings can be more plain? He claims it from Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son to Edward the third, and Henry from John of Gaunt the fourth son. So that till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign.
It fails not yet, but flourisheth in thee
And in thy sons, brave slips of such a stock.
Then, noble father, kneel we both together,
And in this private place, be we the first
To honour him with birthright to the crown.
Both. Long live Richard, England's royal
York. I thank you both. But, lords, I am not your king, until this sword be sheathed even in the heart blood of the house of Lancaster.
War. Then York advise thyself, and take thy time:
Claim thou the crown, and set thy standard up,
And in the same advance the milk-white rose,
And then to guard it, will I rouse the bear,
Environ'd with ten thousand ragged staves,
To aid and help thee for to win thy right,
Maugre the proudest lord of Henry's blood
That dares deny the right and claim of York.
For why, my mind presageth I shall live
To see the noble duke of York to be a king.
York. Thanks, noble Warwick; and York doth hope to see the earl of Warwick live, to be the greatest man in England but the king. Come, let's go.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

(SCENE III.)

Enter KING HENRY *and the* QUEEN, *Duke* HUMPHREY, *the Duke of* SUFFOLK, *and the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *the* CARDINAL, *and Dame* ELEANOR COBHAM, *led with the officers, and then enter to them the Duke of* YORK, *and the Earls of* SALISBURY *and* WARWICK.

King. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, duchess of Gloster, and hear the sentence pronounced against thee for these treasons that thou hast committed against us, our state, and peers. First, for thy heinous crime, thou shalt two days in London do penance barefoot in the streets, with a white sheet about thy body, and a wax taper burning in thy hand. That done, thou shalt be banished for ever into the Isle of

Man, there to end thy wretched days; and this is our sentence irrevocable. Away with her.

Eleanor. Even to my death, for I have lived too long. [*Exeunt some with* ELEANOR.

King. Grieve not, noble uncle, but be thou glad,
In that these treasons thus are come to light,
Lest God had pour'd his vengeance on thy head
For her offences that thou held'st so dear.

Hum. Oh, gracious Henry, give me leave awhile
To leave your grace, and to depart away;
For sorrow's tears hath gripp'd my aged heart,
And makes the fountains of mine eyes to swell,
And therefore, good my lord, let me depart.

King. With all my heart, good uncle, when you please.
Yet ere thou goest, Humphrey, resign thy staff,
For Henry will be no more protected;
The Lord shall be my guide both for my land and me.

Hum. My staff? Ay, noble Henry, my life and all.
My staff I yield as willing to be thine,
As ere thy noble father made it mine:
And even as willing at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it,
And long hereafter, when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne.

King. Uncle Gloster, stand up, and go in peace.
No less belov'd of us, than when
Thou wert protector over this my land.
[*Exit* GLOSTER.

Queen. Take up the staff, for here it ought to stand.
Where should it be but in king Henry's hand?

York. Please it your majesty, this is the day
That was appointed for the combating
Between the armourer and his man, my lord,
And they are ready when your grace doth please.

King. Then call them forth that they may try their rights.

Enter at one door the Armourer *and his* Neighbours, *drinking to him so much that he is drunken, and he enters with a drum before him, and his staff with a sandbag fastened to it, and at the other door his man with a drum and sandbag, and* Prentices *drinking to him.*

1 *Neigh*. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh*. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneco.

3 *Neigh*. Here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour: drink and be merry, and fear not your man.

Arm. Let it come, i' faith I'll pledge you all,
And a fig for Peter.

1 *Pren*. Here, Peter, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

2 *Pren*. Here, Peter, here's a pint of claret wine for thee.

3 *Pren*. And here's a quart for me, and be merry Peter,
And fear not thy master; fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all, but I'll drink no more: here, Robin, and if I die, here I give thee my hammer; and Will, thou shalt have my apron: andhere, Tom, take all the money that I have. O Lord bless me, I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learned so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter: what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump, then see that thou thump thy master.

Arm. Here's to thee, neighbour; fill all the pots again, for before we fight, look you, I will tell you my mind; for I am come hither as it were of my man's instigation, to prove myself an honest man and Peter a knave: and so have at you Peter with downright blows, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.

Peter. La you, now, I told you he's in his fence already.

[*Alarums*. PETER *hits him on the head and fells him.*

Arm. Hold, Peter, I confess, treason, treason.
[*He dies.*

Peter. O God, I give thee praise. [*He kneels down.*

Pren. Ho, well done, Peter. God save the king.

King. Go take hence that traitor from our sight,
For by his death we do perceive his guilt,
And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murther'd wrongfully.
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [*Exeunt omnes.*

(SCENE IV.)

Enter Duke HUMPHREY *and his men, in mourning cloaks.*

Hum. Sirrah, what's o'clock?

Serv. Almost ten, my lord.

Hum. Then is that woful hour hard at hand,
That my poor lady should come by this way,
In shameful penance wandering in the streets.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people gazing on thy face,
With envious looks laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.

Enter Dame ELEANOR COBHAM *barefoot, and a white sheet about her, with a wax candle in her hand, and verses written on her back and pinned on, and accompanied with the* Sheriffs *of* London, *and Sir* JOHN STANLEY, *and officers, with bills and halberds.*

Serv. My gracious lord, see where my lady comes.
Please it your grace, we'll take her from the sheriffs.

Hum. I charge you for your lives stir not a foot,
Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,
But let them do their office as they should.

Eleanor. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Ah, Gloster, now thou dost penance too,
See how the giddy people look at thee,
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee here.
Go, get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,
And in thy pent-up study rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies,—ah, mine and thine.

Hum. Ah, Nell, sweet Nell, forget this extreme grief,
And bear it patiently to ease thy heart.

Eleanor. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself;
For whilst I think I am thy wedded wife,
The thought of this doth kill my woful heart.
The ruthless flints do cut my tender feet,
And when I start, the cruel people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread;
And thus, with burning taper in my hand,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
Ah, Gloster, can I endure this and live?
Sometime I'll say I am duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince, protector of the land,
But so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,

As he stood by, whilst I his forlorn duchess
Was led with shame, and made a laughing-stock
To every idle rascal follower.
Hum. My lovely Nell, what would'st thou have me do?
Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence,
I should incur the danger of the law,
And thy disgrace would not be shadow'd so.
Eleanor. Be thou mild, and stir not at my disgrace,
Until the axe of death hang o'er thy head,
As shortly sure it will. For Suffolk, he,
The new-made duke, that may do all in all
With her that loves him so, and hates us all,
And impious York, and Beaufort that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And fly thou how thou can'st, they will entangle thee.

Enter a Herald *of arms.*

Herald. I summon your grace unto his highness' parliament, holden at St. Edmond's-bury, the first of the next month.
Hum. A parliament, and our consent ne'er craved
Therein before. This is—
Well, we will be there. [*Exit* Herald.
Master sheriff, I pray proceed no further against my lady, than the course of law extends.
Sheriff. Please it your grace, my office here doth end,
And I must deliver her to sir John Stanley,
To be conducted into the Isle of Man.
Hum. Must you, sir John, conduct my lady?
Stan. Ay, my gracious lord, for so it is decreed,
And I am so commanded by the king.
Hum. I pray you, sir John, use her ne'er the worse,
In that I entreat you to use her well.
The world may smile again, and I may live
To do you favour, if you do it her.
And so, sir John, farewell.
Eleanor. What gone, my lord, and bid not me farewell?
Hum. Witness my bleeding heart, I cannot stay to speak. [*Exeunt* Humphrey *and his men.*
Eleanor. Then is he gone, is noble Gloster gone,
And doth duke Humphrey now forsake me too?
Then let me haste from out fair England's bounds,
Come, Stanley, come, and let us haste away.
Stan. Madam, let's go unto some house hereby,
Where you may shift yourself before we go.
Eleanor. Ah, good sir John, my shame cannot be hid,
Nor put away with casting off my sheet:
But come, let us go; master sheriff, farewell,
Thou hast but done thy office as thou shouldst.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

(ACT III.)

(SCENE I.)

Enter to the Parliament.

Enter two Heralds *before, then the Duke of* Buckingham, *the Duke of* Suffolk, *and then the Duke of* York *and the Cardinal of* Winchester, *and then the* King *and the* Queen, *and then the Earl of* Salisbury *and the Earl of* Warwick.

King. I wonder our uncle Gloster stays so long.
Queen. Can you not see? or will you not perceive
How that ambitious duke doth use himself?
The time hath been, but now the time is past,
That none so humble as duke Humphrey was:
But now let one meet him even in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
Yet he will neither move nor speak to us.
See you not how the commons follow him
In troops, crying, God save the good duke Humphrey,
Honouring him as if he were their king?
Gloster is no little man in England,
And if he list to stir commotions
'T is likely that the people will follow him.
My lord, if you imagine there is no such thing,
Then let it pass, and call 't a woman's fear.
My lord of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Disprove my allegations if you can,
And by your speeches if you can reprove me,
I will subscribe, and say I wrong'd the duke.
Suf. Well hath your grace foreseen into that duke;
And if I had been licens'd first to speak,
I think I should have told your grace's tale.
Smooth runs the brook whereas the stream is deepest.
No, no, my sovereign, Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Enter the Duke of Somerset.

King. Welcome lord Somerset, what news from France?
Som. Cold news, my lord, and this it is.
That all your holds and towns within those territories
Is overcome, my lord; all is lost.
King. Cold news indeed, lord Somerset.
But God's will be done.
York. Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England.

Enter Duke Humphrey.

Hum. Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.
Suf. Nay, Gloster, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou prove more loyal than thou art;
We do arrest thee on high treason here.
Hum. Why, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for thine arrest.
Whereof I am guilty who are my accusers?
York. 'T is thought, my lord, your grace took bribes from France,
And stopp'd the soldiers of their pay,
Through which his majesty hath lost all France.
Hum. Is it but thought so? And who are they that think so?
So God me help, as I have watch'd the night,
Ever intending good for England still,
That penny that ever I took from France,

Be brought against me at the judgment-day.
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay;
Many a pound of mine own proper cost
Have I sent over for the soldiers' wants,
Because I would not rack the needy commons.

Car. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange torments for offenders, by which means
England hath been defam'd by tyranny.

Hum. Why 't is well known that whilst I was protector
Pity was all the fault that was in me:
A murtherer or foul felonious thief,
That robs and murders silly passengers,
I tortur'd above the rate of common law.

Suf. Tush, my lord, these be things of no account;
But greater matters are laid unto your charge.
I do arrest thee on high treason here,
And commit thee to my good lord cardinal,
Until such time as thou canst clear thyself.

King. Good uncle, obey to his arrest:
I have no doubt but thou shalt clear thyself;
My conscience tells me thou art innocent.

Hum. Ah, gracious Henry, these days are dangerous!
And would my death might end these miseries,
And stay their moods for good king Henry's sake.
But I am made the prologue to their play,
And thousands more must follow after me,
That dread not yet their lives' destruction.
Suffolk's hateful tongue blabs his heart's malice;
Beaufort's fiery eyes show his envious mind;
Buckingham's proud looks bewray his cruel thoughts;
And dogged York, that levels at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have held back,
All you have joined to betray me thus:
And you, my gracious lady and sovereign mistress,
Causeless have laid complaints upon my head.
I shall not want false witnesses enough,
That so amongst you you may have my life.
The proverb no doubt will be perform'd,
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Suf. Doth he not twit our sovereign lady here,
As if that she with ignominious wrong,
Had suborn'd or hir'd some to swear against his life?

Queen. But I can give the loser leave to speak.

Hum. Far truer spoke than meant: I lose indeed,
Beshrew the winners' hearts, they play me false.

Buck. He 'll wrest the sense, and keep us here all day:
My lord of Winchester, see him sent away.

Car. Who 's within there? take in duke Humphrey,
And see him guarded sure within my house.

Hum. Oh, thus king Henry casts away his crutch,
Before his legs can bear his body up;
And puts his watchful shepherd from his side,
Whilst wolves stand snarring who shall bite him first.
Farewell, my sovereign, long mayst thou enjoy
Thy father's happy days, free from annoy.

[*Exit* HUMPHREY, *with the* Cardinal's *men.*

King. My lords, what to your wisdoms shall seem best
Do and undo as if ourself were here.

Queen. What, will your highness leave the parliament?

King. Ay, Margaret. My heart is kill'd with grief,
Where I may sit and sigh in endless moan,
For who 's a traitor, Gloster he is none.

[*Exeunt* KING, SALISBURY, *and* WARWICK.

Queen. Then sit we down again, my lord Cardinal,
Suffolk, Buckingham, York and Somerset;
Let us consult of proud duke Humphrey's fall.
In mine opinion it were good he died,
For safety of our king and commonwealth.

Suf. And so think I, madam, for, as you know,
If our king Henry had shook hands with death,
Duke Humphrey then would look to be our king:
And it may be by policy he works,
To bring to pass the thing which now we doubt.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb,
But if we take him ere he do the deed,
We should not question if that he should live.

York. No, led him die, in that he is a fox,
Lest that in living he offend us more.

Card. Then let him die before the commons know,
For fear that they do rise in arms for him.

York. Then do it suddenly, my lords.

Suf. Let that be my lord Cardinal's charge and mine.

Card. Agreed, for he 's already kept within my house.

Enter a Messenger.

Queen. How now, sirrah, what news?

Mess. Madam, I bring you news from Ireland.
The wild O'Neil, my lords, is up in arms,
With troops of Irish Kernes, that uncontroll'd
Do plant themselves within the English pale.
And burn and spoil the country as they go.

Queen. What redress shall we have for this, my lords?

York. 'T were good that my lord of Somerset,
That fortunate champion, were sent over
To keep in awe the stubborn Irishmen,
He did so much good when he was in France.

Som. Had York been there with all his far-fetch'd policies,
He might have lost as much as I.

York. Ay, for York would have lost his life, before
That France should have revolted from England's rule.

Som. Ay, so thou mightst, and yet have govern'd worse than I.

York. What worse than naught? then a shame take all.

Som. Shame on thyself, that wisheth shame.

Queen. Somerset forbear, good York be patient,
And do thou take in hand to cross the seas,
With troops of armed men, to quell the pride
Of those ambitious Irish that rebel.

York. Well, madam, sith your grace is so content,
Let me have some bands of chosen soldiers,
And York shall try his fortunes 'gainst those Kernes.

Queen. York, thou shalt. My lord of Buckingham,
Let it be your charge to muster up such soldiers
As shall suffice him in these needful wars.

Buck. Madam, I will, and levy such a band
As soon shall overcome those Irish rebels.
But, York, where shall those soldiers stay for thee?

York. At Bristol, I 'll expect them ten days hence.

Buck. Then thither shall they come, and so farewell. [*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.

York. Adieu, my lord of Buckingham.

Queen. Suffolk, remember what you have to do.
And you, lord Cardinal, concerning duke Humphrey.
'T were good that you did see to it in time,
Come, let us go, that it may be perform'd.

[*Exeunt omnes, manet* YORK.

York. Now, York, bethink thyself, and rouse thee up,

Take time whilst it is offer'd thee so fair,
Lest when thou wouldst, thou canst it not attain!
'Twas men I lack'd, and now they give them me,
And now, whilst I am busy in Ireland,
I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
Under the title of John Mortimer,
(For he is like him every kind of way)
To raise commotion, and by that means
I shall perceive how the common people
Do affect the claim and house of York.
Then, if he have success in his affairs,
From Ireland then comes York again,
To reap the harvest which that coystrill sow'd,
Now, if he should be taken and condemn'd,
He'll ne'er confess that I did set him on,
And therefore ere I go I'll send him word,
To put in practice and to gather head,
That so soon as I am gone he may begin
To rise in arms with troops of country swains,
To help him to perform this enterprise.
And then, duke Humphrey, he well made away,
None then can stop the light to England's crown,
But York can tame, and headlong pull them down.
[*Exit* YORK.

(SCENE II.)

Then the curtains being drawn, Duke HUMPHREY *is discovered in his bed, and two men lying on his breast and smothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of* SUFFOLK *to them.*

Suf. How now, sirs, what have you despatch'd him?
1. Ay, my lord, he's dead I warrant you.
Suf. Then see the clothes laid smooth about him still,
That when the king comes, he may perceive
No other but that he died of his own accord.
2. All things is handsome now, my lord.
Suf. Then draw the curtains again and get you gone,
And you shall have your firm reward anon.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter the KING *and* QUEEN, *the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *and the Duke of* SOMERSET, *and the* CARDINAL.

King. My lord of Suffolk, go call our uncle Gloster.
Tell him this day we will that he do clear himself.
Suf. I will, my lord. [*Exit* SUFFOLK.
King. And, good my lords, proceed no further 'gainst our uncle,
Than by just proof you can affirm:
For as the sucking child or harmless lamb,
So is he innocent of treason to our state.

Enter SUFFOLK.

How now, Suffolk, where's our uncle?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord of Gloster 's dead.
[*The* KING *falls in a swoon.*
Queen. Ah me, the king is dead: help, help, my lords.
Suf. Comfort, my lord, gracious Henry, comfort.
King. What, doth my lord of Suffolk bid me comfort?
Came he even now to sing a raven's note,
And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort through a hollow voice,
Can satisfy my griefs, or ease my heart?
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight,
For even in thine eye-balls murther sits:
Yet do not go. Come, basilisk, and kill
The gazer with thy looks.
Queen. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus,
As if that he had caus'd duke Humphrey's death?
The duke and I too, you know, were enemies,
And ye had best say that I did murther him.
King. Ah, woe is me for wretched Gloster's death.
Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched than he was:
What dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper, look on me.
Was I for this nigh wrack'd upon the sea,
And thrice by awkward winds driven back from England's bounds?
What might it bode, but that well foretelling
Winds said, seek not a scorpion's nest.

Enter the Earls of WARWICK *and* SALISBURY.

War. My lord, the commons like an hungry hive of bees,
Run up and down, caring not whom they sting,
For good duke Humphrey's death, whom they report
To be murthered by Suffolk and the Cardinal here.
King. That he is dead, good Warwick, is too true,
But how he died God knows, not Henry.
War. Enter his privy chamber, my lord, and view the body. Good father, stay you with the rude multitude till I return.
Sal. I will, son. [*Exit* SALISBURY.

WARWICK *draws the curtains, and shows Duke* HUMPHREY *in his bed.*

King. Ah, uncle Gloster, heaven receive thy soul,
Farewell, poor Henry's joy, now thou art gone.
War. Now by his soul that took our shape upon him,
To free us from his Father's dreadful curse,
I am resolv'd that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice famous duke.
Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives lord Warwick for these words?
War. Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, pale and bloodless;
But lo the blood is settled in his face,
More better coloured than when he liv'd.
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and stern,
His fingers spread abroad as one that grasp'd for life,
Yet was by strength surpris'd; the least of these are probable,
It cannot choose but he was murthered.
Queen. Suffolk and the Cardinal had him in charge,
And they I trust, sir, are no murtherers.
War. Ay, but 'tis well known they were not his friends,
And 'tis well seen he found some enemies.
Card. But have ye no greater proofs than these?
War. Who sees a heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees hard by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But will imagine how the bird came there,
Although the kite soar with unbloody beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.
Queen. Are you the kite, Beaufort; where's his talons?
Is Suffolk the butcher; where's his knife?
Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men,
Yet here 's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scour'd in his rancorous heart,

That slanders me with murther's crimson badge.
Say, if thou dare, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am guilty in duke Humphrey's death.
[*Exit* CARDINAL.

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Queen. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty hundred times.

War. Madam, be still, with reverence may I say it,
That every word you speak in his defence
Is slander to your royal majesty.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in thy words,
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took unto her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip, whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevil's noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames;
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mute,
I would, false murtherous coward, on thy knees,
Make thee crave pardon for thy passed speech,
And say, it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself was born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thee down to hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men.

Suf. Thou should'st be waking whilst I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dare go with me.

War. Away, even now, or I will drag thee hence.
[WARWICK *pulls him out.*

Exit WARWICK *and* SUFFOLK, *and then all the* Commons *within cry,* 'Down with Suffolk, Down with Suffolk.' *And then enter again the Dukes of* SUFFOLK *and* WARWICK, *with their weapons drawn.*

King. Why, how now, lords?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

The Commons *again cry* 'Down with Suffolk, Down with Suffolk.' *And then enter from them the Earl of* SALISBURY.

Sal. My lord, the commons send you word by me,
That unless false Suffolk here be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
That they will err from your highness' person:
They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died,
They say, by him they fear the ruin of the realm,
And therefore if you love your subjects' weal,
They wish you to banish him from forth the land.

Suf. Indeed, 'tis like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Would send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To try how quaint an orator you were;
But all the honour Salisbury hath got,
Is—that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, my lord of Salisbury.

King. Good Salisbury, go back again to them;
Tell them we thank them all for their kind care,
And had I not been cited thus by their means,
Myself had done it. Therefore here I swear,
If Suffolk be found to breathe in any place
Where I have rule, but three days more, he dies.
[*Exit* SALISBURY.

Queen. Oh, Henry, reverse the doom of gentle Suffolk's banishment.

King. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
Speak not for him, for in England he shall not rest,
If I say, I may relent;
But if I swear, it is irrevocable.
Come, good Warwick, and go thou in with me,
For I have great matters to impart to thee.
[*Exeunt* KING *and* WARWICK, *manent* QUEEN *and* SUFFOLK.

Queen. Hell fire and vengeance go along with you!
There's two of you, the devil make the third!
Fie, womanish man, canst thou not curse thy enemies?

Suf. A plague upon them, wherefore should I curse them?
Could curses kill, as do the mandrake's groans,
I would invent as many bitter terms,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With twice so many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one distraught;
And every joint should seem to curse and ban.
And now, methinks, my burthen'd heart would break
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest thing they taste!
Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress-trees!
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings!
Their music frightful like the serpents' hiss;
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Queen. Enough, sweet Suffolk, thou torment'st thyself.

Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me cease?
Now, by this ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
And standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Queen. No more. Sweet Suffolk, hie thee hence to France,
Or live where thou wilt within this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.
And long thou shalt not stay, but I'll have thee repeal'd,
Or venture to be banished myself.
Oh, let this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That when thou seest it, thou may'st think on me.
Away, I say, that I may feel my grief,
For it is nothing whilst thou standest here.

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, but three times thrice by thee.

Enter VAUX.

Queen. How now, whither goes Vaux so fast?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
Sometimes he raves and cries as he were mad;
Sometimes he calls upon duke Humphrey's ghost,
And whispers to his pillow as to him;
And sometimes he calls to speak unto the king:
And I am going to certify unto his grace,
That even now he call'd aloud for him.

Queen. Go then, good Vaux, and certify the king.
[*Exit* VAUX.

Oh what is worldly pomp! all men must die!
And woe am I for Beaufort's heavy end.
But why mourn I for him, whilst thou art here?
Sweet Suffolk, hie thee hence to France,
For if the king do come, thou sure must die.

Suf. And if I go I cannot live: but here to die,
What were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the new-born babe,
That dies with mother's dug between his lips.
Where from my (thy) sight I should be raging mad,
And call for thee to close mine eyes,
Or with thy lips to stop my dying soul,
That I might breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
By thee to die, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torment more than death:
Oh, let me stay, befal what may befal.

Queen. Oh might'st thou stay with safety of thy life,
Then shouldst thou stay; but heavens deny it,
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repeal'd.

Suf. I go.

Queen. And take my heart with thee. [*She kisses him.*

Suf. A jewel lock'd into the wofull'st cask,
That ever yet contain'd a thing of worth.
Thus, like a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death. [*Exit* Suffolk.

Queen. This way for me. [*Exit* Queen.

(SCENE III.)

Enter King *and* Salisbury, *and then the curtains be drawn, and the* Cardinal *is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were mad.*

Card. Oh, death! if thou wilt let me live
But one whole year, I 'll give thee as much gold
As will purchase such another island.

King. Oh, see, my lord of Salisbury, how he is troubled!
Lord Cardinal, remember, Christ must save thy soul.

Card. Why, died he not in his bed?
What would you have me to do then?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
Sirrah, go fetch me the poison which the 'pothecary sent me.
Oh, see where duke Humphrey's ghost doth stand,
And stares me in the face. Look, look, comb down his hair!
So, now he 's gone again: Oh, oh, oh.

Sal. See how the pangs of death do gripe his heart.

King. Lord Cardinal, if thou diest assur'd of heavenly bliss,
Hold up thy hand, and make some sign to us. [Cardinal *dies.*
Oh, see he dies, and makes no sign at all,
Oh, God, forgive his soul.

Sal. So bad an end did never none behold;
But as his death, so was his life in all.

King. Forbear to judge, good Salisbury, forbear,
For God will judge us all.
Go, take him hence, and see his funerals perform'd. [*Exeunt.*

(ACT IV.)

(SCENE I.)

Alarums within, and the chambers be discharged, like as it were a fight at sea. And then enter the Captain *of the ship, and the* Master, *and the* Master's Mate, *and the Duke of* Suffolk *disguised, and others with him, and* Walter Whitmore.

Cap. Bring forward these prisoners that scorn'd to yield;
Unlade their goods with speed, and sink their ship.
Here, master, this prisoner I give to you;
This other, the master's mate shall have;
And, Walter Whitmore, thou shalt have this man:
And let them pay their ransom ere they pass.

Suf. Water! [*He starteth.*

Walter. How now, what dost fear me?
Thou shalt have better cause anon.

Suf. It is thy name affrights me, not thyself.
I do remember well, a cunning wizard told me,
That by Water I should die:
Yet let not that make thee bloody minded,
Thy name being rightly sounded,
Is Gualtier, not Walter.

Walter. Gualtier or Walter, all 's one to me;
I am the man must bring thee to thy death.

Suf. I am a gentleman; look on my ring;
Ransom me at what thou wilt, it shall be paid.

Walter. I lost mine eye in boarding of the ship;
And therefore ere I merchant-like sell blood for gold,
Then cast me headlong down into the sea.

2 *Prison.* But what shall our ransoms be?

Mast. A hundred pounds a-piece; either pay that or die.

2 *Prison.* Then save our lives; it shall be paid.

Walter. Come, sirrah, thy life shall be the ransom I will have.

Suf. Stay, villain, thy prisoner is a prince,
The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Cap. The duke of Suffolk folded up in rags.

Suf. Ay, sir, but these rags are no part of the duke,
Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?

Cap. Ay, but Jove was never slain as thou shalt be.

Suf. Base jady groom, king Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Cannot be shed by such a lowly swain.
I am sent ambassador for the queen to France;
I charge thee waft me cross the channel safe.

Cap. I 'll waft thee to thy death. Go, Walter, take him hence,
And on our long boat's side chop off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thine own.

Cap. Yes, Pole.

Suf. Pole.

Cap. Ay, Pole, puddle, kennel, sink, and dirt!
I 'll stop that yawning mouth of thine,

Those lips of thine that so oft have kiss'd the queen
Shall sweep the ground,
And thou that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,
Shalt live no longer to infect the earth.

Suf. This villain, being but captain of a pinnace,
Threatens more plagues than mighty Abradas,
The great Macedonian pirate;
Thy words add fury and not remorse in me.

Cap. Ay, but my deeds shall stay thy fury soon.

Suf. Hast not thou waited at my trencher,
When we have feasted with queen Margaret?
Hast not thou kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
And bare-head plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I smil'd on thee?
This hand hath writ in thy defence;
Then shall I charm thee,—hold thy lavish tongue.

Cap. Away with him, Walter, I say, and off with his head.

1 *Prison.* Good my lord, entreat him mildly for your life.

Suf. First let this neck stoop to the axe's edge,
Before this knee do bow to any,
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king:
Suffolk's imperial tongue cannot plead
To such a jady groom.

Walter. Come, come, why do we let him speak?
I long to have his head for ransom of mine eye.

Suf. A sworder and banditto slave
Murther'd sweet Tully.
Brutus' bastard hand stabb'd Julius Cæsar;
And Suffolk dies by pirates on the seas.

[*Exit* Suffolk *and* Walter.

Cap. Off with his head, and send it to the queen;
And ransomless this prisoner shall go free,
To see it safe deliver'd unto her.
Come, let's go. [*Exeunt omnes.*

(SCENE II.)

Enter two of the Rebels *with long staves.*

George. Come away, Nick, and put a long staff in thy pike, and provide thyself, for I can tell thee they have been up this two days.

Nick. Then they had more need to go to bed now.
But, sirrah George, what 's the matter?

George. Why, sirrah, Jack Cade the dyer of Ashford here, he means to turn this land, and set a new nap on 't.

Nick. Ay, marry, he had need so, for 'tis grown threadbare.
'T was never merry world with us since these gentlemen came up.

George. I warrant thee thou shalt never see a lord wear a leather apron now a-days.

Nick. But, sirrah, who comes else beside Jack Cade?

George. Why, there's Dick the butcher, and Robin the saddler, and Will, that came a wooing to our Nan last Sunday, and Harry, and Tom, and Gregory that should have your Parnil, and a great sort more is come from Rochester, and from Maidstone and Canterbury, and all the towns hereabouts, and we must be all lords or squires as soon as Jack Cade is king.

Nick. Hark, hark, I hear the drum; they be coming.

Enter Jack Cade, Dick Butcher, Robin, Will, Tom, Harry, *and the rest with long staves.*

Cade. Proclaim silence.

All. Silence.

Cade. I, John Cade, so named for my valiancy.

Dick. Or rather for stealing of a cade of sprats.

Cade. My father was a Mortimer.

Dick. He was an honest man and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother was come of the Lacies.

Nick. She was a pedlar's daughter indeed, and sold many laces.

Robin. And now, being not able to occupy her furred pack, she washeth bucks up and down the country.

Cade. Therefore I am honourably born.

Harry. Ay, the field is honourable, for he was born under a hedge, because his father had no other house but the cage.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

George. That's true, I know he can endure anything, for I have seen him whipped two market-days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Will. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.

Dick. But methinks he should fear the fire, being so often burnt in the hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Therefore be brave, for your captain is brave and vows reformation: you shall have seven halfpenny loaves for a penny, and the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, and it shall be felony to drink small beer, if I be king, as king I will be.

All. God save your majesty.

Cade. I thank you, good people: you shall all eat and drink of my score, and go all in my livery; and we 'll have no writing but the score and the tally, and there shall be no laws but such as come from my mouth.

Dick. We shall have sore laws then, for he was thrust into the mouth the other day.

Geo. Ay, and stinking law too, for his breath stinks so that one cannot abide it.

Enter Will *with the* Clerk *of* Chatham.

Will. Oh, captain, a prize.

Cade. Who's that, Will?

Will. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast account. I took him setting of boys' copies; and he has a book in his pocket with red letters.

Cade. Zounds, he's a conjuror; bring him hither.
Now, sir, what's your name?

Clerk. Emanuel, sir, an it shall please you.

Dick. It will go hard with you I tell you, for they use to write that o'er the top of letters.

Cade. What, do you use to write your name? Or do you, as ancient forefathers have done, use the score and the tally?

Clerk. Nay, truly, sir, I praise God I have been so well brought up that I can write mine own name.

Cade. Oh, he has confessed; go hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

[*Exit* One *with the* Clerk.

Enter Tom.

Tom. Captain, news, news, sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are coming with the king's power, and mean to kill us all.

Cade. Let them come; he 's but a knight, is he?

Tom. No, no, he 's but a knight.

Cade. Why, then, to equal him, I 'll make myself knight. Kneel down John Mortimer, rise up sir John Mortimer. Is there any more of them that be knights?

Tom. Ay, his brother.

Cade. Then kneel down, Dick Butcher.

[*He knights him.*

Rise up sir Dick Butcher. Now, sound up the drum.

Enter Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD *and his brother, with drum and* Soldiers.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not a pin,
'Tis to you good people that I speak.
Staf. Why, countrymen, what mean you thus in troops,
To follow this rebellious traitor Cade?
Why, his father was a bricklayer.
Cade. Well, and Adam was a gardener, what then?
But I come of the Mortimers.
Staf. Ay, the duke of York hath taught you that.
Cade. The duke of York? nay I learnt it myself.
For look you, Roger Mortimer the earl of March,
Married the duke of Clarence' daughter.
Staf. Well, that 's true: but what then?
Cade. And by her he had two children at a birth.
Staf. That 's false.
Cade. Ay, but I say 't is true.
All. Why then 't is true.

Cade. And one of them was stolen away by a beggar-woman, and that was my father, and I am his son, deny it, an you can.

Nick. Nay, look you, I know 'tis true; for his father built a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it.

Cade. But dost thou hear, Stafford; tell the king that for his father's sake, in whose time boys played at span-counter with French crowns, I am content that he shall be king as long as he lives: marry, always provided I 'll be protector over him.

Staf. O monstrous simplicity.

Cade. And tell him, we 'll have the lord Say's head, and the duke of Somerset's, for delivering up the dukedoms of Anjou and Maine, and selling the towns in France: by which means England hath been maimed ever since, and gone as it were with a crutch, but that my puissance held it up. And besides, they can speak French, and therefore they are traitors.

Staf. As how, I prithee?

Cade. Why, the Frenchmen are our enemies, be they not? and, then, can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good subject? Answer me to that.

Staf. Well, sirrah, wilt thou yield thyself unto the king's mercy, and he will pardon thee and these their outrages and rebellious deeds?

Cade. Nay, bid the king come to me an he will, and then I 'll pardon him, or otherwise I 'll have his crown tell him, ere it be long.

Staf. Go, herald, proclaim in all the king's towns,
That those that will forsake the rebel Cade
Shall have free pardon from his majesty.
[*Exeunt* STAFFORD *and his men.*
Cade. Come, sirs, Saint George for us and Kent.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

(SCENE III.)

Alarums to the battle, where Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD *and his brother are both slain. Then enter* JACK CADE *again, and the rest.*

Cade. Sir Dick Butcher, thou hast fought to-day most valiantly, and knocked them down as if thou hadst been in thy slaughter-house, and thus I will reward thee: the Lent shall be as long again as it was, and thou shalt have licence to kill for fourscore and one a-week. Drum, strike up, for now we 'll march to London, and to-morrow I mean to sit in the king's seat at Westminster. [*Exeunt omnes.*

(SCENE IV.)

Enter the KING *reading of a letter, and the* QUEEN *with the Duke of* SUFFOLK'S *head, and the Lord* SAY, *with others.*

King. Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are slain,
And the rebels march amain to London.
Go back to them, and tell them thus from me,
I 'll come and parley with their general.
Yet stay, I 'll read the letter once again;
Lord Say, Jack Cade hath solemnly vow'd to have thy head.
Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.
King. How now, madam, still
Lamenting and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear, my love, if I had been dead,
Thou wouldst not have mourn'd so much for me.
Queen. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Oh, fly, my lord, the rebels are entered Southwark,
And have almost won the bridge,
Calling your grace an usurper:
And that monstrous rebel, Cade, hath sworn
To crown himself king in Westminster.
Therefore fly my lord, and post to Killingworth.
King. Go bid Buckingham and Clifford gather
An army up, and meet with the rebels.
Come, madam, let us haste to Killingworth.
Come on, lord Say, go thou along with us,
For fear the rebel Cade do find thee out.
Say. My innocence, my lord, shall plead for me,
And therefore with your highness' leave, I 'll stay behind.
King. Even as thou wilt, my lord Say:
Come, madam, let us go. [*Exeunt omnes.*

(SCENE V.)

Enter the Lord SCALES *upon the Tower walls, walking.*

Scales. How now, is Jack Cade slain?

1 *Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain, for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them. The lord mayor craveth aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself.
The rebels have attempted to win the Tower,
But get you to Smithfield and gather head,
And thither will I send you Matthew Gough:
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives,
And so farewell, for I must hence again.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

(SCENE VI.)

Enter JACK CADE, *and the rest, and strikes his sword upon* London *stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city, and now, sitting upon London stone, we command that, the first year of our reign, the pissing conduit run nothing but red wine. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me any otherwise than lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. Jack Cade, Jack Cade.
Cade. Zounds, knock him down. [*They kill him.*

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together into Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then, let's go fight with them, but first go on and set London-bridge a fire, and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

(SCENE VII.)

Alarums, and then MATTHEW GOUGH *is slain, and all the rest with him. Then enter* JACK CADE *again and his company.*

Cade. So, sirs: now go and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court, down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, Dick, and thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. That we may go burn all the records, and that all writing may be put down, and nothing used but the score and tally.

Cade. Dick, it shall be so, and henceforward all things shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. Why is't not a miserable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb parchment should be made, and then with a little blotting over with ink a man should undo himself? Some say 'tis the bees that sting, but I say 'tis their wax, for I am sure I never sealed to anything but once, and I was never mine own man since.

Nick. But when shall we take up those commodities which you told us of?

Cade. Marry, he that will lustily stand to it, shall take up these commodities following: *Item*, a gown, a kirtle, a petticoat, and a smock.

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. My lord, a prize, a prize, here's the lord Say, which sold the towns in France.

Cade. Come hither, thou Say, thou George, (serge), thou buckram lord, what answer canst thou make unto my mightiness, for delivering up the towns in France to monsieur Bus-mine-cue, the dolphin of France? And more than so, thou hast most traitorously erected a grammar-school, to infect the youth of the realm; and against the king's crown and dignity thou hast built up a paper-mill; nay, it will be said to thy face, that thou keep'st men in thy house that daily read of books with red letters, and talk of a noun and verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear is able to endure it. And besides all this, thou hast appointed certain justices of the peace, in every shire, to hang honest men that steal for their living; and because they could not read, thou hast hung them up; only for which cause they were most worthy to live.

Say. Yes, what of that?

Cade. Marry, I say, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when an honester man than thyself goes in his hose and doublet.

Say. You men of Kent!

All. Kent, what of Kent?

Say. Nothing, but *bona terra.*

Cade. *Bonum terum*, zounds, what's that?

Dick. He speaks French.

Will. No 't is Dutch.

Nick. No 't is Outalian, I know it well enough.

Say. Kent (in the Commentaries Cæsar wrote)
Term'd is the civilest place of all this land:
Then noble countrymen, hear me but speak,
I sold not France, nor lost I Normandy.

Cade. But wherefore dost thou shake thy head so?

Say. It is the palsy, and not fear that makes me.

Cade. Nay, thou nodd'st thy head at us, as who wouldst say, thou wilt be even with me if thou gett'st away: but I 'll make thee sure enough now I have thee. Go, take him to the standard in Cheapside, and chop off his head; and then go to Mile-end green to Sir James Cromer, his son-in-law, and cut off his head too, and bring them to me upon two poles presently. Away with him.

[*Exit* One *or* Two *with the Lord* SAY.

There shall not a nobleman wear a head on his shoulders but he shall pay me tribute for it. Nor there shall not a maid be married, but he shall fee to me for her maidenhead; or else I 'll have it myself: Marry, I will that married men shall hold of me *in capite*, and that their wives shall be as free as heart can think, or tongue can tell.

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. O, captain, London-bridge is a fire.

Cade. Run to Billingsgate, and fetch pitch and flax, and quench it.

Enter DICK *and a* Sergeant.

Serg. Justice, justice, I pray you, sir, let me have justice of this fellow here.

Cade. Why, what has he done?

Serg. Alas, sir, he has ravish'd my wife.

Dick. Why, my lord, he would have 'rested me, and I went and entered my action in his wife's paper-house.

Cade. Dick, follow thy suit in her common place. You whoreson villain, you are a sergeant, you'll take any man by the throat for twelve pence: and 'rest a man when he is at dinner, and have him to prison ere the meat be out on's mouth. Go, Dick, take him hence, and cut out his tongue for cogging; hough him for running; and to conclude, brain him with his own mace. [*Exit with the* Sergeant.

Enter Two *with the Lord* SAY'*s head, and Sir* JAMES CROMER'*s, upon two poles.*

So, come carry them before me, and at every lane's end let them kiss together.

(SCENE VIII.)

Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, *and Lord* CLIFFORD, *the Earl of* CUMBERLAND.

Clif. Why, countrymen, and warlike friends of Kent,
What mean these mutinous rebellions,
That you in troops do muster thus yourselves,
Under the conduct of this traitor Cade?
To rise against your sovereign lord and king,
Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you,
If you forsake this monstrous rebel here?
If honour be the mark whereat you aim,
Then haste to France that our forefathers won,
And win again that thing which now is lost,
And leave to seek your country's overthrow.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford!

[*They forsake* CADE.

Cade. Why, how now, will you forsake your general,
And ancient freedom which you have possess'd,

To bend your necks under their servile yokes,
Who if you stir, will straightway hang you up?
But follow me, and you shall pull them down,
And make them yield their livings to your hands.

All. A Cade! a Cade! [*They run to* Cade *again.*

Clif. Brave warlike friends, hear me but speak.
Refuse not good whilst it is offer'd you:
The king is merciful, then yield to him,
And I myself will go along with you
To Windsor castle, whereas the king abides,
And on mine honour you shall have no hurt.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! God save the king!

Cade. How like a feather is this rascal company
Blown every way?
But that they may see there wants no valiancy in me,
My staff shall make way through the midst of you,
And so a pox take you all.

[*He runs through them with his staff, and then flies away.*

Buck. Go, some, and make after him, and proclaim, that those that can bring the head of Cade shall have a thousand crowns for his labour. Come, march away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

(SCENE IX.)

Enter King Henry, *and the* Queen, *and* Somerset.

King. Lord Somerset, what news hear you of the rebel Cade?

Som. This, my gracious lord, that the lord Say is done to death, and the city is almost sacked.

King. God's will be done, for as he hath decreed so must it be: and be as he please, to stop the pride of those rebellious men.

Queen. Had the noble duke of Suffolk been alive,
The rebel Cade had been suppress'd ere this,
And all the rest that do take part with him.

Enter the Duke of Buckingham *and* Clifford, *with the* Rebels, *with halters about their necks.*

Clif. Long live king Henry, England's lawful king:
Lo, here, my lord, these rebels are subdued,
And offer their lives before your highness' feet.

King. But tell me, Clifford, is their captain here?

Clif. No, my gracious lord, he is fled away, but proclamations are sent forth that he that can but bring his head shall have a thousand crowns. But may it please your majesty to pardon these their faults, that by that traitor's means were thus misled.

King. Stand up, you simple men, and give God praise,
For you did take in hand you know not what:
And go in peace obedient to your king,
And live as subjects, and you shall not want,
Whilst Henry lives, and wears the English crown.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

King. Come, let us haste to London now with speed,
That solemn processions may be sung,
In laud and honour of the God of heaven,
And triumphs of this happy victory.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

(SCENE X.)

Enter Jack Cade *at one door, and at the other, Master* Alexander Iden *and his men, and* Jack Cade *lies down, picking of herbs and eating them.*

Iden. Good Lord, how pleasant is this country life!
This little land my father left me here,
With my contented mind, serves me as well
As all the pleasures in the court can yield,
Nor would I change this pleasure for the court.

Cade. Zounds, here's the lord of the soil: stand, villain, thou wilt betray me to the king, and get a thousand crowns for my head: but ere thou goest I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin.

Iden. Why, saucy companion, why should I betray thee?
Is't not enough that thou hast broke my hedges,
And enter'd into my ground, without the leave of me, the owner,
But thou wilt brave me too?

Cade. Brave thee and beard thee, too, by the best blood of the realm. Look on me well, I have eat no meat this five days, yet if I do not leave thee and thy five men as dead as a door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall never be said, whilst the world stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat with a famish'd man.
Look on me, my limbs are equal unto thine,
And every way as big: then hand to hand
I'll combat with thee. Sirrah, fetch me weapons,
And stand you all aside.

Cade. Now, sword, if thou dost not hew this burly-boned churl into chines of beef, I would thou mightst fall into some smith's hands and be turn'd to hob-nails.

Iden. Come on thy way.

[*They fight, and* Cade *falls down.*

Cade. Oh, villain, thou hast slain the flower of Kent for chivalry; but it is famine and not thee that has done it. For come ten thousand devils, and give me but the ten meals that I wanted this five days, and I'll fight with you all. And so a pox rot thee, for Jack Cade must die. [*He dies.*

Iden. Jack Cade: and was this that monstrous rebel which I have slain?
Oh, sword, I'll honour thee for this, and in my chamber
Shalt thou hang as a monument to after-age,
For this great service thou hast done to me.
I'll drag him hence, and with my sword
Cut off his head, and bear it to the king. [*Exit.*

(ACT V.

(SCENE I.)

Enter the Duke of York, *with drum and* Soldiers.

York. In arms from Ireland comes York amain.
Ring bells aloud, bonfires perfume the air.
To entertain fair England's royal king.
Ah, *sancta majestas,* who would not buy thee dear?

Enter the Duke of Buckingham.

But soft, who comes here, Buckingham, what news with him?
Buck. York, if thou mean well, I greet thee so.
York. Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome, I swear:
What, comest thou in love, or as a messenger?
Buck. I come as a messenger from our dread lord and sovereign, Henry,
To know the reason of these arms in peace?
Or that thou, being a subject as I am,
Should'st thus approach so near with colours spread,
Whereas the person of the king doth keep?
York. A subject as he is!
Oh, how I hate these spiteful abject terms,
But, York, dissemble, till thou meet thy sons,
Who now in arms expect their father's sight,
And not far hence I know they cannot be. [*Aside.*
Humphrey duke of Buckingham, pardon me
That I answer'd not at first, my mind was troubled.
I came to remove that monstrous rebel Cade,
And heave proud Somerset from out the court,
That basely yielded up the towns in France.
Buck. Why, that was presumption on thy behalf,
But if it be no otherwise than so,
The king doth pardon thee, and grants to thy request,
And Somerset is sent unto the Tower.
York. Upon thine honour is it so?
Buck. York, he is upon mine honour.
York. Then before thy face I here dismiss my troops.
Sirs, meet me to-morrow in Saint George's fields,
And there you shall receive your pay of me.
[*Exeunt* Soldiers.
Buck. Come, York, thou shalt go speak unto the king.
But see, his grace is coming to meet with us.

Enter King Henry.

King. How now, Buckingham, is York friends with us,
That thus thou bring'st him hand in hand with thee?
Buck. He is my lord, and hath discharg'd his troops,
Which came with him, but as your grace did say,
To heave the duke of Somerset from hence,
And to subdue the rebels that were up.
King. Then welcome, cousin York, give me thy hand,
And thanks for thy great service done to us,
Against those traitorous Irish that rebell'd.

Enter Master Iden *with* Jack Cade's *head.*

Iden. Long live king Henry in triumphant peace!
Lo here, my lord, upon my bended knees,
I here present the traitorous head of Cade,
That hand to hand in single fight I slew.
King. First thanks to heaven, and next to thee my friend,
That hast subdued that wicked traitor thus.
Oh let me see that head that in his life
Did work me and my land such cruel spite.
A visage stern, coal-black his curled locks,
Deep-trenched furrows in his frowning brow,
Presageth warlike humours in his life.
Here, take it hence, and thou for thy reward
Shalt be immediately created knight.
Kneel down, my friend, and tell me what's thy name?
Iden. Alexander Iden, if it please your grace,
A poor esquire of Kent.
King. Then rise up Alexander Iden, knight,
And for thy maintenance, I freely give
A thousand marks a-year to maintain thee,
Beside the firm reward that was proclaim'd
For those that could perform this worthy act,
And thou shalt wait upon the person of the king.
Iden. I humbly thank your grace, and I no longer live,
Than I prove just and loyal to my king. [*Exit.*

Enter the Queen *with the Duke of* Somerset.

King. O, Buckingham, see where Somerset comes!
Bid him go hide himself till York be gone.
Queen. He shall not hide himself for fear of York,
But beard and brave him proudly to his face.
York. Who's that, proud Somerset at liberty?
Base, fearful Henry, that thus dishonour'st me,
By heaven, thou shalt not govern over me:
I cannot brook that traitor's presence here,
Nor will I subject be to such a king
That knows not how to govern nor to rule.
Resign thy crown, proud Lancaster, to me,
That thou usurped hast so long by force;
For now is York resolv'd to claim his own,
And rise aloft into fair England's throne.
Som. Proud traitor, I arrest thee on high treason
Against thy sovereign lord; yield thee, false York,
For here I swear thou shalt unto the Tower,
For these proud words which thou hast given the king.
York. Thou art deceiv'd: my sons shall be my bail,
And send thee there in despight of him.
Ho, where are you boys?
Queen. Call Clifford hither presently.

Enter the Duke of York's *Sons,* Edward *the Earl of* March, *and crook-back* Richard, *at the one door, with drum and* Soldiers: *and at the other door, enter* Clifford *and his Son, with drum and* Soldiers, *and* Clifford *kneels to* Henry, *and speaks.*

Clif. Long live my noble lord, and sovereign king.
York. We thank thee, Clifford.
Nay, do not affright us with thy looks,
If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kneel again.
Clif. Why, I did no way mistake, this is my king.
What, is he mad? To Bedlam with him.
King. Ay, a Bedlam frantic humour drives him thus
To levy arms against his lawful king.
Clif. Why doth not your grace send him to the Tower?
Queen. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he saith, shall be his bail.
York. How say you, boys, will you not?
Edw. Yes, noble father, if our words will serve.
Rich. And if our words will not, our swords shall.
York. Call hither to the stake my two rough bears.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.
York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast.
Both thou and they shall curse this fatal hour.

Enter at one door, the Earls of Salisbury *and* Warwick, *with drum and* Soldiers. *And at the other door, the Duke of* Buckingham, *with drum and* Soldiers.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait them soon,
Despite of thee, and all the friends thou hast.
War. You had best go dream again,
To keep you from the tempest of the field.
Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
Than any thou can'st conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.
War. Now by my father's age (badge), old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,)
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.
Clif. And from thy burgonet will I rend the bear,
And tread him under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects him so.
Y. Clif. And so, renowned sovereign, to arms,
To quell these traitors and their 'complices.
Rich. Fie, charity for shame, speak it not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesus Christ to-night.
Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, thou canst not tell.
Rich. No, for if not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell. [*Exeunt omnes.*

(SCENE II.)

Alarums to the battle, and then enter the Duke of Somerset *and* Richard *fighting, and* Richard *kills him under the sign of the* Castle *in* St. Alban's.

Rich. So, lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood.
What's here, the sign of the Castle?
Then the prophecy is come to pass,
For Somerset was forewarn'd of castles,
The which he always did observe.
And now behold, under a paltry alehouse sign,
The Castle in St. Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous by his death. [*Exit.*

Alarums again, and enter the Earl of Warwick *alone.*

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls,
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, whilst the angry trumpets sound alarms,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.
[Clifford *speaks within.*
Clif. Warwick, stand still, and view the way that Clifford
Hews with his murth'ring curtel-axe, through the fainting troops
To find thee out.
Warwick, stand still, and stir not till I come.

Enter York.

War. How now, my lord, what a-foot?
Who kill'd your horse?
York. The deadly hand of Clifford. Noble lord,
Five horse this day slain under me,
And yet, brave Warwick, I remain alive.
But I did kill his horse he lov'd so well,
The bonniest grey that ere was bred in north.

Enter Clifford, *and* Warwick *offers to fight with him.*

Hold, Warwick, and seek thee out some other chase,
Myself will hunt this deer to death.
War. Brave lord, 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.
Clifford, farewell, as I intend to prosper well to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.
[*Exit* Warwick.
York. Now, Clifford, since we are singled here alone,
Be this the day of doom to one of us;
For now my heart hath sworn immortal hate
To thee, and all the house of Lancaster.
Clif. And here I stand, and pitch my foot to thine,
Vowing never to stir, till thou or I be slain.
For never shall my heart be safe at rest,
Till I have spoil'd the hateful house of York.
[*Alarums, and they fight, and* York *kills* Clifford.
York. Now Lancaster sit sure, thy sinews shrink.
Come, fearful Henry, grovelling on thy face,
Yield up thy crown unto the prince of York.
[*Exit* York.

Alarums, then enter Young Clifford *alone.*

Y. Clif. Father of Cumberland,
Where may I seek my aged father forth?
Oh, dismal sight, see where he breathless lies,
All smear'd and welter'd in his luke-warm blood!
Ah, aged pillar of all Cumberland's true house,
Sweet father, to thy murder'd ghost I swear
Immortal hate unto the house of York!
Nor never shall I sleep secure one night,
Till I have furiously reveng'd thy death,
And left not one of them to breathe on earth.
[*He takes him up on his back.*
And thus, as old Anchises' son did bear
His aged father on his manly back,
And fought with him against the bloody Greeks,
Even so will I. But stay, here's one of them,
To whom my soul hath sworn immortal hate.

Enter Richard, *and then* Clifford *lays down his father, fights him, and* Richard *flies away again.*

Out, crook'd-back villain, get thee from my sight,
But I will after thee, and once again
(When I have borne my father to his tent)
I'll try my fortune better with thee yet.
[*Exit* Young Clifford *with his father.*

Alarums again, and then enter Three *or* Four, *bearing the Duke of* Buckingham *wounded to his tent.*

Alarums still, and then enter the King *and* Queen.

Queen. Away, my lord, and fly to London straight.
Make haste, for vengeance comes along with them:
Come, stand not to expostulate, let's go.
King. Come then, fair queen, to London let us haste,
And summon up a parliament with speed,
To stop the fury of these dire events.
[*Exeunt* King *and* Queen.

(SCENE III.)

Alarums, and then a flourish, and enter the Duke of York, Edward, *and* Richard.

York. How now, boys, fortunate this fight hath been!
I hope to us and ours, for England's good,

And our great honour, that so long we lost,
Whilst faint-heart Henry did usurp our rights.
But did you see old Salisbury, since we
With bloody minds did buckle with the foe?
I would not for the loss of this right hand,
That aught but well betide that good old man.

Rich. My lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,
Charging his lance with his old weary arms;
And thrice I saw him beaten from his horse,
And thrice this hand did set him up again,
And still he fought with courage 'gainst his foes,
The boldest spirited man that ere mine eyes beheld.

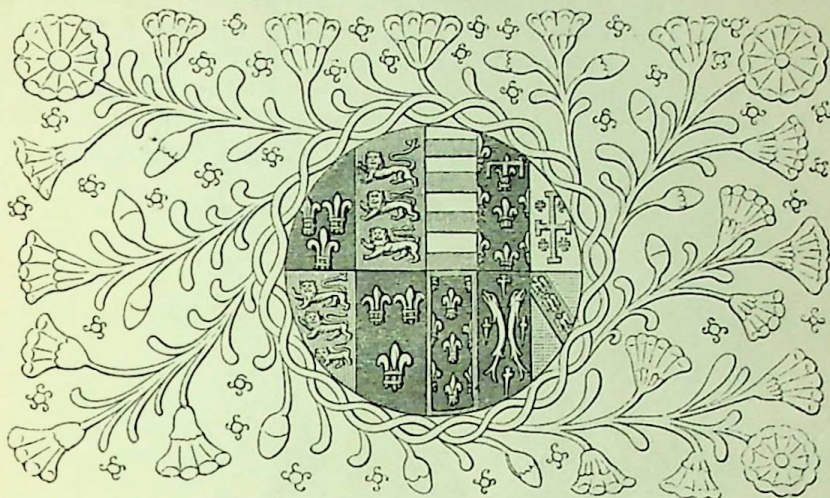
Enter SALISBURY *and* WARWICK.

Edw. See, noble father, where they both do come,
The only props unto the house of York.

Sal. Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant duke,
And thou brave bud of York's increasing house!
The small remainder of my weary life
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arm,
Three times this day thou hast preserv'd my life.

York. What say you, lords? the king is fled to London,
There as I hear to hold a parliament:
What says lord Warwick, shall we after them?

War. After them, nay, before them if we can:
Now, by my faith, lords, 't was a glorious day.
Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.
Sound, drums and trumpets; and to London all:
And more such days as these to us befall. [*Exeunt.*

PART. III.
J. JACKSON

[Arms of Henry VI. and Queen Margaret.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

This drama appears in the original folio collection under the title of 'The Third Part of Henry the Sixt, with the Death of the Duke of Yorke.' In 1595 was published 'The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Death of good King Henry the Sixt, with the whole Contention between the two Houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his Servants.' This was reprinted in 1600, the publisher of each edition being Thomas Millington. Upon this drama is founded The Third Part of Henry the Sixth, in the form in which we have received it as Shakspere's. We print this original, as a Supplement, from the edition of Thomas Pavier in 1619, which varies very slightly from the earlier copies.

Costume of Henry VI., Part III.

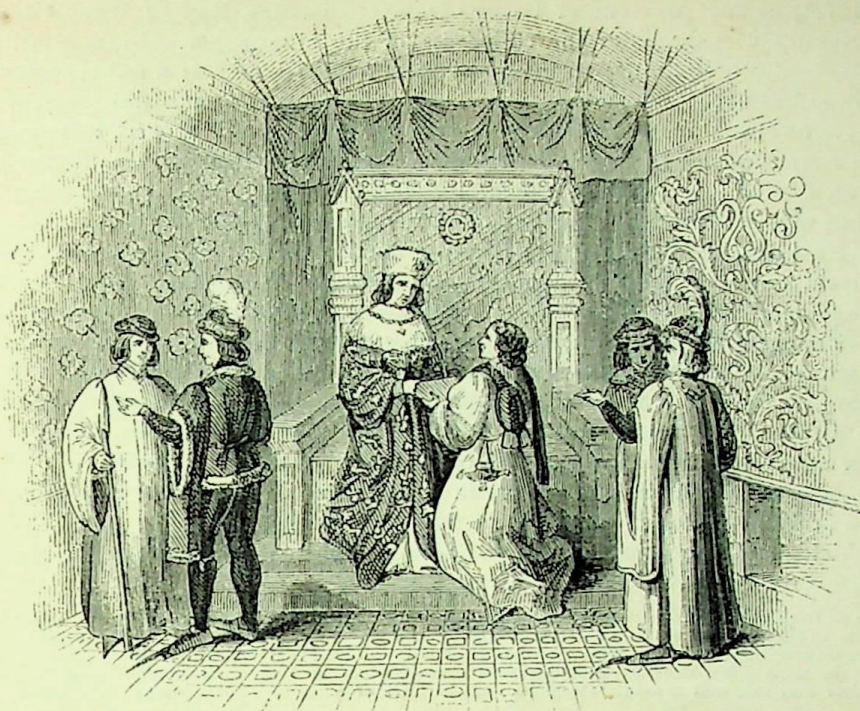
The Costume for the Third Part of King Henry VI. is in fact that of the reign of Edward IV., the principal characteristics of which were, in male attire, the exceeding shortness of the jackets, doublets, or pourpoints, and the padding out of the shoulders of them with large waddings called mahoitres, the sleeves being slit up the back or across the elbow to show those of the white shirt.

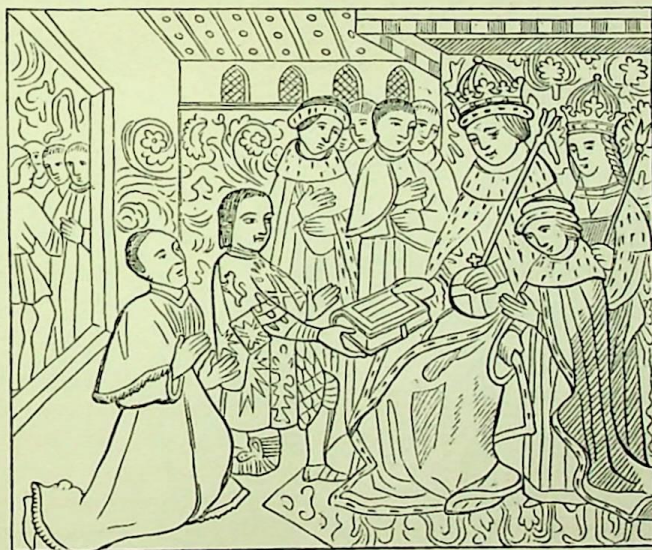
This was the commencement of the fashion of slashing which became so prevalent in the next century. The hood had now disappeared entirely, except from official dresses; and bonnets of cloth, a quarter of an ell in height, were worn by the beaux of the day, who also, instead of cropping the hair all round, as in the last three reigns, suffered it to grow to such a length that it came into their eyes. The toes of their shoes and boots were at first ridiculously long and pointed,* and towards the close of the reign as preposterously broad and round. These extravagancies were endeavoured to be checked by sumptuary laws in the third and twenty-second years of Edward's reign, but, as usual, with very little effect. In the female dress some remarkable changes also occur. The gowns have very long trains, with broad velvet borders. The waists are very short, and confined by broad belts buckled before. The steeple head-dress (similar to the Cauchoise, still worn in Normandy, and so called from the Pays de Caux) is a peculiar mark of this reign in England.

[General Costume—end of Reign of Henry VI.]

Of the historical personages in this play we have several representations. A portrait of Edward IV. is amongst those presented to the Society of Antiquaries by Mr. Kerrich, and, if not to be relied upon as an excellent likeness, it was at least executed during or shortly after his reign, and may be fairly supposed to convey an idea of his general appearance and costume.† He wears a black cap with a rich ornament and pendant pearl. His outer dress is cloth of gold—the under one black. In the royal MS. marked 15 E 4 we see him on his throne receiving a book and sur-

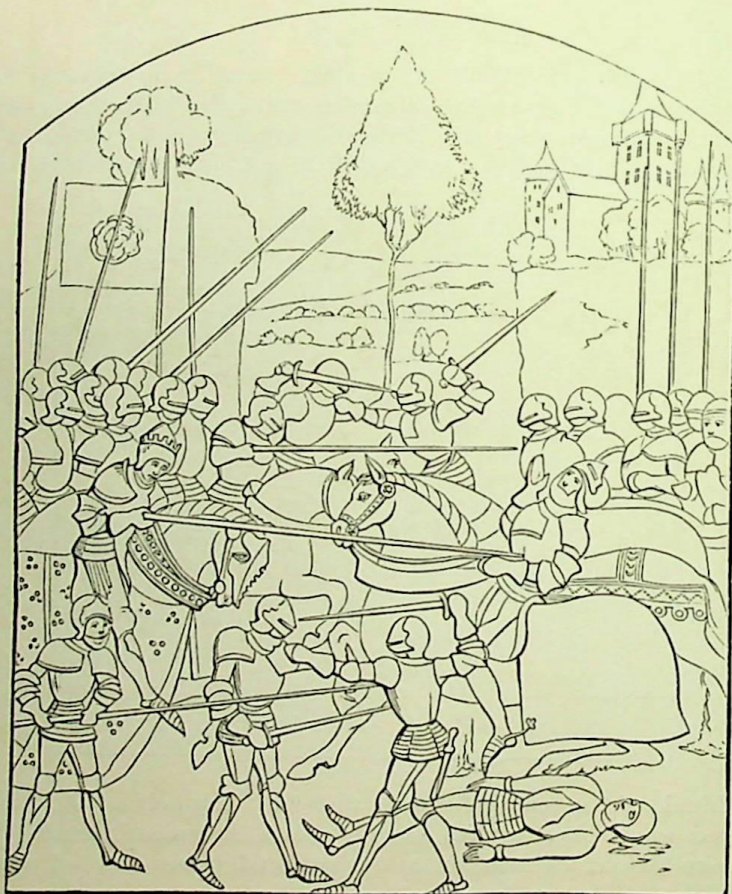
* We are told by Blackman that Henry VI. " would not wear the up-pointed horn-like toes then in fashion," and that " his dress was plain." *Vide* Collection printed by Hearne at the end of his Otterburne.

† An engraving of this picture from a drawing by Mr. Kerrich himself forms the frontispiece to the fourth volume of the 'Paston Letters.'

[Edward IV. and his Court.]

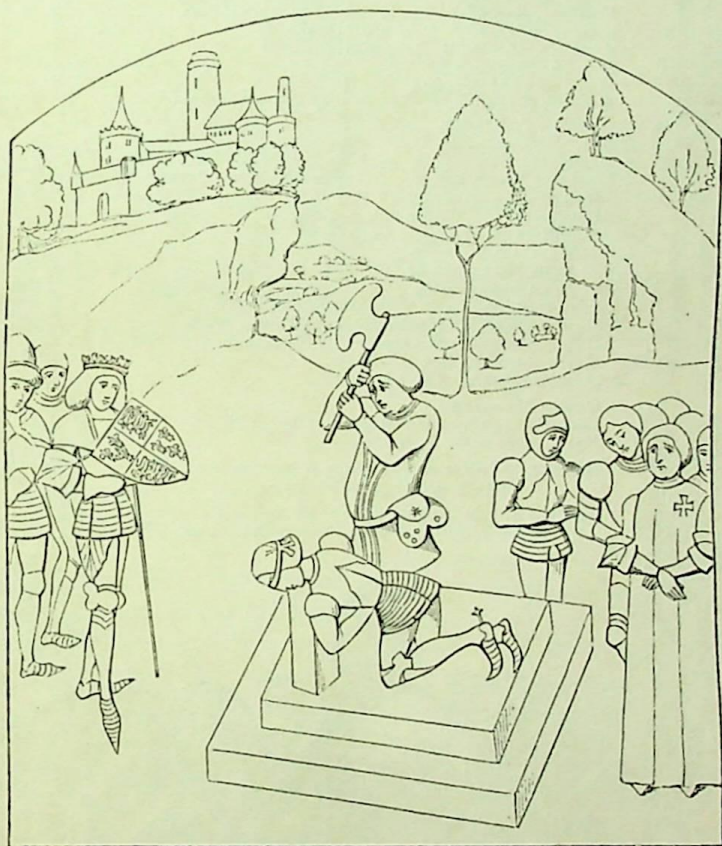
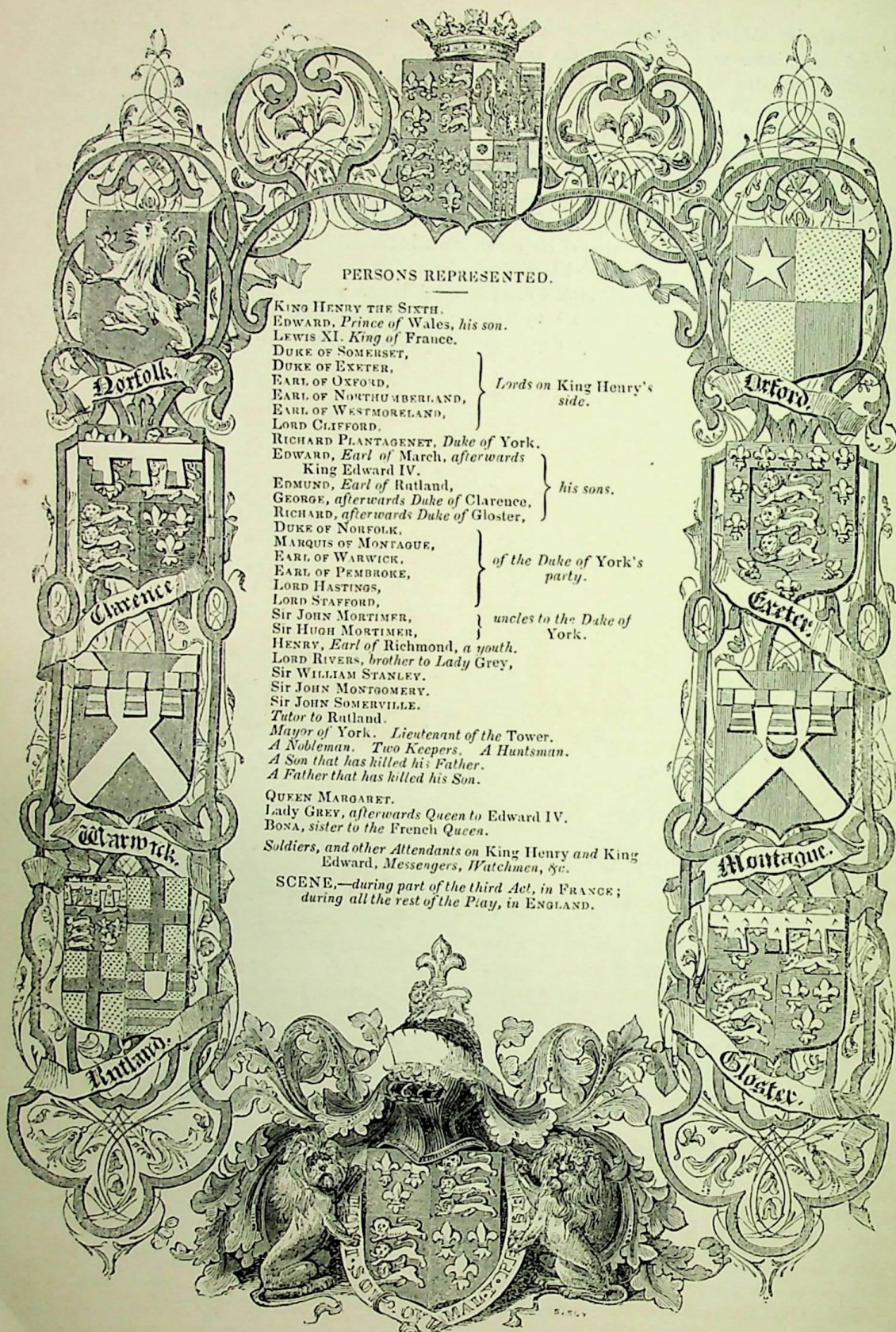
rounded by some of the principal officers of his court. In a MS. in the Lambeth library also he is depicted on his throne receiving a volume from the hands of Lord Rivers and Caxton his printer; and by his side stand his queen, the young Prince Edward, and another royal personage, similarly attired with the prince, who is supposed to be either Richard Duke of Gloster or George Duke of

Clarence. The Monk of Croyland informs us that "the new fashion" Edward IV. "chose for the last state-dresses was to have very full hanging sleeves like a monk's, lined with the most sumptuous furs, and so rolled over his shoulders as to give his tall person an air of peculiar grandeur.

Of Louis XI. King of France there are several authentic portraits in Montfaucon. A drawing of the famous king-making Earl of Warwick exists in the Warwick Roll, College of Arms, (see

Part II., p. 127,*) as does also one of George Duke of Clarence, Earl of Warwick in right of his wife, Isabel Nevil, eldest daughter and co-heiress of the king-maker. In the additional MSS. at the British Museum (No. 6298), presented by the late Miss Banks, is a most interesting drawing which we believe has been hitherto overlooked. It represents the tomb and effigy of King Henry VI., which were formerly in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, and destroyed, it is supposed, during the civil wars *temp.* Charles I., as Sandford in 1677 says, " He (Henry) was interred there under a fair monument, of which there are at present no remains." It is quite clear Sandford did not know of the existence of any drawing of it, or he would have caused it to be engraved for his Genealogical History, or at least have alluded to it. The drawing in Miss Banks's collection, of which an engraving is here given, was made apparently in the year 1563, a memorandum affixed to another drawing by the same hand of some arms in the chapel being dated the 29th of August in that year. Over the tomb hangs the tabard of arms, the sword, gauntlets, and shield of the deceased monarch, and underneath some later hand has written, " Quære, if not the figure of Henry VI. because of the angel," alluding to the figure of an angel supporting the royal arms which appear on the side of the tomb, as, although the royal supporters during this reign were usually antelopes, the arms of Henry appear supported by an angel on the counter-seal engraved in Sandford's ' General History,' p. 240, edit. 1677. At the same page in Sandford will be found the seal of Edward Prince of Wales, son of Henry VI., on which is the figure of the Prince on horseback and in armour, his tabard, shield, and the caparisons of his horse, emblazoned with his arms, quarterly France and England, over all a label of three points argent.

* As the arms on the shield of that figure do not correspond with those we have given him in the heraldic border to the Dramatis Personæ in this Part, it may be necessary to explain that the latter, viz. gules, a saltire argent, a label of three points gobony argent and azure, are his paternal arms of Nevil, and that those on his shield, viz. quarterly Montacute and Monthermer, are the arms of his maternal grandfather, Thomas Montacute Earl of Salisbury, whose daughter and heiress, Eleanor, his father married, and through whom he became Earl of Salisbury, being already in right of his wife Earl of Warwick.

[Battle of Barnet.]

In illustration also of the military costume of the time, we refer to the engravings which we give from the illuminations of a MS. in the library at Ghent, written by a follower of Edward IV. in 1471, and presented to Charles the Bold Duke of Burgundy. The first represents the Battle of Barnet. Edward IV. is seen on a white charger, with crimson caparisons, lined with blue and embroidered with golden flowers; his bascinet is surrounded by a crown, and he is in the act of piercing with his lance a knight, presumed to be meant for the Earl of Warwick. The second is the battle of Tewkesbury, wherein Edward is depicted on a brown horse, a crown round his helmet, and the arms of France and England quarterly on his shield. The subject of the third is the execution of Edmond Beaufort Duke of Somerset after the battle of Tewkesbury. The figure in the long black robe, with the white cross of his order, (now Maltese,) is that of John Lanstrother, Prior of St. John of Jerusalem, who suffered with the Duke.

The decoration bestowed by Edward IV. upon his followers was a collar composed of suns and roses, (badges of the house of York,) to which was appended the white lion of March. *Vide* Effigies of Sir John Crosby and Lady, engraved in Stothard's 'Sepul. Mon.'

[Execution of the Duke of Somerset.]

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
EDWARD, *Prince of* Wales, *his son.*
LEWIS XI. *King of* France.

DUKE OF SOMERSET,
DUKE OF EXETER,
EARL OF OXFORD,
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
LORD CLIFFORD,
} *Lords on* King Henry's *side.*

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of* York.

EDWARD, *Earl of* March, *afterwards* King Edward IV.
EDMUND, *Earl of* Rutland,
GEORGE, *afterwards Duke of* Clarence,
RICHARD, *afterwards Duke of* Gloster,
} *his sons.*

DUKE OF NORFOLK,
MARQUIS OF MONTAGUE,
EARL OF WARWICK,
EARL OF PEMBROKE,
LORD HASTINGS,
LORD STAFFORD,
} *of the Duke of* York's *party.*

Sir JOHN MORTIMER,
Sir HUGH MORTIMER,
} *uncles to the Duke of* York.

HENRY, *Earl of* Richmond, *a youth.*
LORD RIVERS, *brother to Lady* Grey,
Sir WILLIAM STANLEY.
Sir JOHN MONTGOMERY.
Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.
Tutor to Rutland.
Mayor of York. *Lieutenant of the* Tower.
A Nobleman. Two Keepers. A Huntsman.
A Son that has killed his Father.
A Father that has killed his Son.

QUEEN MARGARET.
Lady GREY, *afterwards Queen to* Edward IV.
BONA, *sister to the* French *Queen.*

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry *and* King Edward, *Messengers, Watchmen, &c.*

SCENE,—*during part of the third Act, in* FRANCE; *during all the rest of the Play, in* ENGLAND.

[Scene I.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *The* Parliament-House.

Drums. Some Soldiers *of* YORK'*s Party break in. Then, enter the Duke of* YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and others, with white roses in their hats.*

War. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursued the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerous:
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.
[*Showing his bloody sword.*

Mont. And, brother, here 's the earl of Wiltshire's blood, [*To* YORK, *showing his.*
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did. [*Throwing down the* DUKE OF SOMERSET'*s head.*

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—
But,[a] is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

[a] *But.*—So the folio. In the 'True Tragedy' we have "*what*," which is the ordinary reading. There is a contemptuous force in *but* which is hardly given by *what*. The word is similarly employed in Twelfth Night. "*But* are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?"

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.

War. And so do I, victorious prince of York.[a]
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk,—Stay by me, my lords;—
And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And when the king comes offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.
[*They retire.*

York. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council:
By words, or blows, here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king;
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.
[WARWICK *leads* YORK *to the throne, who seats himself.*

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, *and others, with red roses in their hats.*

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike, he means,
(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,)
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;
And thine, lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such as he;
He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe. But when the duke is slain they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—
[*They advance to the* DUKE.
Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.

York. I am thine.[a]

Exe. For shame, come down; he made thee duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom[b] was.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, duke of York.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so. Content thyself.

[a] We follow the punctuation of all the old copies. In the modern text we invariably have—
"And so do I. Victorious prince of York," &c.

[a] The modern editors have adopted the reading of the 'True Tragedy:'—
"*Thou art deceiv'd,* I am thine."
The words which are rejected in the folio assuredly weaken the passage.

[b] *Earldom.*—In the 'True Tragedy' we read "*kingdom.*"

War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.
West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster;
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.
War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.
North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.
West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I 'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.
Clif. Urge it no more: lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir.
War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!
York. Will you, we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.
K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York:
Thy grandfather Roger Mortimer, earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.
K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are old enough now, and yet methinks you lose:—
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, [*to* York] as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,
Let 's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.
York. Sons, peace!
K. Hen. Peace thou! and give king Henry leave to speak.
War. Plantagenet shall speak first:—hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.
K. Hen. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours—often borne in France,
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—
Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
My title 's good, and better far than his.
War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.
K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.
York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.
K. Hen. I know not what to say; my title's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
York. What then?
K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king:
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.
York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?
Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.
K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.
K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.
War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.
North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
Can set the duke up, in despite of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?
War. Do right unto this princely duke of York;
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And over the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[*He stamps, and the* Soldiers *show themselves.*
K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word;—
Let me, for this my life-time, reign as king.
York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.
K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!
War. What good is this to England, and himself!
West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!
Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!
West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.
North. Nor I.
Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.
West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!
Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome!
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!
[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.
War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.
K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!
War. Why should you sigh, my lord?
K. Hen. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But, be it as it may:—I here entail
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign;
And neither by treason, nor hostility,
To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.
York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform. [*Coming from the throne.*

War. Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet embrace him.
K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!
York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.
Exe. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes!
[*Senet. The* Lords *come forward.*
York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.
War. And I'll keep London, with my soldiers.
Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.
Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.
[*Exeunt* YORK, *and his Sons,* WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, Soldiers, *and* Attendants.
K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET *and the* PRINCE OF WALES.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray [a] her anger:
I'll steal away.
K. Hen. Exeter, so will I. [*Going.*
Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.
Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
Had'st thou but lov'd him half so well as I;
Or felt that pain which I did for him once;
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.
Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be king, why should not I succeed?
K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet son;
The earl of Warwick and the duke enforc'd me.
Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!

[a] *Bewray,*—discover. Douce says that *bewray* is simply to disclose, whilst *betray* is to disclose treacherously. The words are often used indifferently by the elder writers.

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:
And spread they shall be; to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee:—Come, son, let's away;
Our army 's ready; come, we 'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murther'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field
I 'll see your grace: till then, I 'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt* Queen Margaret *and the* Prince.

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke;
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost[a] my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!
The loss of those three lords torments my heart:
I 'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;—
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Cost.* Warburton, and with him Steevens, maintain that the true word is *coast*—"Will coast the crown"—will hover about the crown. It is unnecessary to turn a plain expression into a metaphor.

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Sandal Castle, *near* Wakefield, *in* Yorkshire.

Enter Edward, Richard, *and* Montague.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter York.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace, and us;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:[a]
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be if I claim by open war.

Rich. I 'll prove the contrary, if you 'll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 't was he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,

[a] Lord Chedworth quotes Cicero as the authority for this opinion:—"Si violandum est jus, regnandi gratiâ violandum est: aliis rebus pietatem colas." (De Officiis, l. 3.)

And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.
Thou, Richard, shalt unto the duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentish men will willingly rise:
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty,[a] courteous, liberal, full of spirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay; What news? why com'st thou in such post?

Mess. The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your castle:
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou that we fear them?
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;
My brother Montague shall post to London:
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.
[*Exit.*

Enter Sir John *and Sir* Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John, and sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's general; what should we fear?
[*A march afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums; let's set our men in order;
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one;
Why should I not now have the like success?
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

[a] *Witty,*—of sound judgment—of good understanding.

SCENE III.—*Plains near* Sandal Castle.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Rutland, *and his* Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor! look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter Clifford *and* Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, Clifford! murther not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.
[*Exit, forced off by* Soldiers.

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die:
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Cliff. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me;
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore— [*Lifting his hand.*

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death:—
To thee I pray: Sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm: Why wilt thou slay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 't was ere I was born.

Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me;
Lest in revenge thereof,—sith God is just,—
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause?
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.
[Clifford *stabs him.*
Rut. Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ!
[*Dies.*
Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Alarum. Enter York.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field;
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons—God knows, what hath bechanced them:
But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me;
And thrice cried,—'Courage, father! fight it out!'
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried,—'Charge! and give no foot of ground!'
And cried,—'A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!'
With this, we charg'd again: but, out, alas!
We bodg'd[a] again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves. [*A short alarum within.*
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
And were I strong I would not shun their fury:
The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northumberland, *and* Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.
North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.
Cliff. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.
Now Phaëton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.
York. My ashes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?
Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.
York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time:
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face;
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word;
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.
[*Draws.*
Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes,
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life:—
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.
North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it when a cur doth grin
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.
[*They lay hands on* York, *who struggles.*
Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.
North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.
[York *is taken prisoner.*
York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.
North. What would your grace have done unto him now?
Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,

[a] *Bodg'd.* Johnson would read *budg'd.* Steevens thinks that *bodg'd* here means "we *boggled*, made bad or bungling work of our attempt to rally."

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here;
That raught[a] at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.
What! was it you that would be England's king?
Was 't you, that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons, to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where 's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York; I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy:
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly
I should lament thy miserable state.
I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.[b]
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;
York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.
A crown for York;—and, lords, bow low to him.
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.
[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.
But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me you should not be king
Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale[c] your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 't is a fault too, too unpardonable!
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let 's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, vizor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unless the adage must be verified,
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
'T is beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But God he knows thy share thereof is small:
'T is virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'T is government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
Thou, stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bid'st thou me rage? why now thou hast thy wish:
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:

[a] *Raught.* The ancient preterite of to *reach.*
[b] We place this line as in the folio. Its ordinary position is after
"I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York."
[c] *Pale,*—impale—encircle.

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet
boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
[*He gives back the handkerchief.*
And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—Alas it was a piteous deed!—
There, take the crown, and with the crown my
curse;
And, in thy need such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

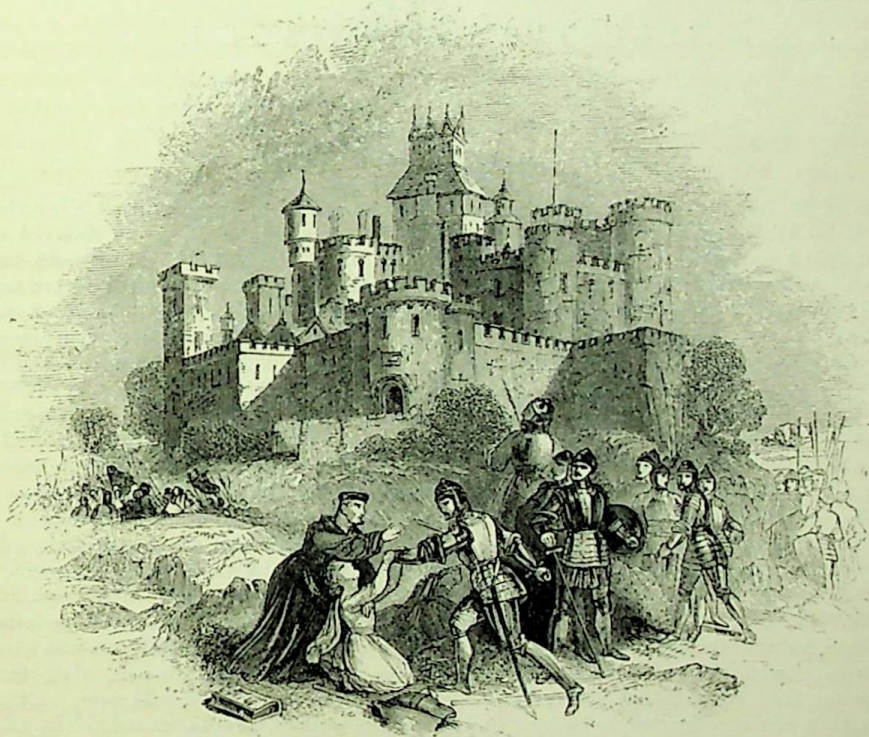
North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my
kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my lord North-
umberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here 's for my oath, here 's for my
father's death. [*Stabbing him.*

Q. Mar. And here 's to right our gentle-
hearted king. [*Stabbing him.*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out
thee. [*Dies.*

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on
York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York.
[*Exeunt.*

[Scene III Sandal Castle.]

[Edward Prince of Wales.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT I.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

The battle of St. Alban's concluded the Second Part of the drama of Henry VI.; in the first scene of this Third Part the conquerors are assembled in the parliament-house, boasting of their exploits, and resolved to carry out their victory to its utmost consequences. Yet five years had elapsed between this first great triumph of the Yorkists and the compromise between the rival houses which we find in the scene before us. That compromise followed the battle of Northampton, in the 38th year of Henry VI.; the battle of St. Alban's was fought in the 33rd year of that reign. We transcribe the passages from the Chroniclers upon which Shakspere has constructed his plot. Hall says,—

"During this trouble was a parliament summoned to begin at Westminster in the month of October next following. Before which time Richard Duke of York, being in Ireland, by swift couriers and flying posts, was advertised of the great victory gained by his party at the field of Northampton, and also knew that the king was now in case to be kept and ordered at his pleasure and will; wherefore, losing no time, nor slugging one hour, he sailed from Develine to Chester with no small company, and by long journeys came to the city of London, which he entered the Friday next before the feast of Saint Edward the Confessor, with a sword borne naked before him, and took his lodging in the king's own palace, whereupon the common people babbled that he should be king, and that King Henry should no longer reign. During the time of this parliament, the Duke of York, with a bold countenance, entered into the chamber of the peers and sat down in the throne royal under the cloth of estate (which is the king's peculiar seat), and in the presence as well of the nobility as of the spirituality (after a pause made) said these words in effect." * * * *

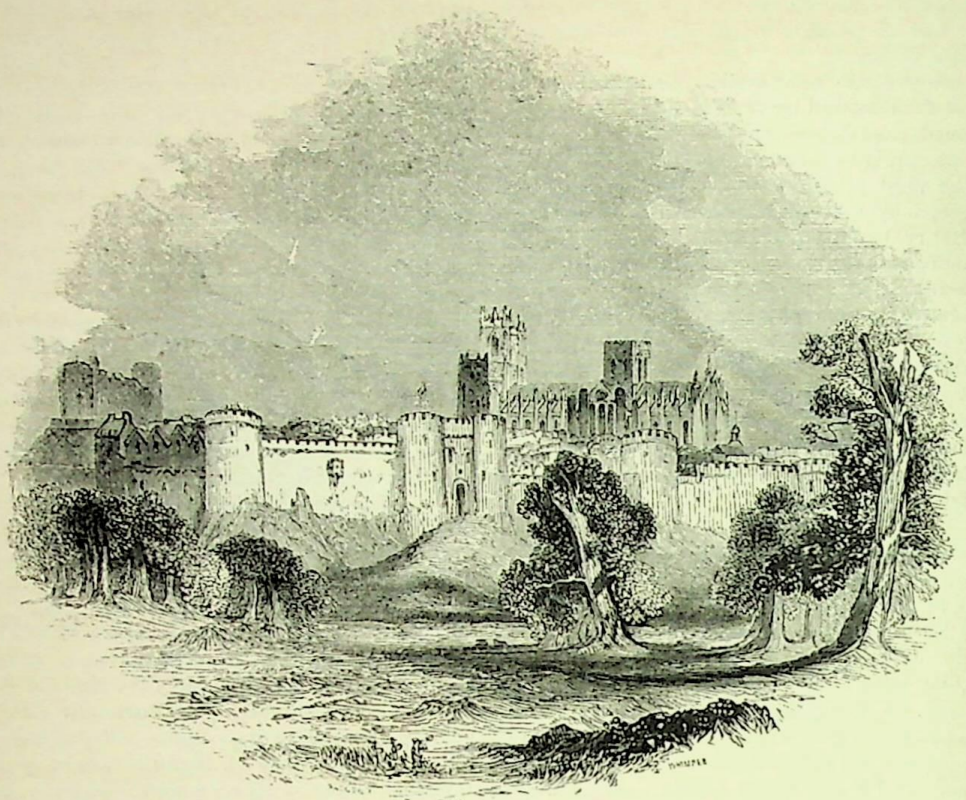
Hall then gives a long oration, which Holinshed copies, with the following remarks:—" Master Edward Hall, in his Chronicle, maketh mention of an oration which the Duke of York uttered, sitting in the regal seat there in the chamber of the peers, either at this his first coming in amongst them, or else at some one time after, the which we have thought good also to set down; though John Whethamsted, the Abbot of St. Alban's, who lived in those days, and by all likelihood was there present at the parliament, maketh no further recital of any words which the duke should utter at that time in that his book of records, where he entreateth of this matter." Hall thus proceeds:—" When the duke had thus ended his oration, the lords sat still like images graven in the wall, or dumb gods, neither whispering nor speaking, as though their mouths had been sowed up. The duke, perceiving none answer to be made to his declared purpose, not well content with their sober silence and taciturnity, advised them well to digest and ponder the effect of

his oration and saying, and so, neither fully displeased nor all pleased, departed to his lodging in the king's palace."

The compromise upon which the parliament resolved is thus noticed by Hall:—"After long arguments made, and deliberate consultation had among the peers, prelates, and commons of the realm, upon the vigil of All Saints it was condescended and agreed by the three estates, for so much as King Henry had been taken as king, by the space of xxxviii years and more, that he should enjoy the name and title of king, and have possession of the realm, during his life natural: And if he either died or resigned, or forfeited the same for infringing any point of this concord, then the said crown and authority royal should immediately be divoluted to the Duke of York, if he then lived, or else to the next heir of his line and lineage, and that the duke from thenceforth should be protector and regent of the land. Provided alway, that if the king did closely or apertly study or go about to break or alter this agreement, or to compass or imagine the death or destruction of the said duke or his blood, then he to forfeit the crown, and the Duke of York to take it. These articles, with many other, were not only written, sealed, and sworn by the two parties, but also were enacted in the high court of parliament. For joy whereof, the king, having in his company the said duke, rode to the cathedral church of Saint Paul within the city of London; and there, on the day of All Saints, went solemnly, with the diadem on his head, in procession, and was lodged a good space after in the bishop's palace, near to the said church. And upon the Saturday next ensuing Richard Duke of York was, by the sound of a trumpet, solemnly proclaimed heir apparent to the crown of England, and protector of the realm."

The battle of Wakefield soon followed this hollow compromise. The main incidents of the third and fourth scenes are built upon the chroniclers. Hall writes thus:—"The Duke of York with his people descended down in good order and array, and was suffered to pass forward toward the main battle: but when he was in the plain ground between his castle and the town of Wakefield he was environed on every side, like a fish in a net, or a deer in a buckstall: so that he, manfully fighting, was within half an hour slain and dead, and his whole army discomfited; and with him died of his trusty friends, his two bastard uncles, Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimers, Sir Davy Halle his chief counsellor, Sir Hugh Hastings, Sir Thomas Nevel, William and Thomas Aparre, both brethren, and two thousand and eight hundred other, whereof many were young gentlemen and heirs of great parentage in the south part, whose lineages revenged their deaths within four months next and immediately ensuing. * * * * Whilst this battle was in fighting, a priest called Sir Robert Aspall, chaplain and schoolmaster to the young Earl of Rutland, ii son to the abovenamed Duke of York, scarce of the age of xii years, a fair gentleman, and a maidenlike person, perceiving that flight was more safeguard than tarrying, both for him and his master, secretly conveyed the earl out of the field, by the Lord Clifford's band, toward the town; but ere he could enter into a house he was by the said Lord Clifford espied, followed, and taken, and by reason of his apparel demanded what he was. The young gentleman, dismayed, had not a word to speak, but kneeled on his knees imploring mercy, and desiring grace, both with holding up his hands and making dolorous countenance, for his speech was gone for fear. Save him, said his chaplain, for he is a prince's son, and peradventure may do you good hereafter. With that word, the Lord Clifford marked him, and said, By God's blood, thy father slew mine, and so will I do thee and all thy kin: and with that word stuck the earl to the heart with his dagger, and bade his chaplain bear the earl's mother and brother word what he had done and said."

This ferocious revenge of Clifford is commented upon with just indignation by Hall:—"In this act the Lord Clifford was accompted a tyrant, and no gentleman." He then proceeds to describe the death of the Duke of York:—"This cruel Clifford and deadly bloodsupper, not content with this homicide, or childkilling, came to the place where the dead corpse of the Duke of York lay, and caused his head to be stricken off, and set on it a crown of paper, and so fixed it on a pole, and presented it to the queen, not lying far from the field, in great despite and much derision, saying, Madam, your war is done, here is your king's ransom: at which present was much joy and great rejoicing; but many laughed then that sore lamented after, as the queen herself, and her son: and many were glad then of other men's deaths, not knowing that their own were near at hand, as the Lord Clifford, and other. But, surely, man's nature is so frail, that things passed be soon forgotten, and mischiefs to come be not foreseen. After this victory by the queen and her party obtained, she caused the Earl of Salisbury, with all the other prisoners, to be sent to Pomfret, and there to be beheaded, and sent all their heads, and the Duke's head of York, to be set upon poles over the gate of the city of York, in despite of them and their lineage."

The circumstances attending the death of York are, however, differently told. Holinshed says,—"Some write that the duke was taken alive, and in derision caused to stand upon a molehill, on whose head they put a garland instead of a crown, which they had fashioned and made of segges or bulrushes, and having so crowned him with that garland they kneeled down afore him as the Jews did to Christ in scorn, saying to him, Hail, king without rule; hail, king without heritage; hail, duke and prince without people or possessions. And at length, having thus scorned him with these and divers other the like despiteful words, they stroke off his head, which (as ye have heard) they presented to the queen." The poet has taken the most picturesque parts of the two narratives.

[Scene II. Before York.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Plain near* Mortimer's Cross *in* Herefordshire.

Drums. Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *with their Forces, marching*

Edw. I wonder how our princely father 'scap'd;
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit;
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks, we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him, how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father;
Methinks, 'tis prize [a] enough to be his son.
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker, prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'T is wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.

[a] *Prize.* So the folio; the quartos, *pride*.

I think it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,[a]
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And overshine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.
Rich. Nay, bear three daughters;—by your leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretel
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?
Mess. Ah, one that was a woful looker on,
When as the noble duke of York was slain,
Your princely father, and my loving lord:
Edw. O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.
Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.
Mess. Environed he was with many foes;
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdued;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen:
Who crown'd the gracious duke, in high despite;
Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.
Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!
O Clifford, boist'rous Clifford, thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee!
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence! that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest:

[a] *Meeds*—merits.

For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy.
Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen;
For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for me!—
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.
Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.
Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK *and* MONTAGUE, *with Forces.*

War. How now, fair lords? What fare? what news abroad?
Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh, till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.
Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.
War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears:
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befallen.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
[And very well appointed, as I thought,[a]]

[a] This line is not in the folio, but is introduced from the quartos.

March'd towards St. Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along:
For by my scouts I was advértised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henry's oath and your succession.
Short tale to make,—we at St. Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But, whether 't was the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their hated spleen;
Or whether 't was report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives—blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thresher with a flail,—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled: the king unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers:
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'T was odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick: blame me not;
'T is love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what 's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say,—Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welchmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry—Charge upon our foes!
But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak:
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day
That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fail'st[a] (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;
The next degree is England's royal throne:
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
(As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,)
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums;—God, and Saint George, for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?

[a] *Fail'st.* So the folio; but it is generally printed *fall'st.* The quartos read *faint'st.*

Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.
War. Why then it sorts, brave warriors; Let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before* York.

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, *the* PRINCE OF WALES, CLIFFORD, *and* NORTHUMBERLAND, *with Forces.*

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?
K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wrack;—
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.
Cliff. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on;
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
Which sometime they have used with fearful flight,)
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their youngs' defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault;
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
'What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away?'
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.
K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And 'would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York! 'would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!
Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.
Edward, kneel down.
K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.
Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.
Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick backing of the duke of York;
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Darraign[a] your battle, for they are at hand.
Clif. I would your highness would depart the field;
The queen hath best success when you are absent.
Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.
K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.
North. Be it with resolution then to fight.
Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,

[a] *Darraign.* It is curious that the elder quartos have a word which sounds more modern—*prepare.* To *darraign* is used by Chaucer:—

"Full prively two harneis hath he dight,
Both suffisant and mete to *darreine*
The bataille in the feld betwix hem tweine."

And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheath your sword, good father; cry, 'Saint George!'

March. *Enter* EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, *and* Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?
Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?
Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You, that are king though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me and put his own son in.
Clif. And reason too;
Who should succeed the father but the son?
Rich. Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!
Clif. Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?
Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.
Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.
War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?
Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick! dare you speak?
When you and I met at St. Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.
War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 't is thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently;
Break off the parle; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.
Clif. I slew thy father: Call'st thou him a child?
Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But, ere sun-set, I 'll make thee curse the deed.
K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.
Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.
K. Hen. I prithee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.
Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.
Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.
Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but everything is right.
Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.
Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatick,[a]
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.
Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel[b] should be call'd the sea,)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?
Edw. A wisp of straw[c] were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself.
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the dauphin stoop;

[a] *Stigmatick.* See Note on Henry VI., Part II., Act v., Sc. I.
[b] *Channel*, according to Malone, is equivalent to what we now call a *kennel*.
[c] *Wisp of straw.* Capell conjectures that there is some allusion in this expression to the queen's alleged incontinency—to which the word *callet* also refers. It is similarly applied by Nashe in his 'Apology of Pierce Pennilesse:'—
"A wisp, a wisp, you kitchen-stuff wrangler!"

And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day:
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept:
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root:
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We 'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—
And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman; we 'll no longer stay;
These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Field of Battle between* Towton *and* Saxton *in* Yorkshire.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Forspent[a] with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter Edward, *running.*

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

Enter George.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
What counsel give you, whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight; they follow us with wings:
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance:
And, in the very pangs of death, he cry'd,—
Like to a dismal clangour heard from far,—
'Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!'
So underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I 'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I 'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine;
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings!
Beseeching thee, if with thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games:

[a] *Forspent.* So the folio; the quartos, *sore spent.* In the same manner we have in King John *forwearied*—excessively wearied.

This may plant courage in their quailing breasts ;
For yet is hope of life, and victory.
Fore-slow [a] no longer, make we hence amain.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another Part of the Field.*

Excursions. Enter Richard *and* Clifford.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:
Suppose this arm is for the duke of York,
And this for Rutland ; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone :
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York ;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland ;
And here 's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself ;
And so, have at thee.
[*They fight.* Warwick *enters ;* Clifford *flies.*

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase ;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter King Henry.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light ;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind ;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind :
Sometime, the flood prevails ; and then, the wind :
Now, one the better ; then, another best ;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered :
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory !
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
'Would I were dead ! if God's good will were so :
For what is in this world but grief and woe ?
O God ! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain :
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run :
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times :
So many hours must I tend my flock ;
So many hours must I take my rest ;
So many hours must I cóntemplate ;
So many hours must I sport myself ;
So many days my ewes have been with young ;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean ;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece ;
So minutes, hours, days, weeks,[b] months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery ?
O, yes it doth ; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son *that has killed his Father, dragging in the dead body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns :
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
Who 's this?—O God ! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events !
From London by the king was I press'd forth ;
My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master ;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,

[a] *Fore-slow*—delay—loiter.

[b] *Weeks.* This word is not in the original, but was introduced into the text by Rowe.

Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I 'll aid thee, tear for tear;
And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a Father, *who has killed his Son, with the body in his arms.*

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me see:—is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!
O, pity, God, this miserable age!
What stratagems,[a] how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!
O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one, his purple blood right well resembles;
The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, present:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied?

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied?

K. Hen. How will the country, for these woful chances,
Mis-think the king, and not be satisfied?

Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd a son?

K. Hen. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I 'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. [*Exit, with the body.*

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious[b] will thy father be,
Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I 'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murther'd where I should not kill.
[*Exit, with the body.*

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE OF WALES, *and* EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post amain:
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away; for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
Or else come after, I 'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

A loud Alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, *wounded.*

Clif. Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave king Henry light.
O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love, and fear, glued many friends to thee;
And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt.

[a] *Stratagems.* M. Mason has shown that *stratagems* here means *disastrous* events—not merely the events of war, its surprises and snares.

[b] *Obsequious*—performing obsequies—the "obsequious sorrow" of Hamlet.

Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York,
[The common people swarm like summer flies:[a]]
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaëton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth:
And Henry, had'st thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies;
I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds:
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight;
The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:
Come, York and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.
[*He faints.*

Alarum and retreat. Enter Edward, George, Richard, Montague, Warwick, *and* Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen;
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 't is impossible he should escape:
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
And, wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.
[Clifford *groans, and dies.*

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 't is Clifford;
Who, not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murthering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,—
I mean, our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
Instead whereof let this supply the room;
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
[*Attendants bring the body forward.*

War. I think his understanding is bereft:—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth;
'T is but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager[a] words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.

Geo. Where 's captain Margaret, to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford! swear as thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath:
I know by that he 's dead: And, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,

[a] This line is not in the folio, but has been introduced from the quartos.

[a] *Eager*—sour—sharp.

This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstaunched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he 's dead: Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen:
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.
First, will I see the coronation;
And then to Britany I 'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be:
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat;
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.
Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster;
And George, of Clarence; Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence; George, of Gloster;
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

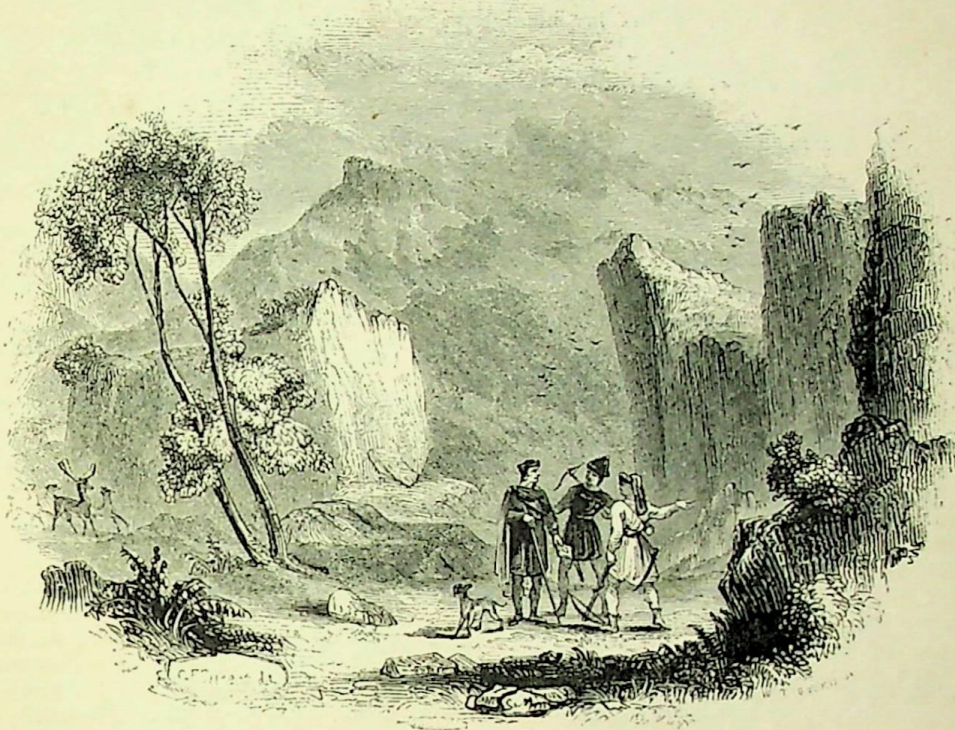
War. Tut, that 's a foolish observation;
Richard, be duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*

[Field near Towton.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT II.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

The events which followed the death of the Duke of York are thus described by Hall:—"The Earl of March, so commonly called, but after the death of his father in deed and in right very Duke of York, lying at Gloucester, hearing of the death of his noble father, and loving brother, and trusty friends, was wonderfully amazed; but after comfort given to him by his faithful lovers and assured allies, he removed to Shrewsbury and other towns upon the river of Severn, declaring to them the murder of his father, the jeopardy of himself, and the unstable state and ruin of the realm. The people on the Marches of Wales, which above measure favoured the lineage of the lord Mortimer, more gladly offered him their aid and assistance than he it either instantly required or heartily desired, so that he had a puissant army, to the number of twenty-three thousand, ready to go against the queen and the murderers of his father. But when he was setting forward news were brought to him that Jasper Earl of Pembroke, half brother to King Henry, and James Butler Earl of Ormond and Wiltshire, had assembled together a great number, both of Welsh and Irish people, suddenly to surprise and take him and his friends, and as a captive to convey him to the queen. The Duke of York, called Earl of March, somewhat spurred and quickened with these novelties, retired back, and met with his enemies in a fair plain near to Mortimer's Cross, not far from Hereford east, on Candlemas-day in the morning, at which time the sun (as some write) appeared to the Earl of March like three suns, and suddenly joined altogether in one, and that upon the sight thereof he took such courage that he fiercely set on his enemies, and them shortly discomfited: for which cause men imagined that he gave the sun in his full brightness for his cognizance or badge."

The poet passes over the battle of Mortimer's Cross, but gives us the incident of the three suns. He also, not crowding the scene with an undramatic succession of events nearly similar, omits all mention of the second battle of St. Alban's, in which the queen was victorious. This battle was fruitless to the cause of Lancaster, for Edward was almost immediately after recognised as king by the parliament assembled in London. The poet postpones this event, and, after the imaginary interview of the second scene, brings us to the great battle of Towton, which is thus described by Hall:—"This battle was sore fought, for hope of life was set on side on every part, and taking of prisoners was proclaimed as a great offence; by reason whereof every man determined either to conquer or to die in the field. This deadly battle and bloody conflict continued ten hours in doubtful victory, the one part sometime flowing and sometime ebbing; but, in conclusion, King Edward so courageously comforted his men, refreshing the weary and helping the wounded, that the other part was discomforted and overcome, and, like men amazed, fled toward Tadcaster-bridge to save themselves. * * * * * This conflict was in manner unnatural, for in it the son fought against the father, the brother against the brother, the nephew against the uncle, and the tenant against his lord."

[Scene I. Chace in the North.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Chace in the North of* England.

Enter Two Keepers, *with cross-bows in their hands.*

1 *Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake we 'll shroud ourselves;
For through this laund[a] anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

2 *Keep.* I 'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1 *Keep.* That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,

[a] *Laund* (the same as lawn) is, according to Camden, "a plain among trees."

I 'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

2 *Keep.* Here comes a man, let 's stay till he be past.

Enter King Henry, *disguised, with a prayer-book.*

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 't is no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

1 *Keep.* Ay, here 's a deer whose skin 's a keeper's fee:
This is the *quondam* king; let 's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace these sour adversities:
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

2 *Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

1 *Keep.* Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward: If this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
For she 's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild while she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she 's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;
He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;
That she poor wretch for grief can speak no more:
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support king Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 't will be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2 *Keep.* Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

2 *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind; and that 's enough.

2 *Keep.* But if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

2 *Keep.* Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us: for, as we think,
You are the king king Edward hath depos'd;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear and break an oath?

2 *Keep.* No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was king of England?

2 *Keep.* Here in this country where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father, and my grandfather, were kings;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

1 *Keep.* No;
For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings; command, and I 'll obey.

1 *Keep.* We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as king Edward is.

1 *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:
And what God will that[a] let your king perform;
And what he will I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *That*—So the original; but by some continued error all the modern editions have "*then* let your king perform."

SCENE II.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, *and Lady* GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albans' field
This lady's husband, sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. Yea! is it so?
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. He knows the game: How true he keeps the wind! [*Aside.*

Glo. Silence! [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time, to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. I fear her not unless she chance to fall. [*Aside.*

Glo. God forbid that! for he'll take vantages. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.

Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her. [*Aside.*

Glo. Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two. [*Aside.*

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's land.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.
[GLOSTER *and* CLARENCE *retire to the other side.*

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

L. Grey. What you command that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

Glo. He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. [*Aside.*

Clar. As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt. [*Aside.*

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.

K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me, in another sense.
What love think'st thou I sue so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness[a] of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.
K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say ay to my request:
No; if thou dost say no to my demand.
L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows. [*Aside.*
Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom. [*Aside.*
K. Edw. [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do show her wit incomparable.
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way, or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.
Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?
L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know I am too mean to be your queen:
And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean, my queen.

[a] *Sadness*—seriousness.

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace my son should call you father.
K. Edw. No more, than when my[a] daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children:
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.
Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift. [*Aside.*
Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift. [*Aside.*
K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.
Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.
K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.
Clar. To whom, my lord?
K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.
Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.
Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.
Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.
K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.
K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.
Widow, go you along;—Lords, use her honourable.
[*Exeunt* KING EDWARD, *Lady* GREY, CLARENCE, *and* Lord.
Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire and me,
(The lustful Edward's title buried,)
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!

[a] *My* in the original; but in all the modern editions erroneously *thy*.

Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he 'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
And so I say, I' ll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.
My eye 's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I 'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I 'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown;
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
Until my mis-shap'd trunk, that bears this head,
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home;
And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,—
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murther whiles I smile:
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I 'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I 'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I 'll play the orator as well as Nestor;
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could;
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to the cameleon;
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages,
And set the murtherous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it further off I 'll pluck it down.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—France. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter LEWIS *the* French *King, and Lady* BONA, *attended; the* KING *takes his state. Then enter* QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD *her son, and the* EARL OF OXFORD.

K. Lew. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret, [*Rising.*
Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state
And birth that thou should'st stand, while Lewis doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty king of France; now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck
[*Seats her by him.*
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,

Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us all our hope is done:
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou see'st, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay the more I 'll succour thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow:
And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwick, *attended.*

K. Lew. What 's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?
[*Descending from his state.* Queen Margaret *rises.*

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And then to crave a league of amity:
And, lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward Henry's hope is done.

War. And, gracious madam, [*to* Bona] in our king's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis, and lady Bona, hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,
Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour:
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it in this smooth discourse
You told not, how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest, you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obey'dst thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame, leave Henry and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?

No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

Q. Mar. Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not!

[*Retiring with the* PRINCE *and* OXFORD.

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true king? for I were loth,
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further, all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,
That this his love was an eternal plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:—
Yet I confess, [*to* WAR.] that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus,—Our sister shall be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd:
Draw near, queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit;
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 't is but reason that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease;
Where, having nothing, nothing he can lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,
You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 't were you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace;
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!
I will not hence till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance,[a] and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[*A horn sounded within.*

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you;
Sent from your brother, marquis Montague;—
These from our king unto your majesty;—
And, madam, these for you; from whom—I know not.

[*To* MARGARET. *They all read their letters.*

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were nettled:
I hope all's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

Q. Mar. Mine such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the lady Grey?
And now, to sooth your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

[a] *Conveyance*—juggling—artifice.

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he dishonours me;
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right;
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself: for my desert is honour.
And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry:
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor;
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I 'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'T is not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He 's very likely now to fall from him;
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,
You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then England's messenger, return in post;
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:
Thou seest what 's past, go fear[a] thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly,
I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I 'll uncrown him, ere 't be long.
There 's thy reward; be gone. [*Exit* Mess.

K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou,
And Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt;
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty:
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I 'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion:
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*He gives his hand to* WARWICK.

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,
And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
[*Exeunt all but* WARWICK.

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:

[a] *Fear*—affright.

Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale[a] but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I 'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*

[a] *Stale*—stalking-horse—as in the Comedy of Errors,—
"Poor I am but his *stale*."

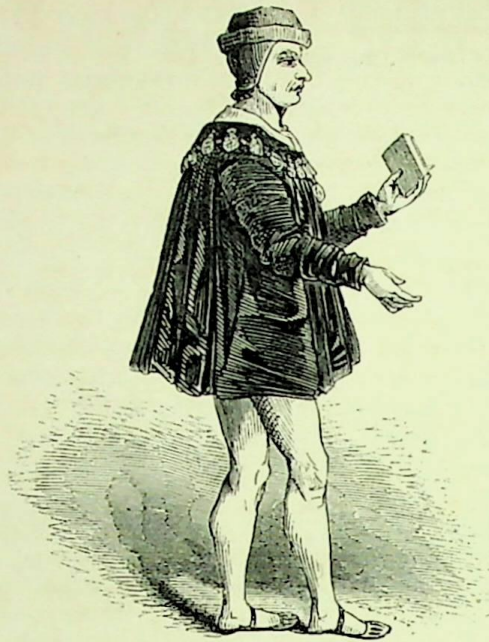
[Scene III. 'Welcome, brave Warwick.']

[Lewis XI. of France.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT III.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

The first scene exhibits the capture of Henry VI. upon his abandonment of his secure asylum in Scotland. Between that period, 1464, and the accession of Edward, three years had elapsed—years of unavailing struggle on the part of the Lancastrians. The capture of Henry is thus described by Hall:—"Whatsoever jeopardy or peril might be construed or deemed to have ensued by the means of King Henry, all such doubts were now shortly resolved and determined, and all fear of his doings were clearly put under and extinct. For he himself, whether he were past all fear, or was not well stablished in his perfect mind, or could not long keep himself secret, in a disguised apparel boldly entered into England. He was no sooner entered but he was known and taken of one Cantlowe, and brought toward the king, whom the Earl of Warwick met on the way, by the king's commandment, and brought him through London to the Tower, and there he was laid in sure hold. Queen Margaret his wife, hearing of the captivity of her husband, mistrusting the chance of her son, all disconsolate and comfortless, departed out of Scotland and sailed into France, where she remained with Duke Reyner her father till she took her unfortunate journey into England again, where she lost both husband and son, and also all her wealth, honour, and worldly felicity."

In the second scene the poet, with great dramatic skill, exhibits the course of that wooing which ended in the marriage of Edward with Elizabeth Woodville—an event altogether unpropitious and finally destructive to his house. Hall (whom we still follow, for Holinshed is almost his literal copyist) tells the story with great quaintness, and Shakspere clearly follows him:—"But now consider the old proverb to be true that sayeth that marriage is destiny. For during the time that the Earl of Warwick was thus in France concluding a marriage for king Edward, the king, being on hunting in the forest of Wichwood beside Stoney Stratford, came for his recreation to the manor of Grafton, where the duchess of Bedford sojourned, then wife to Sir Richard Woodville, Lord Rivers, on whom then was attending a daughter of hers, called Dame Elizabeth Grey, widow of Sir John Grey, knight, slain at the last battle of Saint Alban's by the power of King Edward. This widow, having a suit to the king, either to be restored by him to something taken from her, or requiring him of pity to have some

augmentation to her living, found such grace in the king's eyes that he not only favoured her suit, but much more phantasied her person; for she was a woman more of formal countenance than of excellent beauty, but yet of such beauty and favour that with her sober demeanour, lovely looking, and feminine smiling (neither too wanton nor too humble), beside her tongue so eloquent, and her wit so pregnant, she was able to ravish the mind of a mean person, when she allured and made subject to her the heart of so great a king. After that King Edward had well considered all the lineaments of her body, and the wise and womanly demeanour that he saw in her, he determined first to attempt if he might provoke her to be his sovereign lady, promising her many gifts and fair rewards; affirming farther, that if she would thereunto condescend, she might so fortune of his paramour and concubine to be changed to his wife and lawful bedfellow; which demand she so wisely and with so covert speech answered and repugned, affirming that, as she was for his honour far unable to be his spouse and bedfellow, so for her own poor honesty she was too good to be either his concubine or sovereign lady: that where he was a little before heated with the dart of Cupid, he was now set all on a hot burning fire, what for the confidence that he had in her perfect constancy, and the trust that he had in her constant chastity; and without any farther deliberation he determined with himself clearly to marry with her, after that asking counsel of them which he knew neither would nor once durst impugn his concluded purpose. But the Duchess of York, his mother, letted it as much as in her lay, alleging a precontract made by him with the Lady Lucy and divers other lettes; all which doubts were resolved, and all things made clear, and all cavillations avoided. And so, privily in a morning, he married her at Grafton, where he first phantasied her visage."

The contemporary historians, with one exception, make no mention of the suit of Edward, through Warwick, for the hand of the sister of the crafty Lewis XI. But the poet had ample authority for the third scene of this act, in the relation of Hall, which Holinshed also adopts:—"The French king and his queen were not a little discontent (as I cannot blame them) to have their sister first demanded and then granted, and in conclusion rejected and apparently mocked, without any cause reasonable. But when the Earl of Warwick had perfect knowledge by the letters of his trusty friends that King Edward had gotten him a new wife, and that all that he had done with King Lewis in his ambassade for the conjoining of this new affinity was both frustrate and vain, he was earnestly moved and sore chafed with the chance, and thought it necessary that King Edward should be deposed from his crown and royal dignity, as an inconstant prince, not worthy of such a kingly office. All men for the most part agree that this marriage was the only cause why the Earl of Warwick bare grudge and made war on King Edward. Other affirm that there were other causes, which, added to this, made the fire to flame which before was but a little smoke."

[Scene III. 'This is his tent.']

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE, *and others.*

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
Clar. Alas, you know, 't is far from hence to France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?
Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, *attended; Lady* GREY, *as Queen;* PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, *and others.*

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.
Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?
Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage and in judgment,
That they 'll take no offence at our abuse.
K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.
Glo. And you[a] shall have your will, because our king;
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?
Glo. Not I:

[a] *You* is not in the original.

No; God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.
K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason, why the lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen:
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.
Clar. Then this is my opinion, that king Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady Bona.
Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.
K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd
By such invention as I can devise?
Mont. Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.
Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?
Mont. Yes, but the safer when it is back'd with France.
Hast. 'Tis better using France than trusting France:
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.
Clar. For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.
K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;
And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.
Glo. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well
To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.
Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.
K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.
Clar. In choosing for yourself you show'd your judgment;
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.
K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.
Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent,
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.
K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more. [*Aside.*

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or what news
From France?
Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.
K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters?
Mess. At my depart, these were his very words:
'Go tell false Edward, the supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers
To revel it with him and his new bride.'
K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks me Henry.
But what said lady Bona to my marriage?
Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:
'Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.'
K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;

She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.[a]
Mess. 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armour on.'
K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?
Mess. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:
'Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I 'll uncrown him, ere 't be long.'
K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?
Well, I will arm me, being thus forwarn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?
Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship
That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.
Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.
You that love me and Warwick follow me.
[*Exit* CLARENCE, *and* SOMERSET *follows.*
Glo. Not I.
My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.
[*Aside.*
K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.
Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war.
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.
[*Exeunt* PEMBROKE *and* STAFFORD.
But, ere I go, Hastings, and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance:
Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends;
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,

[a] *In place*—there present; a common form of expression amongst our old writers. The same expression occurs in the sixth scene of this act:—
"Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place."

Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.
Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true!
Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!
K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?
Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.
K. Edw. Why so; then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Plain in* Warwickshire.

Enter WARWICK *and* OXFORD, *with* French *and other Forces.*

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE *and* SOMERSET.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come;
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?
Clar. Fear not that, my lord.
War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede,
With slight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself: I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.
You that will follow me to this attempt
Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.
[*They all cry* HENRY!
Why, then, let 's on our way in silent sort:

For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Edward's *Camp near* Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, *to guard the* King's *tent.*

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand;
The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.
2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?
1 *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a solemn vow
Never to lie and take his natural rest
Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppress'd.
2 *Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.
3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that
That with the king here resteth in his tent?
1 *Watch.* 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.
3 *Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands the king
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keepeth in the cold field?
2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.
3 *Watch.* Ay; but give me worship, and quietness,
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.
1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.
2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, *and Forces.*

War. This is his tent; and see, where stands his guard.
Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.
1 *Watch.* Who goes there?
2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.
[Warwick, *and the rest, cry all*—Warwick! Warwick! *and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying*—Arm! Arm! Warwick, *and the rest, following them.*
The drum beating, and trumpets sounding, re-enter Warwick, *and the rest, bringing the* King *out in a gown, sitting in a chair:* Gloster *and* Hastings *fly.*

Som. What are they that fly there?
War. Richard and Hastings: let them go, here 's the duke.
K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,
Thou call'dst me king.
War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgrac'd me in my ambassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shrowd yourself from enemies?
K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.
War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king: [*Takes off his crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.
My lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I 'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him:
Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York.
K. Edw. What fates impose that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
[*Exit* King Edward, *led out;* Somerset *with him.*
Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?
War. Ay, that 's the first thing that we have to do;
To free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Queen Elizabeth *and* Rivers.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward?
Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?
Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.
Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?
Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is new committed to the bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.
Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief:
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.
Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.
Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?
Q. Eliz. I am informed that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest; king Edward's friends must down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For trust not him that hath once broken faith,)
I 'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right;
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
If Warwick take us we are sure to die.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Park near* Middleham Castle *in* Yorkshire.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *Sir* WILLIAM STANLEY, *and others.*

Glo. Now, my lord Hastings, and sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case: You know our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty;
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advértis'd him by secret means,
That if, about this hour, he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter KING EDWARD, *and a* Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.
K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; see where the huntsmen stand.
Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?
Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste;
Your horse stands ready at the park corner.
K. Edw. But whither shall we then?
Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.
Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.
K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.
Glo. But wherefore stay we? 't is no time to talk.
K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?
Hunt. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.
Glo. Come then, away; let 's have no more ado.
K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;
And pray that I may repossess the crown.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A room in the* Tower.

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *young* RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant *of the* Tower, *and* Attendants.

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.
K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I 'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.
But, Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low where fortune cannot hurt me;
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars;
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.
Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjudg'd an olive-branch, and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace, and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.
War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.
K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands;
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissention hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land;
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.
War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?
Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.
War. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.
Clar. What else? and that succession be determin'd.
War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.
K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat, (for I command no more,)
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for, to return from France with speed:
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.
Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.
K. Hen. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?
Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.
K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope: If secret powers
[*Lays his hand on his head.*
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?
Mess. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.
War. Unsavoury news: But how made he escape?
Mess. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,
And the lord Hastings, who attended him[a]
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.
War. My brother was too careless of his charge.
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.
[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, WAR., CLAR., Lieut., *and* Attendants.

[a] *Attended him*—waited for him.

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's:
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help;
And we shall have more wars before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond;
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours:
Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we 'll send him hence to Britany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay; for if Edward repossess the crown,
'T is like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Britany.
Come, therefore, let 's about it speedily.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Before* York.

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says, that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter as into our dukedom?

Glo. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;
For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man! abodements must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I 'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter on the walls the Mayor *of* York, *and his brethren.*

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

Glo. But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He 'll soon find means to make the body follow.
[*Aside.*

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd. [*Exeunt from above.*

Glo. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded![a]

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 't were not 'long of him: but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor, *and two* Aldermen, *below.*

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,
But in the night, or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[*Takes his keys.*
For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY, *and Forces, marching.*

Glo. Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw. Welcome, sir John! But why come you in arms?

Mont. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery: But we now forget
Our title to the crown; and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.
[*A march begun.*

[a] The line stands in all modern editions,—
"A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon."
Hanmer made the transposition, which Steevens says "requires no apology." It is scarcely necessary to point out that the ruggedness of the original line has a peculiar propriety when uttered with the solemn irony of Richard. Shakspere, as well as all real dramatic poets, vary their metre not only with the expression of passion but according to the character of the speaker.

K. Edw. Nay, stay, sir John, awhile; and we 'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.
Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you 'll not here proclaim yourself our king
I 'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone,
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why should we fight if you pretend no title?
Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?
K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we 'll make our claim:
Till then, 't is wisdom to conceal our meaning.
Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.
Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit[a] thereof will bring you many friends.
K. Edw. Then be it as you will: for 't is my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.
Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.
Hast. Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*
Sold. [*Reads.*] 'Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland,' &c.
Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
[*Throws down his gauntlet.*
All. Long live Edward the Fourth!
K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks unto you all.
If fortune serve me I 'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let 's harbour here in York:
And, when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We 'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;
For, well I wot that Henry is no soldier.
Ah, froward Clarence!—how evil it beseems thee
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we 'll meet both thee and Warwick.
Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day;
And that once gotten doubt not of large pay.
[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Bruit*—report. Thus, in the authorised translation of the Bible (Jeremiah x. 22)—
"Behold the noise of the *bruit* is come."

SCENE VIII.—London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, Montague, Exeter, *and* Oxford.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.
Oxf. Let 's levy men, and beat him back again.
Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which being suffer'd rivers cannot quench.
War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up: and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up[a] in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.
Farewell, my sovereign.
K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.
Clar. In sign of truth I kiss your highness' hand.
K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.
Mont. Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my leave.
Oxf. And thus [*kissing* Henry's *hand*] I seal my truth, and bid adieu.
K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.
War. Farewell, sweet lords; let 's meet at Coventry.
[*Exeunt* War., Clar., Oxf., *and* Mont.
K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks, the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.
Exe. The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.
K. Hen. That 's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame.

[a] *Stir up.*—Steevens omits *up* as unmetrical.

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears:
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within.* A Lancaster! a Lancaster!

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and* Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence,
And once again proclaim us king of England.
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow;
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with* KING HENRY.

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
The sun shines hot, and if we use delay
Cold-biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[*Exeunt.*

[Scene V.]

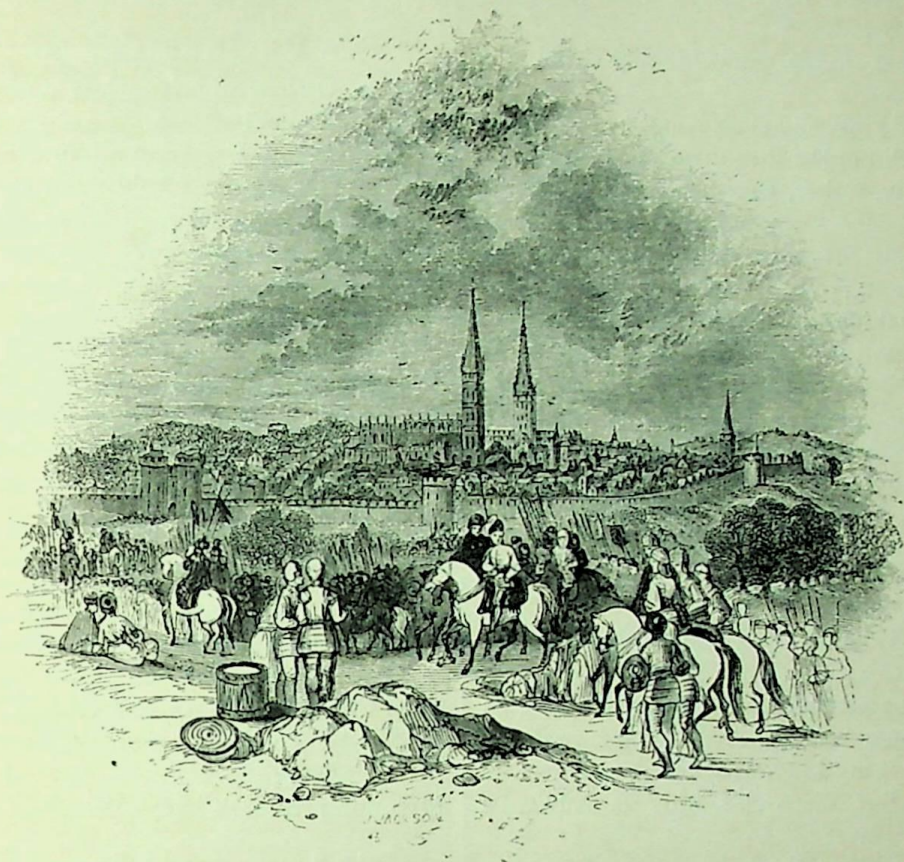
[George Duke of Clarence.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT IV.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

The defection of Clarence from the cause of his brother has been worked up by the poet into a sudden resolve;—it was probably the result of much contrivance slowly operating upon a feeble mind, coupled with his own passion for the daughter of Warwick. What is rapid and distinct in the play is slow and obscure in the Chronicles. Warwick and Clarence in the play are quickly transformed into enemies to the brother and the ally; in the Chronicles we have to trace them through long courses of intrigue and deception. When Warwick possessed himself of the person of Edward it is difficult, from the contemporary historians, to understand his real intentions. Hall, however, who compiles with a picturesque eye, tells the story of his capture and release in a manner which was not unfitted to be expanded into dramatic effect:—"All the king's doings were by espials declared to the Earl of Warwick, which, like a wise and politic captain, intending not to lose so great an advantage to him given, but trusting to bring all his purposes to a final end and determination by only obtaining this enterprise, in the dead of the night, with an elect company of men of war, as secretly as was possible, set on the king's field, killing them that kept the watch, and or the king were ware (for he thought of nothing less than of that chance that happened), at a place called Wolney, four miles from Warwick, he was taken prisoner, and brought to the castle of Warwick. And to the intent that the king's friends might not know where he was, nor what was chanced of him, he caused him by secret journeys in the night to be conveyed to Middleham Castle in Yorkshire, and there to be kept under the custody of the Archbishop of York his brother, and other his trusty friends, which entertained the king like his estate, and served him like a prince. But there was no place so far off but that the taking of the king was shortly known there with the wind, which news made many men to fear and greatly to dread, and many to wonder and lament the chance. King Edward, being thus in captivity, spake ever fair to the archbishop and to the other keepers; but, whether he corrupted them with money or fair promises, he had liberty divers days to go on hunting; and one day on a plain there met with him Sir William

Stanley, Sir Thomas of Borogh, and divers other of his friends, with such a great band of men, that neither his keepers would nor once durst move him to return to prison again."

In the beginning of 1471 Edward was a fugitive, almost without a home. The great Earl of Warwick had placed Henry again in the nominal seat of authority; a counter-revolution had been effected. By one of those bold movements which set aside all calculation of consequences Edward leaped once more into the throne of England. In an age when perjury and murder were equally resorted to, Edward, on landing, did not hesitate to disguise his real objects, and to maintain that he was in arms only to enforce his claims as Duke of York. The scene before the walls of York is quite borne out by the contemporary historians; and especially in that most curious 'Historie of the Arrival of Edward IV. in England,' published by the Camden Society. Shakspere evidently went to Hall as his authority:—" King Edward, without any words spoken to him, came peaceably near to York, of whose coming when the citizens were certified, without delay they armed themself and came to defend the gates, sending to him two of the chiefest aldermen of the city, which earnestly admonished him on their behalf to come not one foot nearer, nor temerariously to enter into so great a jeopardy, considering that they were fully determined and bent to compel him to retract with dint of sword. King Edward, marking well their message, was not a little troubled and unquieted in his mind, and driven to seek the farthest point of his wit; for he had both two mischievous and perilous chances even before his eyes, which were hard to be evaded or repelled:—one was, if he should go back again he feared lest the rural and common people, for covetousness of prey and spoil, would fall on him, as one that fled away for fear and dread; the other was, if he should proceed any farther in his journey, then might the citizens of York issue out with all their power, and suddenly circumvent him and take him. Wherefore he determined to set forward, neither with army nor with weapon, but with lowly words and gentle entreatings, requiring most heartily the messengers that were sent to declare to the citizens that he came neither to demand the realm of England nor the superiority of the same, but only the duchy of York, his old inheritance; the which duchy if he might by their means readopt and recover, he would never pass out of his memory so great a benefit and so friendly a gratuity to him exhibited. And so, with fair words and flattering speech, he dismissed the messengers; and with good speed he and his followed so quickly after, that they were almost at the gates as soon as the ambassadors. The citizens, hearing his good answer, that he meant nor intended nothing prejudicial to King Henry nor his royal authority, were much mitigated and cooled, and began to commune with him from their walls, willing him to convey himself into some other place without delay, which if he did, they assured him that he should have neither hurt nor damage. But he, gently speaking to all men, and especially to such as were aldermen, whom he called worshipful, and by their proper names them saluted, after many fair promises to them made, exhorted and desired them that, by their favourable friendship and friendly permission, he might enter into his own town, of the which he had both his name and title. All the whole day was consumed in doubtful communication and earnest interlocution. The citizens, partly won by his fair words, and partly by hope of his large promises, fell to this pact and convention, that if King Edward would swear to entertain his citizens of York after a gentle sort and fashion, and hereafter to be obedient and faithful to all King Henry's commandments and precepts, that then they would receive him into their city, and aid and comfort him with money. King Edward (whom the citizens called only Duke of York), being glad of this fortunate chance, in the next morning, at the gate where he should enter, a priest being ready to say mass, in the mass time, receiving the body of our blessed Saviour, solemnly swearing to keep and observe the two articles above mentioned and agreed upon, when it was far unlike that he either intended or purposed to observe any of them, which plainly afterwards was to all men manifest."

[Scene I. Coventry.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Coventry.

Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, *the* Mayor *of* Coventry, *two* Messengers, *and others.*

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
1 *Mess.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.
War. How far off is our brother Montague?
Where is the post that came from Montague?
2 *Mess.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?
Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.
[*Drum heard.*
War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.
Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies;
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.
War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.
Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

Drums. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and Forces, marching.*

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.
Glo. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.
War. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?
K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,—
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,—
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy,—
And he shall pardon thee these outrages ?
War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,—
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,—
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent,—
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York ?
Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will?
War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?
Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
I 'll do thee service for so good a gift.
War. 'T was I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.
K. Edw. Why then 't is mine, if but by Warwick's gift.
War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.
K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,
What is the body when the head is off?
Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slily finger'd from the deck! [a]
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you 'll meet him in the Tower.
K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.
Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down, kneel down:
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.
War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.
K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend;
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter OXFORD, *with drum and colours.*

War. O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes!
Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!
[OXFORD *and his Forces enter the City.*
Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.
K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again and bid us battle:
If not, the city, being but of small defence,
We 'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.
War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, *with drum and colours.*

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!
[*He and his Forces enter the City.*
Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.
K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory:
My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, *with drum and colours.*

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!
[*He and his Forces enter the City.*
Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, *with drum and colours.*

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love:
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt if Warwick call.
Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
[*Taking the red rose out of his cap.*
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war

[a] *Deck*—a pack of cards was formerly called a *deck*. There is a similar example in Selimus, 1594:—
"Well, if I chance but once to get the *deck*,
To deal about and shuffle as I would."

Against his brother and his lawful king?
Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee if thou stir abroad,)
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

War. O passing[a] traitor, perjur'd, and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way:
Lords, to the field; Saint George, and victory.
[*March. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Field of Battle near* Barnet.

Alarums and Excursions. Enter KING EDWARD, *bringing in* WARWICK, *wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.
Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.
[*Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York, or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me, but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD *and* SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are
We might recover all our loss again.
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news: Ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood
That glews my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come, quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his last;
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
And said, Commend me to my valiant brother.
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd; but, at last,
I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,
O, farewell, Warwick!

War. Sweet rest to his soul!—
Fly, lords, and save yourselves; for Warwick bids
You all farewell, to meet in heaven.[a] [*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power.
[*Exeunt, bearing off* WARWICK'*s body.*

[a] *Passing*—surpassing.

[a] In this line the word *again* has been interpolated in the modern editions—"to meet again in heaven."

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Flourish. Enter King Edward, *in triumph; with* Clarence, Gloster, *and the rest.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advértis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury;
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way:
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.
Strike up the drum; cry, Courage! and away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Plains near* Tewkesbury.

March. Enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, Somerset, Oxford, *and* Soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What, though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood,
Yet lives our pilot still: Is 't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our top-mast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wrack.
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but awhile:
Tread on the sand; why there you quickly sink:
Bestridè the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish, that 's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided
'T were childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here:
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes;
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, as God forbid!
Let him depart, before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage!
And warriors faint! why, 't were perpetual shame.
O, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: Long may'st thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset;—sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he 's deceiv'd, we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

March. Enter, at a distance, KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and Forces.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out:
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice; then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.
[*Exeunt both armies.*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the same.*

Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a retreat. Then, enter KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and Forces: with* QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, *and* SOMERSET, *prisoners.*

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I 'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.
[*Exeunt* OXFORD *and* SOMERSET, *guarded.*

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

Glo. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers, *with* PRINCE EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou would'st have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I 'll plague you for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crookback rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward, and thou perjur'd George,
And thou misshapen Dick, I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are;
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here. [*Stabs him.*

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony. [GLO. *stabs him.*

Clar. And there 's for twitting me with perjury. [CLAR. *stabs him.*

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.
Glo. Why should she live to fill the world with words?
K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for her revovery.
Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;
I 'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.
Clar. What? what?
Glo. The Tower! the Tower! [*Exit.*
Q. Mar. O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murtherers!—
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by, to equal it.
He was a man: this, in respect, a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What 's worse than murtherer, that I may name it?
No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.
Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince!
K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.
Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;
Here sheath thy sword, I 'll pardon thee my death:
What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.
Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.
Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.
Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?
Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.
What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: Murther is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.
K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.
Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince! [*Exit, led out forcibly.*
K. Edw. Where 's Richard gone?
Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.
K. Edw. He 's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares:
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—London. *A Room in the* Tower.

King Henry *is discovered sitting with a book in his hand, the* Lieutenant *attending. Enter* Gloster.

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your book so hard?
K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: My lord, I should say, rather:
'T is sin to flatter, good was little better:
Good Gloster and good devil were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.
Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer. [*Exit* Lieutenant.
K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?
Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
K. Hen. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush:
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.
Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl;
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.
K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.

Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
If murthering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Had'st thou been kill'd when first thou did'st presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
Men for their sons', wives for their husbands',
And orphans for their parents' timeless death,[a]—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit, an indigest deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou cam'st to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou cam'st—

Glo. I'll hear no more:—Die, prophet, in thy speech: [*Stabs him.*
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfal of our house!
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither. [*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 't is true that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd: and the women cried,
'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!'
And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother:
And this word love, which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone.
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry and the prince his son are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,
Counting myself but bad till I be best.
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

King Edward *is discovered sitting on his throne;* Queen Elizabeth, *with the infant* Prince, Clarence, Gloster, Hastings, *and others, near him.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride?
Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
And two Northumberlands: two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy:
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself,
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;

[a] We point this passage in the belief that "timeless death" is connected not only with *parents'*, but with *husbands'* and *sons'*.

Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:
Work thou the way, and thou shalt execute. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen,
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit:
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master;
And cried—all hail! when as he meant—all harm. [*Aside.*

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the court?
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

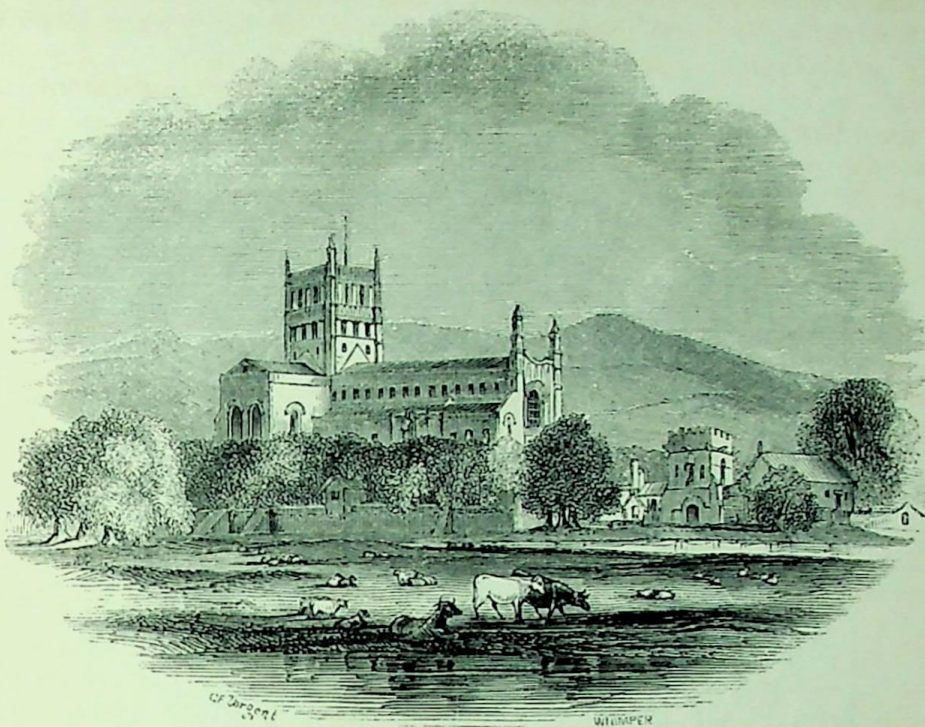
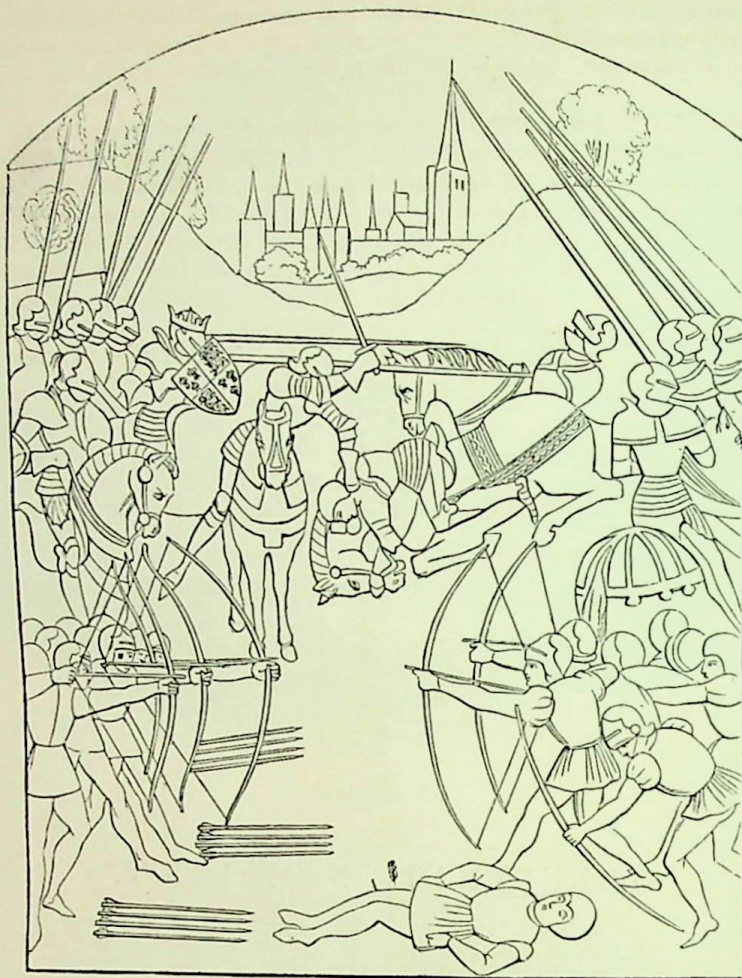
[Scene II. Field of Battle near Barnet.]

[Tewkesbury.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT V.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

Of the battle of Barnet the following is Hall's description:—

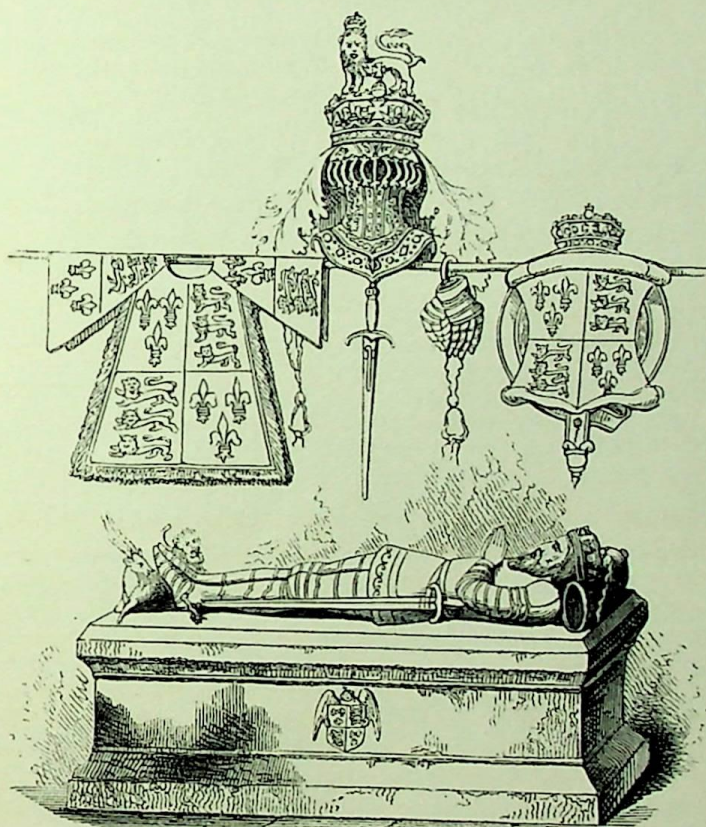
"When the day began to spring the trumpets blew courageously and the battle fiercely began. Archers first shot, and bill-men them followed. King Edward, having the greater number of men, valiantly set on his enemies. The earl on the other side, remembering his ancient fame and renown, manfully withstood him. This battle on both sides was sore fought and many slain, in whose rooms succeeded ever fresh and fresh men. In the mean season, while all men were together by the ears, ever looking to which way fortune would incline, the Earl of Warwick, after long fight, wisely did perceive his men to be over pressed with the multitude of his adversaries; wherefore he caused new men to relieve them that fought in the forward, by reason of which succours King Edward's part gave a little back (which was the cause that some lookers-on, and no fighters, galloped to London, saying that the earl had won the field), which thing when Edward did perceive, he with all diligence sent fresh men to their succours.

"If the battle were fierce and deadly before, now it was crueller, more bloody, more fervent and fiery, and yet they had fought from morning almost to noon without any part getting advantage of other. King Edward, being weary of so long a conflict and willing to see an end, caused a great crew of fresh men (which he had for this only policy kept all day in store) to set on their enemies, in manner being weary and fatigate: but although the earl saw these new succours of fresh and new men to enter the battle, being nothing afraid, but hoping of the victory (knowing perfectly that there was all King Edward's power), comforted his men, being weary, sharply quickening and earnestly desiring them with hardy stomachs to bear out this last and final brunt of the battle, and that the field was even at an end. But when his soldiers, being sore wounded, wearied with so long a conflict, did give little regard to his words, he, being a man of a mind invincible, rushed into the midst of his enemies, where as he (aventured so far from his own company to kill and slay his adversaries that he could not be rescued) was in the middle of his enemies stricken down and slain. The Marquis Montacute, thinking to succour his brother, which he saw was in great jeopardy, and yet in hope to obtain the victory, was likewise overthrown and slain. After the earl was dead his party fled, and many were taken, but not one man of name nor of nobility."

[Battle of Tewkesbury. From an Ancient Illumination.]

The most curious accounts, both of the battles of Barnet and Tewkesbury, and indeed of all this rapid counter-revolution, which has scarcely a parallel in our English annals, are to be found in the cotemporary narrative published by the Camden Society. Neither that narrative, nor the Ghent MS., which is an abridgment of it, were probably accessible to Shakspere. We must therefore still be content to trace him in Hall and Holinshed. The following graphic account of the battle of Tewkesbury is from Hall:—

"After the field ended King Edward made a proclamation that whosoever could bring Prince Edward to him, alive or dead, should have an annuity of an c *l.* during his life, and the prince's life to be saved. Sir Richard Croftes, a wise and a valiant knight, nothing mistrusting the king's former promise, brought forth his prisoner Prince Edward, being a goodly feminine and a well-featured young gentleman, whom when King Edward had well advised, he demanded of him how he durst so presumptuously enter into his realm with banner displayed. The prince, being bold of stomach and of a good courage, answered, saying, To recover my father's kingdom and inheritage from his father and grandfather to him, and from him, after him, to me lineally divoluted. At which words King Edward said nothing, but with his hand thrust him from him (or, as some say, stroke him with his gauntlet), whom incontinent they that strode about, which were George Duke of Clarence, Richard Duke of Gloucester, Thomas Marquis Dorset, and William Lord Hastings, suddenly murdered and piteously mangled. The bitterness of which murder some of the actors after in their latter days tasted and essayed by the very rod of justice and punishment of God. His body was homely interred with the other simple corpses in the church of the monastery of Black Monks in Tewkesbury. This was the last civil battle that was fought in King Edward's days, which was gotten the iii day of May, in the x year of his reign, and in the year of our Lord MCCCCLXXI then being Saturday. And on the Monday next ensuing was Edmund Duke of Somerset, John Longstrother, Prior of Saint John's, Sir Garveys Clifton, Sir Thomas Tresham, and xii other knights and gentlemen beheaded in the market-place at Tewkesbury."

It is unnecessary for us here to enter upon the disputed question as to whether Richard Duke of Gloster were the actual murderer of Henry VI. The following is Holinshed's account of this event:—

"Poor King Henry VI., a little before deprived (as we have heard) of his realm and imperial crown, was now in the Tower spoiled of his life by Richard Duke of Gloster (as the constant fame ran), who, to the intent that his brother King Edward might reign in more surety, murdered the said King Henry with a dagger, although some writers of that time, favouring altogether the house of York, have recorded that, after he understood what losses had chanced to his friends, and how not only his son but also all other his chief partakers were dead and despatched, he took it so to heart, that of pure displeasure, indignation, and melancholy, he died the three-and-twentieth of May. The dead corpse, on the Ascension even (the 29th), was conveyed with bills and glaives pompously (if you will call that a funeral pomp) from the Tower to the church of St. Paul, and there laid on a bier, where it rested the space of one whole day, and on the next day after, it was conveyed, without priest or clerk, torch or taper, singing or saying, unto the monastery of Chertsey, distant from London fifteen miles, and there was it first buried; but after, it was removed to Windsor, and there in a new vault newly inhumulate."

[Tomb of Henry VI. formerly at Windsor.]

THE

SECOND PART OF THE CONTENTION

OF THE TWO FAMOUS HOUSES OF

YORK AND LANCASTER,

CONTAINING THE

TRAGEDY OF RICHARD DUKE OF YORK, AND THE GOOD KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

(ACT I.)

(SCENE I.)

Enter RICHARD *Duke of* YORK, *the Earl of* WARWICK, *the Duke of* NORFOLK, *Marquis* MONTAGUE, EDWARD *Earl of* MARCH, *then Crook-back* RICHARD, *and the young Earl of* RUTLAND, *with drum and* Soldiers, *with white roses in their hats.*

War. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.
York. Whilst we pursued the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and there with him
Lord Stafford and lord Clifford, all abreast,
Brake in, and were by th' hands of common soldiers slain.
Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerously:
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow:
Father, that this is true, behold his blood.
Mont. And, brother, here 's the earl of Wiltshire's blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.
Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.
[*Throws down the Duke of* SOMERSET*'s head.*
York. What, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?
Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!
Rich. Thus do I hope to shape king Henry's head.
War. And so do I, victorious prince of York!
Before I see thee seated in that throne,
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close:
This is the palace of that fearful king,
And that the regal chair: possess it, York,
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.
York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will:
For hither are we broken in by force.
Norf. We 'll all assist thee, and he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk. Stay by me, my lords;
And, soldiers, stay you here, and lodge this night.
War. And when the king comes offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to put us out by force.
Rich. Arm'd as we be, let's stay within this house.
War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry be depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.
York. Then leave me not, my lords: for now I mean
To take possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor him that loves him best,
The proudest bird that holds up Lancaster,
Dare stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I 'll plant Plantagenet, and root him out who dares!
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

Enter KING HENRY *the Sixth, with the Duke of* EXETER, *the Earl of* NORTHUMBERLAND, *the Earl of* WESTMORELAND, *and* CLIFFORD *the Earl of* CUMBERLAND, *with red roses in their hats.*

King. Look, lordings, where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike, he means
(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer)
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,
And thine, Clifford: and you both have vow'd revenge,
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.
North. And if I be not, heaven be reveng'd on me.
Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.
West. What, shall we suffer this? Let's pull him down.
My heart for anger breaks, I cannot speak.
King. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.
Clif. Patience is for póltroons, such as he;
He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.
King. O, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?
Exet. But when the duke is slain they 'll quickly fly.
King. Far be it from the thoughts of Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament house:
Cousin of Exeter, words, frowns, and threats,
Shall be the wars that Henry means to use.
Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,
I am thy sovereign.
York. Thou art deceiv'd, I am thine.
Exet. For shame come down, he made thee duke of York.
York. 'T was my inheritance, as the kingdom is.
Exet. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.
Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?
War. True, Clifford, and that's Richard, duke of York.
King. And shall I stand while thou sitt'st in my throne?
York. Content thyself; it must and shall be so.
War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.
West. Why, he is both king and duke of Lancaster;
And that the earl of Westmoreland shall maintain.
War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those that chas'd you from the field,
And slew your father, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.
North. No, Warwick, I remember 't to my grief:
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.
West. Plantagenet, of thee, and of thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I 'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.
Clif. Urge it no more, lest in revenge thereof,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death before I stir.
War. Poor Clifford, how I scorn thy worthless threats!
York. Will ye we show our title to the crown,
Or else our swords shall plead it in the field?
King. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the Fifth, who tam'd the French,
And made the dauphin stoop, and seiz'd upon
Their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France, since thou hast lost it all.
King. The lord protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.
Rich. You're old enough now, and yet methinks you lose:
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.
Edw. Do so, sweet father; set it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.
York. Peace, sons.
North. Peace thou, and give king Henry leave to speak.
King. Ah, Plantagenet, why seek'st thou to depose me?
Are we not both Plantagenets by birth,
And from two brothers lineally descent?
Suppose by right and equity thou be king;
Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly seat,
Wherein my father and my grandsire sate?
No, first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and our colours often borne in France,
And now in England (to our heart's great sorrow),
Shall be my winding sheet. Why faint you, lords?
My title's better far than his.
War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.
King. Why, Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.
York. 'T was by rebellion 'gainst his sovereign.
King. I know not what to say; my title's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
War. What then?
King. Then am I lawful king. For Richard
The Second, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.
York. I tell thee, he rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign the crown perforce.
War. Suppose, my lord, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you that were prejudicial to the crown?
Exet. No; for he could not so resign the crown
But that the next heir must succeed and reign.
King. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?
Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
King. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not king Henry shall be thus depos'd.
War. Depos'd he shall be in despite of thee.
North. Tush, Warwick, thou art deceiv'd:
'Tis not thy southern powers of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk,
And Kent, that makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the duke up in despite of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence.
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I do kneel to him that slew my father.
King. O, Clifford, how thy words revive my soul!
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?
War. Do right unto this princely duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,

Enter Soldiers.

And over the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with thy usurping blood.
King. O, Warwick, hear me speak:
Let me but reign in quiet while I live.
York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet whilst thou liv'st.
King. Convey the soldiers hence, and then I will.
War. Captain, conduct them into Tuthill fields.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!
War. What good is this for England and himself!
North. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!
Clif. How hast thou wronged both thyself and us!
West. I cannot stay to hear these articles. [*Exit.*
Clif. Nor I. Come, cousin, let's go tell the queen.
North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unkindly deed. [*Exit.*
Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome,
Or live in peace, abandon'd and despis'd. [*Exit.*
Exet. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield, my lord.

King. Ah, Exeter!
War. Why should you sigh, my lord?
King. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But be it as it may. I here entail the crown
To thee and to thine heirs, conditionally,
That here thou take an oath,
To cease these civil broils, and whilst I live
To honour me as thy king and sovereign.
York. That oath I willingly take, and will perform.
War. Long live king Henry. Plantagenet, embrace him.
King. And long live thou, and all thy forward sons.
York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.
Exet. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes.
[*Sound trumpets*.
York. My lord, I 'll take my leave,
For I 'll to Wakefield, to my castle.
[*Exeunt* YORK *and his* Sons.
War. And I'll keep London, with my soldiers.
[*Exit*.
Norf. And I 'll to Norfolk, with my followers.
[*Exit*.
Mont. And I to the sea, from whence I came.
[*Exit*.

Enter the QUEEN *and the* PRINCE.

Exet. My lord, here comes the queen: I'll steal away.
King. And so will I.
Queen. Nay, stay, or else I 'll follow thee.
King. Be patient, gentle queen, and then I 'll stay.
Queen. What patience can there be? ah, timorous man,
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me,
And given our rights unto the house of York.
Art thou a king, and wilt be forc'd to yield?
Had I been there, the soldiers should have toss'd
Me on their lances' points before I would have
Granted to their wills. The duke is made
Protector of the land: stern Faulconbridge
Commands the narrow seas: and think'st thou then
To sleep secure? I here divorce me, Henry,
From thy bed, until that act of parliament
Be recall'd, wherein thou yieldest to the house of York.
The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall unto thy deep disgrace.
Come, son, let's away, and leave him here alone.
King. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.
Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already, therefore be still.
King. Gentle son Edward, wilt thou stay with me?
Queen. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.
[*Exit*.
Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I 'll see your grace: till then I 'll follow her. [*Exit*.
King. Poor queen, her love to me and to the prince her son
Makes her in fury thus to forget herself.
Revenged may she be on that accursed duke.
Come, cousin of Exeter, stay thou here,
For Clifford and those northern lords be gone,
I fear towards Wakefield, to disturb the duke.

(SCENE II.)

Enter EDWARD, *and* RICHARD, *and* MONTAGUE.

Edw. Brother, and cousin Montague, give me leave to speak.
Rich. Nay, I can better play the orator.
Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of YORK.

York. How now, sons! what, at a jar amongst yourselves?
Rich. No, father, but a sweet contention,
About that which concerns yourself and us,
The crown of England, father.
York. The crown, boy?
Why Henry 's yet alive, and I have sworn
That he shall reign in quiet till his death.
Edw. But I would break an hundred oaths to reign one year.
Rich. An if it please your grace to give me leave,
I 'll show your grace the way to save your oath,
And dispossess king Henry from the crown.
York. I prithee, Dick, let me hear thy device.
Rich. Then thus, my lord. An oath is of no moment,
Being not sworn before a lawful magistrate.
Henry is none, but doth usurp your right,
And yet your grace stands bound to him by oath.
Then, noble father, resolve yourself,
And once more claim the crown.
York. Ay, say'st thou so, boy? Why then it shall be so.
I am resolv'd to win the crown, or die.
Edward, thou shalt to Edmund Brooke, lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.
Thou, cousin Montague, shalt to Norfolk straight,
And bid the duke to muster up his soldiers,
And come to me to Wakefield presently.
And Richard, thou to London straight shall post,
And bid Richard Nevill, earl of Warwick,
To leave the city, and with his men of war
To meet me at St. Alban's ten days hence.
Myself here, in Sandal castle, will provide
Both men and money to further our attempts.
Now, what news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, the queen with thirty thousand men,
Accompanied with the earls of Cumberland,
Northumberland, and Westmoreland,
With others of the house of Lancaster,
Are marching towards Wakefield,
To besiege you in your castle here.

Enter Sir JOHN *and Sir* HUGH MORTIMER.

York. A God's name let them come.
Cousin Montague, post you hence.
And, boys, stay you with me.
Sir John and sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
You 're welcome to Sandal in a happy hour.
The army of the queen means to besiege us.
Sir John. She shall not need, my lord,
We 'll meet her in the field.
York. What! with five thousand soldiers, uncle
Rich. Ay, father, with five hundred for a need.
A woman 's general! what should you fear?
York. Indeed,
Many brave battles have I won in Normandy,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one,
And why should I now doubt of the like success?
I am resolv'd. Come, let 's go.
Edw. Let 's march away, I hear their drums.
[*Exeunt*.

(SCENE III.)

Alarums, and then enter the young Earl of Rutland *and his* Tutor.

Tutor. Oh, fly, my lord, let 's leave the castle,
And fly to Wakefield straight.

Enter Clifford.

Rut. O, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes.
Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of that accursed duke
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.
Tutor. O, Clifford, spare this tender lord, lest heaven
Revenge it on thy head: O, save his life.
Clif. Soldiers, away, and drag him hence perforce:
Away with the villain! [*Exit* Chaplain.
How now? what, dead already? or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes? I 'll open them.
Rut. So looks the pent-up lion on the lamb,
And so he walks insulting o'er his prey,
And so he turns again to rend his limbs in sunder:
O, Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.
Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy, my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.
Rut. Then let my father's blood ope it again;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me;
Or should I dig up thy forefathers' graves,
And hang their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could [not] slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul.
Therefore till I root out that cursed line,
And leave not one on earth, I live in hell;
Therefore—
Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death.
To thee I pray: sweet Clifford, pity me.
Clif. Ay, such pity as my rapier's point affords.
Rut. I never did thee hurt; wherefore wilt thou kill me?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But 't was ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me;
Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.
O, let me live in prison all my days,
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause?
Thy father slew my father, therefore die.
[Clifford *stabs him.*
Plantagenet, I come, Plantagenet,
And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with his, do make me wipe off both.
[*Exit.*

(SCENE IV.)

Alarums, enter the Duke of York, *solus.*

York. Ah, York, post to thy castle, save thy life!
The goal is lost! Thou house of Lancaster,
Thrice happy chance is it for thee and thine,
That heaven abridg'd my days, and calls me hence.
But God knows what chance hath betide my sons:
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
Three times this day came Richard to my sight,
And cried 'Courage, father: victory or death!'
And twice so oft came Edward to my view,
With purple faulchion, painted to the hilts
In blood of those whom he had slaughtered.
O, hark, I hear the drums. No way to fly;
No way to save my life; and here I stay:
And here my life must end.

Enter the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, *and the* Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchless fury to more blood:
This is the butt, and this abides your shot.
North. Yield to our mercies, proud Plantagenet.
Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthful arm
With downright payment lent unto my father.
Now Phaëton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.
York. My ashes, like the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge it on you all:
And in that hope I cast mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why stay you, lords? What! multitudes, and fear?
Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no longer;
So doves do peck the raven's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.
York. O, Clifford, yet bethink thee once again,
And in thy mind o'errun my former time;
And bite thy tongue, that slanderest him with cowardice,
Whose very look hath made thee quake ere this.
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.
Queen. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
I would prolong the traitor's life awhile:—
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.
North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it when a cur doth grin
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
'T is war's prize to take all advantages,
And ten to one is no impeach in wars.
[*Fight, and take him.*
Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.
North. So doth the coney struggle with the net.
York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, by robbers overmatch'd.
North. What will your grace have done with him?
Queen. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come make him stand upon this mole-hill here,
That aim'd at mountains with outstretched arm,
And parted but the shadow with his hand.
Was 't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
Or where 's that valiant crook-back'd prodigy,
Dicky, your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, 'mongst the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York, I dipp'd this napkin in the blood

That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of thy boy:
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas! poor York: but that I hate thee much,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I prithee grieve to make me merry, York;
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;
York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York, and, lords, bow low to him.
So, hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.
Ay, now looks he like a king.
This is he that took king Henry's chair,
And this is he was his adopted heir.
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his holy oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king
Till our Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you impale your head with Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
Oh, 'tis a fault too, too unpardonable.
Off with the crown; and with the crown his head;
And whilst we breathe take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office for my father's death.

Queen. Yet stay, and let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue's more poison'd than the adder's tooth!
How ill beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph like an Amazonian trull,
Upon his woes whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, visard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent by use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriv'd,
'T were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, or it boots thee not, proud queen,
Unless the adage must be verified,
That beggars mounted run their horse to death.
'T is beauty that oft makes women proud;
But, God he wots, thy share thereof is small:
'T is government that makes them most admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'T is virtue that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O, tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are mild, pitiful, and flexible,
Thou indurate, stern, rough, remorseless.
Bidd'st thou me rage? why now thou hast thy will.
Wouldst have me weep? why so, thou hast thy wish.
For raging winds blow up a storm of tears,
And when the rage allays the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
And every drop begs vengeance as it falls,
On thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me but his passions move me so
As hardly I can check mine eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Could not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood;
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O ten times more than tigers of Arcadia.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears!
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And lo, with tears I wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of that,
And if thou tell the story well,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears,
Ay, even my foes will shed fast falling tears,
And say, alas, it was a piteous deed.
Here, take the crown, and with the crown my curse;
And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hands.
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads.

North. Had he been slaughterman of all my kin
I could not choose but weep with him, to see
How inward anger gripes his heart.

Queen. What, weeping ripe, my lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry your melting tears.

Clif. There's for my oath, there's for my father's death. [*Stabs him.*

Queen. And there's to right our gentle-hearted kind. [*Stabs him.*

York. Open thy gates of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies forth to meet with thee. [*Dies.*

Queen. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

(ACT II.)

(SCENE I.)

Enter EDWARD *and* RICHARD, *with drum and* Soldiers.

Edw. After this dangerous fight and hapless war,
How doth my noble brother Richard fare?

Rich. I cannot joy until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
How often did I see him bear himself
As doth a lion midst a herd of neat;
So fled the enemies from our valiant father;
Methinks 't is pride enough to be his son.
[*Three suns appear in the air.*

Edw. Lo, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns,
Not separated by a racking cloud,
But sever'd in a pale clear shining sky.
See, see, they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolate.

Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven doth figure some event.
Edw. I think it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Already each one shining by his meed,
May join in one, and overpeer the world
As this the earth; and therefore, henceforward,
I 'll bear upon my target three fair shining suns.
But what art thou that look'st so heavily?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. O, one that was a woeful looker-on
When as the noble duke of York was slain.
Edw. O, speak no more, for I can hear no more.
Rich. Tell on thy tale, for I will hear it all.
Mess. When as the noble duke was put to flight,
And then pursued by Clifford and the queen,
And many soldiers more, who all at once
Let drive at him, and forced the duke to yield;
And then they set him on a mole-hill there,
And crown'd the gracious duke in high despite,
Who then with tears began to wail his fall.
The ruthless queen, perceiving he did weep,
Gave him a handkerchief to wipe his eyes,
Dipp'd in the blood of sweet young Rutland,
By rough Clifford slain: who weeping took it up.
Then through his breast they thrust their bloody swords,
Who like a lamb fell at the butchers' feet.
Then on the gates of York they set his head,
And there it doth remain the piteous spectacle
That ere mine eyes beheld.
Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone there is no hope for us:
Now my soul's palace is become a prison.
O, would she break from compass of my breast,
For never shall I have more joy.
Rich. I cannot weep, for all my breast's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning hate.
I cannot joy till this white rose be died
Even in the heart-blood of the house of Lancaster.
Richard, I bear thy name, and I 'll revenge thy death,
Or die myself in seeking of revenge.
Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His chair and dukedom, that remains for me.
Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
For either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

Enter the Earl of Warwick, Montague, *with drum*, Ancient, *and* Soldiers.

War. How now, fair lords: what fare? What news abroad?
Rich. Ah, Warwick, should we report
The baleful news, and, at each word's deliverance,
Stab poinards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
Ah, valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.
Edw. Ah, Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet
Which held thee dear, ay, even as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.
War. Ten days ago I drown'd those news in tears:
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you news since then befallen.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the post could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his departure.
I then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd to St. Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along:
For by my scouts I was advértised
That she was coming, with a full intent
To dash your late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henry's heirs, and your succession.
Short tale to make—we at St. Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But, whether 't was the coldness of the king,
(He look'd full gently on his warlike queen)
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
Or whether 't was report of his success,
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captains—blood and death,
I cannot tell: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightnings went and came;
Our soldiers, like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,
Fell gently down, as if they smote their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of the cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards:
But all in vain, they had no hearts to fight,
Nor we in them no hope to win the day;
So that we fled; the king unto the queen,
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here we heard you were
Making another head to fight again.
Edw. Thanks, gentle Warwick.
How far hence is the duke with his power?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?
War. Some five miles off the duke is with his power.
But as for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers 'gainst this needful war.
Rich. 'T was odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled.
Oft have I heard thy praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, thy scandal of retire.
War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear:
For thou shalt know that this right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.
Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick: blame me not;
'T was love I bare thy glories made me speak.
But in this troublous time, what 's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And clad our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our ave-maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say Ay, and to it, lords.
War. Why therefore Warwick came to find you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy melting king like wax.
He sware consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;

But now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate his oath, or what besides
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power I guess them fifty thousand strong.
[illegible]w if the help of Norfolk and myself
[illegible]but amount to eight and forty thousand,
[illegible]all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
[illegible] the loving Welshmen canst procure,
[illegible]a, to London will we march amain,
[illegible]ce again bestride our foaming steeds,
[illegible]nce again cry charge upon the foe,
[illegible]ever once again turn back and fly.

[illegible]ch. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak:
[illegible]er may he live to see a sunshine day
That cries retire, when Warwick bids him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean,
And when thou faint'st,
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend.

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;
The next degree is England's royal king;
And king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd,
In every borough as we pass along:
And he that casts not up his cap for joy
Shall for the offence make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But forward to effect these resolutions.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant power,
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts, brave lords, let 's march away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

(SCENE II.)

Enter the KING *and* QUEEN, *Prince* EDWARD, *and the northern* Earls, *with drum and* Soldiers.

Queen. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder 's the head of that ambitious enemy
That sought to be impaled with your crown.
Doth not the object please your eye, my lord?

King. Even as the rocks please them that fear their wrack.
Withhold revenge, dear God! 't is not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious lord, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp his (their) den.
Whose hand is that the savage bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils his young before his face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,
And doves will peck in rescue of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue like a loving sire.
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Did'st give consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unnatural father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those same wings,
Which they have sometime used in fearful flight,)
Make war with him that climbs unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my lord, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright through his father's fault;
And long hereafter say unto his child,
'What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away?'
Look on the boy, and let his manly face,
Which promiseth successful fortune to us all,
Steel thy melting thoughts,
To keep thine own, and leave thine own with him.

King. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But tell me, did'st thou never yet hear tell
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy ever was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
And would my father had left me no more;
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As asks a thousand times more care to keep,
Than may the present profit countervail.
Ah, cousin York, would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head stands there.

Queen. My lord, this harmful pity makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to your princely son;
Unsheath your sword, and straightway dub him knight.
Kneel down, Edward.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight:
And learn this lesson,—draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I 'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

North. Why that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For, with a band of fifty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;
And in the towns whereas they pass along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Prepare your battles, for they be at hand.

Cliff. I would your highness would depart the field;
The queen hath best success when your are absent.

Queen. Do, good my lord, and leave us to our fortunes.

King. Why that 's my fortune, therefore I 'll stay still.

Cliff. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. Good father, cheer these noble lords,
Unsheath your sword, sweet father; cry Saint George.

Cliff. Pitch we our battle here, for hence we will not move.

Enter the house of York.

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry, wilt thou yield thy crown?
And kneel for mercy at thy sovereign's feet?

Queen. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus malapert
Before thy king and lawful sovereign?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bend his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent.

George. Since when, he hath broke his oath; for as we hear,

You that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him by new act of parliament
To blot our brother out, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason, George:
Who should succeed the father but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher?

Cliff. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any of your sort.

Rich. 'T was you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

Cliff. Yes, and old York too, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield thy crown?

Queen. What, long-tongued Warwick, dare you speak?
When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Ay, then 't was my turn to fly, but now 't is thine.

Cliff. You said as much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'T was not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood, Warwick, that could make ye stay.

Rich. Northumberland, Northumberland, we hold
Thee reverently.
Break off the parley, for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big swollen heart,
Against that Clifford there, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. Why, I kill'd thy father: call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a villain, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But ere sunset I 'll make thee curse the deed.

King. Have done with words, great lords, and hear me speak.

Queen. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

King. I prithee give no limits to my tongue;
I being a king am privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My lord, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd with words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd
That Clifford's manhood hangs upon his tongue.

Edw. What say'st thou, Henry, shall I have my right or no?
A thousand men have broke their fast to-day,
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their bloods be on thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If all be right that Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but all things must be right.

Rich. Whosoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For well I wot thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Queen. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam:
But like a foul misshapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom'd toads, or lizards' fainting looks.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Thy father bears the title of a king,
As if a channel should be called the sea:
Sham'st thou not, knowing from whence thou art deriv'd,
To parley thus with England's lawful heirs?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make that shameless callet know herself.
Thy husband's father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the French, and made the dauphin stoop:
And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory till this day.
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,
Then that sunshine bred a shower for him,
Which wash'd his father's fortunes out of France
And heap'd seditions on his crown at home.
For what hath mov'd these tumults, but thy pr[illegible]ion.
Hadst thou been meek, our title yet had slept:
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But when we saw our summer brough[illegible] gain,
And that the harvest brought us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root:
And though the edge have something hit ourselves,
Yet know thou we will never cease to strike
Till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Nor willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.
Sound trumpets! let our bloody colours wave!
And either victory, or else a grave.

Queen. Stay, Edward, stay.

Edw. Hence, wrangling woman; I 'll no longer stay;
Thy words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

(SCENE III.)

Alarums. Enter WARWICK.

War. Sore spent with toil, as runners with the race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Hath robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, force perforce, needs must I rest myself.

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. Smile, gentle heavens! or strike, ungentle death!
That we may die unless we gain the day:
What fatal star malignant frowns from heaven,
Upon the harmless line of York's true house?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Come, brother, come; let 's to the field again,
For yet there 's hope enough to win the day:
Then let us back to cheer our fainting troops,
Lest they retire now we have left the field.

War. How now, my lords, what hap? what hope of good?

Enter RICHARD, *running*.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy noble father in the thickest throngs
Cried still for Warwick, his thrice valiant son,
Until with thousand swords he was beset,
And many wounds made in his aged breast;
And as he tottering sate upon his steed,
He waft his hand to me, and cried aloud,
'Richard, commend me to my valiant son;'
And still he cried, 'Warwick, revenge my death,'
And with those words he tumbled off his horse,
And so the noble Salisbury gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with his blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly:
And here to God of heaven I make a vow,
Never to pass from forth this bloody field
Till I am full revenged for his death.

Edw. Lord Warwick, I do bend my knees with thine,
And in that vow now join my soul to thee.
Thou setter up and puller down of kings,
Vouchsafe a gentle victory to us,
[illegible]t us die before we lose the day!
Mea[illegible] Then let us haste to cheer the soldiers' hearts,
Cl[illegible]ll them pillars that will stand to us,
[illegible]hly promise to remunerate
[illegible]isty service in these dangerous wars.
[illegible] Come, come away, and stand not to debate,
Gl[illegible]t is hope of fortune good enough.
[illegible]rs, give me your hands, and let us part
Si[illegible] take our leaves, until we meet again,
[illegible]here'er it be, in heaven or in earth.
Now I that never wept, now melt in woe,
To see these dire mishaps continue so.
Warwick, farewell.
War. Away, away, once more, sweet lords, farewell.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

(SCENE IV.)

Alarums, and then enter RICHARD *at one door, and* CLIFFORD *at the other.*

Rich. A Clifford, a Clifford.
Clif. A Richard, a Richard.
Rich. Now, Clifford, for York and young Rutland's death,
This thirsty sword, that longs to drink thy blood,
Shall lop thy limbs, and slice thy cursed heart,
For to revenge the murders thou hast made.
Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And here's the heart that triumphs in their deaths,
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself,
And so, have at thee.

Alarums. They fight, and then enters WARWICK *and rescues* RICHARD, *and then exeunt omnes.*

(SCENE V.)

Alarums still, and then enter HENRY *solus.*

Hen. O gracious God of heaven, look down on us,
And set some ends to these incessant griefs.
How like a mastless ship upon the seas
This woeful battle doth continue still,
Now leaning this way, now to that side driven,
And none doth know to whom the day will fall.
Oh, would my death might stay these civil jars!
Would I had never reign'd, nor ne'er been king.
Margaret and Clifford chide me from the field,
Swearing they had best success when I was thence.
Would God that I were dead, so all were well:
Or would my crown suffice, I were content
To yield it them, and live a private life.

Enter a Soldier *with a dead man in his arms.*

Sol. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, that I have slain in fight to-day,
May be possessed of some store of crowns,
And I will search to find them if I can.
But stay; methinks it is my father's face:
Oh, I! 'tis he whom I have slain in fight.
From London was I press'd out by the king;
My father he came on the part of York;
And in this conflict I have slain my father.
Oh pardon, God, I knew not what I did!
And pardon, father, for I knew thee not!

Enter another Soldier *with a dead man.*

2 *Sol.* Lie there, thou that fought'st with me so stoutly;
Now let me see what store of gold thou hast.
But stay, methinks this is no famous face:
Oh no, it is my son that I have slain in fight!
Oh, monstrous times, begetting such events;
How cruel, bloody, and ironous,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
Poor boy, thy father gave thee life too late,
And hath bereav'd thee of thy life too soon!
King. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
Whilst lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor lambs do feel the rigour of their wraths:
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses.
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish,
For if you strive, ten thousand lives must perish.
1 *Sol.* How will my mother, for my father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied!
2 *Sol.* How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied!
King. How will the people now misdeem their king!
Oh would my death their minds could satisfy!
1 *Sol.* Was ever son so rude his father's blood to spill?
2 *Sol.* Was ever father so unnatural his son to kill?
King. Was ever king thus griev'd and vexed still?
1 *Sol.* I'll bear thee hence from this accursed place,
For woe is me to see my father's face.
[*Exit with his Father.*
2 *Sol.* I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.
[*Exit with his Son.*
King. Weep, wretched man, I'll lay thee tear for tear,
Here sits a king, as woebegone as thee.

Alarums, and enter the QUEEN.

Queen. Away, my lord, to Berwick presently!
The day is lost, our friends are murdered;
No help is left for us, therefore away.

Enter Prince EDWARD.

Prince. Oh father, fly; our men have left the field;
Take horse, sweet father, let us save ourselves.

Enter EXETER.

Exet. Away, my lord, for vengeance comes along with him:
Nay, stand not to expostulate; make haste,
Or else come after: I'll away before.
K. Hen. Nay, stay, good Exeter, for I'll along with thee.

(SCENE VI.)

Enter CLIFFORD *wounded, with an arrow in his neck.*

Clif. Here burns my candle out,
That, whilst it lasted, gave king Henry light.
Ah Lancaster, I fear thine overthrow,

More than my body's parting from my soul.
My love, and fear, glued many friends to thee;
And now I die, that tough commixture melts.
Impairing Henry strengthen'd misproud York:
The common people swarm like summer flies,
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemy?
Oh Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaëton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car had never scorch'd the earth.
And, Henry, hadst thou liv'd as kings should do,
And as thy father and his father did,
Giving no foot unto the house of York,
I and ten thousand in this woeful land
Had left no mourning widows for our deaths,
And thou this day hadst kept thy throne in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold, but lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
No way to fly, no strength to hold out flight;
The foe is merciless and will not pity me,
And at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
The air is got into my bleeding wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:
Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest,
I stabb'd your fathers, now come, split my breast.

Enter Edward, Richard, Warwick, *and* Soldiers.

Edw. Thus far our fortunes keep an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
Some troops pursue the bloody minded queen,
That now towards Berwick doth post amain.
But think you that Clifford is fled away with them?
War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape;
For though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave,
And, wheresoe'er he be, I warrant him dead.
[Clifford *groans, and then dies.*
Edw. Hark! what soul is this that takes his heavy leave?
Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departure.
Edw. See who it is: and now the battle's ended,
Friend, or foe, let him be friendly used.
Rich. Reverse that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford,
Who kill'd our tender brother Rutland,
And stabb'd our princely father, duke of York.
War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
Instead of that, let his supply the room.
Measure for measure must be answered.
Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung to us but blood and death;
Now his evil-boding tongue no more shall speak.
War. I think his understanding is bereft.
Say, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees nor hears us what we say.
Rich. Oh, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth;
And 'tis his policy that in the time of death
He might avoid such bitter storms as he
In his hour of death did give unto our father.
Geo. Richard, if thou think'st so, vex hi[illegible] eager words.
Rich. Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no g[illegible]ion.
Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence[illegible]
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy fault[illegible]:
Geo. Whilst we devise fell tortures for thy f[illegible]
Rich. Thou pitied'st York, and I am son to Y[illegible]
Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, and I will p[illegible] thee.
Geo. Where's captain Margaret to fence you now?
War. They mock thee, Clifford, swear as thou wast wont.
Rich. What, not an oath? Nay, then I know he's dead:
'Tis hard when Clifford cannot 'ford his friend an oath:
By this I know he's dead: And by my soul,
Would this right hand buy but an hour's life,
(That I in all contempt might rail at him)
I'd cut it off, and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose instanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
War. Ay, but he's dead: Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's lawful king.
From thence shall Warwick cross the seas to France,
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen.
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together,
And having France thy friend, thou need not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again.
And though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them busy (buz) to offend thine ears.
First, I'll see the coronation done,
And afterward I'll cross the seas to France,
To effect this marriage, if it please my lord.
Edw. Even as thou wilt, good Warwick, let it be.
But first before we go, George, kneel down.
We here create thee duke of Clarence,
And girt thee with the sword;
Our younger brother, Richard, duke of Gloster.
Warwick as myself shall do and undo as himself pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.
War. Tush, that's a childish observation.
Richard, be duke of Gloster: Now to London,
To see these honours in possession.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

(ACT III.)

(SCENE I.)

Enter two Keepers *with bow and arrows.*

Come, let's take our stands upon this hill;
[illegible] and by the deer will come this way.
[illegible] here comes a man, let's listen him awhile.

Enter King Henry *disguised.*

[illegible]. From Scotland am I stolen, even of pure
love,
[illegible] thus disguis'd, to greet my native land.
No, Henry, no, it is no land of thine;
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors sue to thee for right;
For how canst thou help them, and not thyself?

Keep. Ay, marry sir, here's a deer, his skin is a keeper's fee. Sirrah, stand close, for, as I think, this is the king king Edward hath depcsed.

King. My queen and son, poor souls, are gone to
France;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick,
To entreat a marriage with the lady Bona.
If this be true, poor queen and son,
Your labour is but spent in vain;
For Lewis is a prince soon won with words,
And Warwick is a subtle orator.
He laughs, and says his Edward is install'd;
She weeps, and says her Henry is depos'd:
He, on his right hand, asking a wife for Edward;
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry.

Keep. What art thou that talk'st of kings and
queens?

King. More than I seem, for less I should not be:
A man at least, and more I cannot be:
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king
thyself.

King. Why, so I am in mind, though not in show?

Keep. And if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

King. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
My crown is call'd content,
A crown that kings do seldom times enjoy.

Keep. And if thou be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content and you must be content
To go with us unto the officers,
For, as we think, you are our quondam king,
King Edward hath depos'd,
And therefore we charge you in God's name and the
king's,
To go along with us unto the officers.

King. God's name be fulfill'd, your king's name be
obey'd;
And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

(SCENE II.)

Enter King Edward, Clarence, *and* Gloster, Montague, Hastings, *and the Lady* Grey.

K. Edw. Brothers of Clarence and of Gloster,
This lady's husband here, sir Richard Grey,
At the battle of St. Alban's did lose his life:
His lands then were seiz'd on by the conqueror.
Her suit is now to repossess those lands;
And sith in quarrel of the house of York
The noble gentleman did lose his life,
In honour we cannot deny her suit.

Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant it then.

K. Edw. Ay, so I will; but yet I'll make a
pause.

Glo. Ay? is the wind in that door?

Cla. I see the lady hath some thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Glo. He knows the game: How well he keeps the
wind.

K. Edw. Widow, come some other time to know
our mind.

Lady G. May it please your grace, I cannot brook
delays;
I beseech your highness to despatch me now.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; we mean to try
this widow's wit.

Cla. Ay, good leave have you.

Glo. For you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to your crutch.

K. Edw. Come hither, widow; how many children
hast thou?

Cla. I think he means to beg a child on her.

Glo. Nay, whip me then, he'll rather give her two.

Lady G. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. You shall have four if you will be rul'd by
him.

K. Edw. Wer't not pity they should lose their
father's lands?

Lady G. Be pitiful then, dread lord, and grant it
them.

K. Edw. I'll tell thee how these lands are to be
got.

Lady G. So shall you bind me to your highness'
service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I grant
it them?

Lady G. Even what your highness shall command.

Glo. Nay then, widow, I'll warrant you all your
husband's lands,
If you grant to do what he commands.
Fight close, or in good faith you catch a clap.

Cla. Nay, I fear her not unless she fall.

Glo. Marry, God forbid, man, for he'll take 'van-
tage then.

Lady G. Why stops my lord; shall I not know my
task?

K. Edw. An easy task, 'tis but to love a king.

Lady G. That's soon perform'd, because I am a
subject.

K. Edw. Why then thy husband's lands I freely
give thee.

Lady G. I take my leave with many thousand
thanks.

Cla. The match is made; she seals it with a curtsy.

K. Edw. Stay, widow, stay; what love dost thou
think I sue so much to get?

Lady G. My humble service,
Such as subjects owe, and the laws command.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I meant no such love,
But to tell thee the truth, I aim to lie with thee.

Lady G. To tell you plain, my lord, I had rather
lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why then thou canst not get thy hus-
band's lands.

Lady G. Then mine honesty shall be my dower,
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Herein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

Lady G. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Agrees not with the sadness of my suit.
Please it your highness to dismiss me, either with ay or no.
K. Edw. Ay, if thou say ay to my request;
No, if thou say no to my demand.
Lady G. Then no, my lord; my suit is at an end.
Glo. The widow likes him not; she bends the brow.
Cla. Why he is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.
K. Edw. Her looks are all replete with majesty:
One way, or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.
Say, that king Edward took thee for his queen.
Lady G. 'T is better said than done, my gracious lord,
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear,
I speak no more than what my heart intends,
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
Lady G. And that is more than I will yield unto;
I know I am too bad to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean my queen.
Lady G. Your grace would be loth my sons should call you father.
K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children,
And, by God's mother, I being but a bachelor,
Have other some: Why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father of many children.
Argue no more, for thou shalt be my queen.
Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.
Cla. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.
K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what talk the widow and I have had.
You would think it strange if I should marry her.
Cla. Marry her, my lord, to whom?
K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.
Glo. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.
Cla. Why that's a day longer than a wonder lasts.
Glo. And so much more are the wonders in extremes.
K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers; I can tell you
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An it please your grace, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought as prisoner to your palace gates.
K. Edw. Away with him, and send him to the Tower;
And let's go question with the man about
His apprehension. Lords along, and use
This lady honourably. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Manet GLOSTER, *and speaks.*

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no issue might succeed,
To hinder me from the golden time I look for:
For I am not yet look'd on in the world!
First is there Edward, Clarence, and Henry,
And his son, and all they look for issue
Of their loins, ere I can plant myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
What other pleasure is there in the world beside?
I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,
And lull myself within a lady's lap,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
Oh monstrous man, to harbour such a thought!
Why, love did scorn me in my mother's womb;
And, for I should not deal in her affairs,
She did corrupt frail nature in the flesh,
And plac'd an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To dry mine arm up like a wither'd shrimp;
To make my legs of an unequal size. (ion.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Easier for me to compass twenty crowns.
Tut, I can smile, and murder when I smile;
I cry content to that which grieves me most;
I can add colours to the chamelion;
And for a need change shapes with Proteus,
And set the aspiring Catiline to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get the crown?
Tush, were it ten times higher, I'll pull it down.
[*Exit.*

(SCENE III.)

Enter King LEWIS, *and the Lady* BONA, *Queen* MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD, *and* OXFORD, *with others.*

Lew. Welcome, queen Margaret, to the court of France.
It fits not Lewis to sit while thou dost stand;
Sit by my side, and here I vow to thee,
Thou shalt have aid to repossess thy right,
And beat proud Edward from his usurped seat,
And place king Henry in his former rule.
Queen. I humbly thank your royal majesty;
And pray the God of heaven to bless thy state,
Great king of France, that thus regards our wrongs.

Enter WARWICK.

Lew. How now! who is this?
Queen. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's chiefest friend.
Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick; what brings thee to France?
War. From worthy Edward, king of England,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come in kindness and unfeigned love;
First to do greetings to thy royal person,
And then to crave a league of amity,
And lastly to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.
Queen. And if this go forward all our hope is done.
War. And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,
I am commanded, with your love and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passions of my sovereign's heart,
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy glorious image and thy virtues.
Queen. King Lewis and lady Bona, hear me speak
Before you answer Warwick or his words,
For he it is hath done us all these wrongs.
War. Injurious Margaret!
Prince. And why not queen?
War. Because thy father Henry did usurp,
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.
Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
That did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And after John of Gaunt, wise Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the world;
And after this wise prince Henry Fifth,

Who with his prowess conquered all France :—
From these our Henry is lineally descent.
War. Oxford, how haps that in this smooth discourse,
ou told not how Henry the Sixth had lost
hat Henry the Fifth had gotten?
ks these peers of France should smile at that!
the rest, you tell a pedigree
score and two years, a silly time
prescription for a kingdom's worth.
Why, Warwick, canst thou deny thy king,
thou obeyedst thirty and eight years,
not) bewray thy treasons with a blush?
ar. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
w buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.
Oxf. Call him my king, by whom mine elder brother,
The lord Aubrey Vere, was done to death;
And more than so, my father
Even in the downfal of his mellow'd years,
When age did call him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; whilst life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.
War. And I the house of York.
Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe to forbear a while, till I do talk
A word with Warwick.
Now, Warwick, even upon thy honour tell me true;
Is Edward lawful king or no? for I were loth
To link with him that is not lawful heir.
War. Thereon I pawn mine honour and my credit.
Lew. What, is he gracious in the people's eyes?
War. The more that Henry is unfortunate.
Lew. What is his love to our sister Bona?
War. Such it seems,
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say and swear,
That this his love was an eternal plant,
The root whereof was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.
Lew. Then, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.
Bona. Your grant or denial shall be mine.
But ere this day I must confess,
When I have heard your king's deserts recounted,
Mine ears have tempted judgment to desire.
Lew. Then draw near, queen Margaret, and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.
Prince. To Edward, but not the English king.
War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease;
Where, having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,
You have a father able to maintain your state,
And better 't were to trouble him than France.

Sound for a Post *within.*

Lew. Here comes some post, Warwick, to thee or us.
Post. My lord ambassador, this letter is for you,
Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague.
This from our king, unto your majesty.
And these to you, madam, from whom I know not.
Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, when Warwick frets at his.
Prince. And mark how Lewis stamps as he were nettled.
Lew. Now, Margaret and Warwick, what are your news?
Queen. Mine is such as fills my heart with joy.
War. Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.
Lew. What, hath your king married the lady Grey,
And now, to excuse himself, sends us a post of papers?
How dares he presume to use us thus?
Queen. This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.
War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's.
No more my king, for he dishonours me;
And most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came to an untimely death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown,
And thrust king Henry from his native home?
And (most ungrateful) doth he use me thus?
My gracious queen, pardon what is past,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor:
I will revenge the wrongs done to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.
Queen. Yes, Warwick, I 'll quite forget thy former faults,
If now thou wilt become king Henry's friend.
War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I 'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'T is not his new-made bride shall succour him.
Lew. Then at the last I firmly am resolv'd
You shall have aid:
And, English messenger, return in post,
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers
To revel it with him and his new bride.
Bona. Tell him, in hope he 'll be a widower shortly,
I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.
Queen. Tell him, my mourning weeds be laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I 'll uncrown him ere 't be long.
There 's thy reward; be gone. [*Exit* Messenger.
Lew. But now tell me, Warwick,
What assurance I shall have of thy true loyalty?
War. This shall assure my constant loyalty:
If that our queen and this young prince agree,
I 'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.
Queen. With all my heart; that match I like full well:
Love her, son Edward, she is fair and young,
And give thy hand to Warwick for thy love.
Lew. It is enough; and now we will prepare
To levy soldiers for to go with you.
And you, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them safely to the English coast;
And chase proud Edward from his slumb'ring trance,
For mocking marriage with the name of France.
War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I 'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exeunt.*

(ACT IV.)

(SCENE I.)

Enter King EDWARD, *the* QUEEN, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, MONTAGUE, HASTINGS, *and* PEMBROKE, *with* Soldiers.

K. Edw. Brothers of Clarence, and of Gloster, what think you of our marriage with the lady Grey ?

Cla. My lord, we think as Warwick and Lewis, that are so slack in judgment that they will take no offence at this sudden marriage.

K. Edw. Suppose they do, they are but Lewis and Warwick; and I am both your king and Warwick's, and will be obeyed.

Glo. And shall, because our king, but yet such sudden marriages seldom prove well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you against us, too?

Glo. Not I, my lord; no, God forfend, that I
Should once gainsay your highness' pleasure;
Ay, and 't were pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your dislikes aside,
Show me some reasons why the lady Grey
May not be my love, and England's queen?
Speak freely, Clarence, Gloster, Montague, and Hastings.

Cla. My lord, then this is mine opinion,—that Warwick,
Being dishonour'd in his embassage,
Doth seek revenge to quit his injuries.

Glo. And Lewis, in regard of his sister's wrongs,
Doth join with Warwick to supplant your state.

K. Edw. Suppose that Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd
By such means as I can best devise.

Mont. But yet to have join'd with France in this alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth,
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Let England be true within itself,
We need not France, nor any alliance with them.

Cla. For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves
To have the daughter and heir of the lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. And what then? It was our will it should be so.

Cla. Ay, and for such a thing, too, the lord Scales
Did well deserve at your hands
To have the daughter of the lord Bonfield,
And left your brothers to go seek elsewhere:
But in your madness you bury brotherhood.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malecontent?
Why, man, be of good cheer, I 'll provide thee one.

Cla. Nay, you play'd the broker so ill for yourself,
That you shall give me leave to make my choice
As I think good: and to that intent
I shortly mean to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, I am full resolv'd
Edward will not be tied to his brothers' wills.

Queen. My lords, do me but right,
And you must confess, before it pleas'd his highness
To advance my state to title of a queen,
That I was not ignoble from my birth.

K. Edw. Forbear, my love, to fawn upon their frowns;
For thee they must obey, nay shall obey,
An if they look for favour at my hands.

Mont. My lord, here is the messenger return'd fr[om] France.

Enter Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, sirrah, what letters? or wh[at news?]

Mess. No letters, my lord, [...]ion.
And such news, as without your highness' pa[rdon]
I dare not relate. [...]:

K. Edw. We pardon thee, and (as near a[s thou] canst) tell me,
What said Lewis to our letters?

Mess. At my departure these were his very words
'Go, tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers
To revel it with him and his new bride.'

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? Belike, he thinks me Henry.
But what said lady Bona to these wrongs?

Mess. 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly,
I 'll wear a willow garland for his sake.'

K. Edw. She had the wrong;
Indeed she could say little less. But what said Henry's queen,
For, as I hear, she was then in place?

Mess. 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning weeds be done,
And I am ready to put armour on.'

K. Edw. Then belike she means to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mess. He, more incensed than the rest, my lord,
'Tell him,' quoth he, 'that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I 'll uncrown him ere 't be long.'

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out such proud words?
But I will arm me to prevent the worst.
But what, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Mess. Ay, my good lord, they are so link'd in friendship,
That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Cla. The elder, belike; Clarence shall have the younger.
All you that love me and Warwick follow me.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE *and* SOMERSET.

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset fled to Warwick!
What say you, brother Richard, will you stand to us?

Glo. Ay, my lord, in despite of all that shall withstand you.
For why hath nature made me halt downright,
But that I should be valiant and stand to it:
For if I would I cannot run away.

K. Edw. Pembroke, go raise an army presently.
Pitch up my tent; for in the field this night
I mean to rest, and on the morrow morn
I 'll march to meet proud Warwick, ere he land
Those straggling troops which he hath got in France.
But ere I go, Montague and Hastings,
You above all the rest are near allied
In blood to Warwick; therefore tell me
If you favour him more than me, or not. Speak truly;
For I had rather have you open enemies,
Than hollow friends.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true.

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause.

K. Edw. It shall suffice; come then, let's march away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

(SCENE II.)

Enter WARWICK *and* OXFORD, *with* Soldiers.

Mea... Trust me, my lords, all hitherto goes well;
Cl...mon people by numbers swarm to us.
...where Somerset and Clarence come;
...ddenly, my lords, are we all friends?
...Fear not that, my lord.
Glo. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick,
...welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice,
...rest mistrustful, where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love:
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence, my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the town about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy.
Then cry king Henry with resolved minds,
And break we presently into his tent.

Cla. Why then let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God, and St. George!

War. This is his tent, and see where his guard doth stand:
Courage, my soldiers, now or never;
But follow me now, and Edward shall be ours.

All. A Warwick, a Warwick.

(SCENE III.)

Alarums, and GLOSTER *and* HASTINGS *fly.*

Oxf. Who goes there?

War. Richard and Hastings: let them go, here's the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last
Thou call'dst me king.

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd now.
When you disgrac'd me in my embassage,
Then I disgraced you from being king,
And now am come to create you duke of York.
Alas, how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

K. Edw. Well, Warwick, let fortune do her worst,
Edward in mind will bear himself a king.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king;
But Henry now shall wear the English crown.
Go, convey him to our brother, archbishop of York;
And when I have fought with Pembroke and his followers,
I'll come and tell thee what the lady Bona says;
And so for a while farewell, good duke of York.
[*Exeunt some with King* EDWARD.

Cla. What follows now? all hitherto goes well:
But we must despatch some letters into France,
To tell the queen of our happy fortune,
And bid her come with speed to join with us.

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
And free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in his regal throne.
Come, let's haste away, and having pass'd these cares,
I'll post to York, and see how Edward fares.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

(SCENE IV.*)

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and Sir* WILLIAM STANLEY.

Glo. Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,
Know that the cause I sent for you is this:
I look my brother, with a slender train,
Should come a hunting in this forest here.
The bishop of York befriends him much,
And lets him use his pleasure in the chase;
Now I have privily sent him word,
How I am come with you to rescue him,
And see where the huntsman and he doth come.

Enter EDWARD *and a* Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord, the deer is gone.

K. Edw. No, this way, huntsman;
See where the keepers stand. Now, brother, and the rest,
What, are you provided to depart?

Glo. Ay, ay, the horse stands at the park corner;
Come, to Lynn, and so take shipping into Flanders:

K. Edw. Come, then.
Hastings and Stanley, I will requite your loves.
Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown,
And pray that I may repossess the crown.
Now, huntsman, what will you do?

Hunt. Marry, my lord, I think I had as good go with you, as tarry here to be hanged.

K. Edw. Come then, let's away with speed.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

(SCENE V.†)

Enter the QUEEN, *and the Lord* RIVERS.

Riv. Tell me, good madam,
Why is your grace so passionate of late?

Queen. Why, brother Rivers, hear ye not the news
Of that success king Edward had of late?

Riv. What! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?
Tush, fear not, fair queen, but cast those cares aside.
King Edward's noble mind his honours doth display;
And Warwick may lose, though then he got the day.

Queen. If that were all my griefs were at an end;
But greater troubles will I fear befall.

Riv. What, is he taken prisoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royal person then?

Queen. Ay, there's my grief, king Edward is surpris'd,
And led away as prisoner unto York.

Riv. The news is passing strange, I must confess;
Yet comfort yourself, for Edward hath more friends;
Then Lancaster at this time must perceive
That some will set him in his throne again.

Queen. God grant they may; but, gentle brother, come,
And let me lean upon thine arm awhile,
Until I come unto the sanctuary,
There to preserve the fruit within my womb,
King Edward's seed, true heir to England's crown.
[*Exeunt.*

* This and the next scene are transposed in the amended play. This scene corresponds with Scene v. of Henry VI., Part III.

† This scene corresponds with Scene IV. of Henry VI., Part III.

(SCENE VI.*)

Enter Edward, *and* Richard, *and* Hastings, *with a troop of* Hollanders.

K. Edw. Thus far from Belgia have we pass'd the seas,
And march'd from Raunspur haven unto York:
But soft, the gates are shut; I like not this.
Rich. Sound up the drum, and call them to the walls.

Enter the Lord Mayor *of* York, *upon the walls.*

Mayor. My lords, we had notice of your coming,
And that 's the cause we stand upon our guard,
And shut the gates for to preserve the town.
Henry now is king, and we are sworn to him.
K. Edw. Why, my lord mayor, if Henry be your king,
Edward I am sure at least is duke of York.
Mayor. Truth, my lord, we know you for no less.
K. Edw. I crave nothing but my dukedom.
Rich. But when the fox hath gotten in his head,
He 'll quickly make the body follow after.
Hast. Why, my lord mayor, what stand you upon points?
Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.
Mayor. Say you so? then I 'll open them presently.
[*Exit* Mayor.
Rich. By my faith, a wise stout captain, and soon persuaded.

The Mayor *opens the door, and brings the keys in his hand.*

K. Edw. So, my lord mayor, these gates must not be shut,
But in the time of war; give me the keys:
What, fear not man, for Edward will defend
The town and you, despite of all your foes.

Enter Sir John Montgomery, *with drum and* Soldiers.

How now, Richard, who is this?
Rich. Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,
A trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.
K. Edw. Welcome, sir John. Wherefore come you in arms?
Sir John. To help king Edward in this time of storms,
As every loyal subject ought to do.
K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery, but I only claim
My dukedom, till it please God to send the rest.
Sir John. Then fare you well. Drum, strike up, and let us march away;
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.
K. Edw. Nay, stay, sir John, and let us first debate
With what security we may do this thing.
Sir John. What stand you on debating! to be brief,
Except you presently proclaim yourself
Our king, I 'll hence again, and keep them back
That come to succour you; why should we fight,
When you pretend no title?
Rich. Fie, brother, stand you upon terms?
Resolve yourself, and let us claim the crown.
K. Edw. I am resolv'd once more to claim the crown,
And win it too, or else to lose my life.
Sir John. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh himself,
And now will I be Edward's champion.
Sound trumpets, for Edward shall be proclaim'd.

Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king of
England and France, and lord of Ireland:
And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
Long live Edward the Fourth!
All. Long live Edward the Fourth!
K. Edw. We thank you all. Lord mayor, l[ead] the way.
For this night we 'll harbour here in York,
And then as early as the morning sun
Lifts up his beams above this horizon,
We 'll march to London, to meet with Warw[ick]:
And pull false Henry from the regal throne.
[*Exeunt* o[mnes].

(SCENE VII.*)

Enter Warwick *and* Clarence *with the crown, and then King* Henry, Oxford, Somerset, *and the young Earl of* Richmond.

King. Thus from the prison to this princely seat,
By God's great mercies am I brought again.
Clarence and Warwick, do you keep the crown,
And govern and protect my realm in peace,
And I will spend the remnant of my days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.
War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?
Cla. Clarence agrees to what king Henry likes.
King. My lord of Somerset, what pretty boy
Is that you seem to be so careful of?
Som. If it please your grace, it is young Henry,
Earl of Richmond.
King. Henry of Richmond,
Come hither, pretty lad. If heav'nly powers
Do aim aright to my divining thoughts,
Thou, pretty boy, shalt prove this country's bliss.
Thy head is made to wear a princely crown;
Thy looks are all replete with majesty;
Make much of him, my lords, for this is he
Shall help you more than you art hurt by me.

Enter One *with a letter to* Warwick.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Is pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain towards London,
And many giddy-headed people follow him.
Oxf. 'T is best to look to this betimes,
For if this fire do kindle any further,
It will be hard for us to quench it out.
War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Them will I muster up; and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt in Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
Stir up the knights and gentlemen to come with thee.
And thou, brother Montague, in Leicestershire,
Buckingham, and Northamptonshire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to do what thou command'st;
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
Shalt in thy countries muster up thy friends.
My sovereign, with his loving citizens,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.
Farewell, my sovereign.
King. Farewell, my Hector, my Troy's true hope.

* This scene corresponds with Scene vii. of Henry VI., Part III.

* The first part of this scene, till Warwick enters, corresponds with Scene vi. of Henry VI., Part III. The second part corresponds with Scene viii. of that amended play.

War. Farewell, sweet lords, let 's meet at Coventry.
All. Agreed. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter EDWARD *and his train.*

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry,
And once again convey him to the Tower.
Away with him, I will not hear him speak.
And now towards Coventry let us bend our course,
To meet with Warwick and his confederates.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

(ACT V.)

(SCENE I.)

Enter WARWICK, *on the walls.*

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, my honest fellow?
Oxf. Post. By this at Daintry marching hitherward.
War. Where is our brother Montague?
Where is the post that came from Montague?
Post. I left him at Dunsmore with his troops.
War. Say, Somerville, where is my loving son?
And by thy guess, how far is Clarence hence?
Som. At Southam, my lord, I left him with his force,
And do expect him two hours hence.
War. Then Oxford is at hand; I hear his drum.

Enter EDWARD *and his power.*

Glo. See, brother, where the surly Warwick mans the wall.
War. O, unbid spite, is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could have no news of their repair?
K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou be sorry for thy faults,
And call Edward king? and he will pardon thee.
War. Nay, rather wilt thou draw thy forces back,
Confess who set thee up and pull'd thee down,
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent?
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.
Glo. I had thought at least he would have said the king.
Or did he make the jest against his will?
War. 'T was Warwick gave the kingdom to thy brother.
K. Edw. Why then 't is mine, if but by Warwick's gift.
War. Ay, but thou art no Atlas for so great a weight,
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.
K. Edw. I prithee, gallant Warwick, tell me this,
What is the body when the head is off?
Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more foresight,
But whilst he sought to steal the single ten,
The king was finely finger'd from the deck.
You left poor Henry in the bishop's palace,
And ten to one you 'll meet him in the Tower.
K. Edw. 'T is even so, and yet you are old Warwick still.
War. O, cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes.

Enter OXFORD, *with drum and* Soldiers.

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster. [*Exit.*
K. Edw. The gates are open, see, they enter in.
Let us follow them, and bid them battle in the streets.
Glo. No, so some other might set upon our backs;
We 'll stay till all be enter'd, and then follow them.

Enter SOMERSET *with drum and* Soldiers.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster. [*Exit.*
Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York,
And thou shalt be the third, if my sword hold.

Enter MONTAGUE, *with drum and* Soldiers.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster. [*Exit.*
K. Edw. Traitorous Montague, thou and thy brother
Shall dearly abide this rebellious act.

Enter CLARENCE, *with drum and* Soldiers.

War. And lo where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of power enough to bid his brother battle.
Cla. Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaster.
K. Edw. *Et tu Brute,* will thou stab Cæsar too?
A parley, sirrah, to George of Clarence.

Sound a parley, and RICHARD *and* CLARENCE *whisper together, and then* CLARENCE *takes his red rose out of his hat, and throws it at* WARWICK.

War. Come, Clarence, come, thou wilt if Warwick call,
Cla. Father of Warwick know you what this means?
I throw mine infamy at thee
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Thinkest thou
That Clarence is so harsh, unnatural,
To lift his sword against his brother's life?
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee;
And to my brothers turn my blushing cheeks.
Pardon me, Edward, for I have done amiss;
And, Richard, do not frown upon me;
For henceforth I will prove no more unconstant.
K. Edw. Welcome, Clarence, and ten times more welcome,
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.
Glo. Welcome, good Clarence, this is brotherly.
War. O, passing traitor, perjur'd and unjust.
K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
War. Why, I am not coop'd up here for defence,
I will away to Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.
K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, he dares, and leads the way:
Lords, to the field; saint George and victory.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

(SCENE II.)

Alarums, and then enter WARWICK *wounded.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And by my fall the conquest to my foes.

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the rampant lion slept,
Whose top branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree.
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood,
My parks, and walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me, and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.

Enter OXFORD *and* SOMERSET.

Oxf. Ah, Warwick, Warwick, cheer up thyself and live,
For yet there 's hope enough to win the day.
Our warlike queen with troops is come from France,
And at Southampton landed all her train,
And might'st thou live, then would we never fly.

War. Why then I would not fly; nor have I now,
But Hercules himself must yield to odds,
For many wounds receiv'd, and many more repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And spite of spites needs must I yield to death.

Som. Thy brother Montague hath breath'd his last,
And at the pangs of death I heard him cry
And say, 'Commend me to my valiant brother;'
And more he would have spoke, and more he said,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That could not be distinguish'd for the sound;
And so the valiant Montague gave up the ghost.

War. What is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And live we how we can, yet die we must.
Sweet rest his soul! fly lords, and save yourselves,
For Warwick bids you all farewell to meet in heaven.
[*He dies.*

Oxf. Come, noble Somerset, let 's take our horse,
And cause retreat be sounded through the camp,
That all our friends that yet remain alive
May be forewarn'd, and save themselves by flight.
That done, with them we 'll post unto the queen,
And once more try our fortune in the field.
[*Exeunt.*

(SCENE III.)

Enter EDWARD, CLARENCE, *and* GLOSTER, *with* Soldiers.

K. Edw. Thus still our fortune gives us victory,
And girts our temples with triumphant joys.
The big-bon'd traitor, Warwick, hath breath'd his last,
And heaven this day hath smil'd upon us all.
But in this clear and brightsome day,
I see a black, suspicious cloud appear,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Before he gain his easeful western beams;
I mean those powers which the queen hath got in France
Are landed, and mean once more to menace us.

Glo. Oxford and Somerset have fled to her;
And 'tis likely, if she have time to breathe,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course towards Tewksbury.
Thither will we, for willingness rids way:
And in every country as we pass along,
Our strength shall be augmented.
Come, let 's go, for if we slack this bright summer's day,
Sharp winter's showers will mar our hope for hay.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

(SCENE IV.)

Enter the QUEEN, *Prince* EDWARD, OXFORD, *and* SOMERSET, *with drum and* Soldiers.

Queen. Welcome to England, my loving friends of France,
And welcome Somerset and Oxford too.
Once more have we spread our sails abroad,
And though our tackling be almost consum'd,
And Warwick as our mainmast overthrown,
Yet, warlike lords, raise you that sturdy post
That bears the sails to bring us unto rest,
And Ned and I, as willing pilots should,
For once with careful minds guide on the stern,
To bear us through that dangerous gulf
That heretofore hath swallow'd up our friends.

Prince. And if there be (as God forbid there should)
Amongst us a timorous or fearful man,
Let him depart before the battles join,
Lest he in time of need entice another,
And so withdraw the soldiers' hearts from us.
I will not stand aloof and bid you fight,
But with my sword press in the thickest throngs,
And single Edward from his strongest guard,
And hand to hand enforce him for to yield,
Or leave my body as witness of my thoughts.

Oxf. Women and children of so high resolve,
And warriors faint! why 'twere perpetual shame.
Oh, brave young prince, thy noble grandfather
Doth live again in thee; long may'st thou live
To bear his image, and to renew his glories.

Som. And he that turns and flies when such do fight,
Let him to bed, and like the owl by day
Be hiss'd and wonder'd at if he arise.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lords, duke Edward with a mighty power
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you.

Oxf. I thought it was his policy to take us unprovided;
But here will we stand and fight it to the death.

Enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and* Soldiers.

K. Edw. See, brothers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by God's assistance and your prowess,
Shall with our swords ere night be clean cut down.

Queen. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say
My tears gainsay. For as you see, I drink
The water of mine eyes. Then no more but this;
Henry our king is prisoner in the Tower;
His land, and all our friends, are quite distress'd;
And yonder stands the wolf that makes all this;
Then on God's name, lords, together cry, Saint George.

All. Saint George for Lancaster.

(SCENE V.)

Alarums to the battle, YORK *flies, then the chamber be discharged. Then enter the* KING, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and the rest, making a great shout, and cry,* For York, For York, *and then the* QUEEN, PRINCE, OXFORD, *and* SOMERSET *are taken, and then sound and enter all again.*

K. Edw. Lo, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Away, I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I 'll not trouble thee with words.
[*Exit* OXFORD.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my death.
[*Exit* SOMERSET.

K. Edw. Now, Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
Mea[illegible]ing up my subjects to rebellion?

Cla[illegible]. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York;
[illegible]hat I am now my father's mouth;
[illegible]y chair, and where I stand, kneel thou,
[illegible] propose the selfsame words to thee,
[illegible] traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

[illegible]*n.* Oh, that thy father had been so resolv'd.

Glo[illegible] That you might still have kept your petticoat,
[illegible] ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I 'll plague you for that word.

Queen. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will tame your tongue.

Cla. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful.
Lascivious Edward, and thou perjur'd George,
And thou misshapen Dick, I tell you all
I am your better, traitors as you be.

K. Edw. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.
[*Stabs him.*

Queen. Oh, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall.

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much already.

Glo. Why should she live to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What, doth she swoon? Make means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;
I must to London on a serious matter;
Ere you come there you shall hear more news.

Cla. About what, prithee tell me?

Glo. The Tower, man, the Tower: I 'll root them out.
[*Exit.*

Queen. Ah, Ned, speak to thy mother, boy:
Ah, thou canst not speak.
Traitors, tyrants, bloody homicides,
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
For he was a man; this, in respect a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than tyrant that I may not name?
You have no children, devils, if you had
The thought of them would then have stopp'd your rage:
But if you ever hope to have a son,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, traitors, you have done this sweet young prince.

K. Edw. Away, and bear her hence.

Queen. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;
Here sheath thy sword; I 'll pardon thee my death.
Wilt thou not? Then, Clarence, do thou do it.

Cla. By heaven, I would not do thee so much ease.

Queen. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, kill me too.

Cla. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Queen. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.
Where's the devil's butcher, hard-favour'd Richard?
Richard, where art thou?
He is not here: Murder is his alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood he 'll ne'er put back.

K. Edw. Away, I say, and take her hence perforce.

Queen. So come to you and yours, as to this prince.
[*Exit.*

K. Edw. Clarence, whither is Gloster gone?

Cla. Marry, my lord, to London; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He is sudden, if a thing come in his head.
Well, discharge the common soldiers with pay and thanks:
And now let 's toward London,
To see our gentle queen how she doth fare;
For by this I hope she hath a son for us.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

(SCENE VI.)

Enter GLOSTER *to King* HENRY *in the Tower.*

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your book so hard?

King. Ay, my good lord. Lord, I should say rather;
'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better;
Good Gloster, and good devil, were all alike.
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts a guilty mind.

King. The bird once lim'd doth fear the fatal bush;
And I, the hapless male to one poor bird,
Have now the fatal object in mine eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a bird!
And yet, for all that, the poor fowl was drown'd.

King. I, Dædalus, my poor son, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
Thy brother Edward the sun that sear'd his wings;
And thou the enviest gulf that swallow'd him.
Oh, better can my breast abide thy dagger's point,
Than can mine ears that tragic history.

Glo. Why, dost thou think I am an executioner?

King. A persecutor, I am sure thou art;
And if murdering innocents be executions,
Then I know thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

King. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy of thee:
That many a widow for her husband's death,
And many an infant's water-standing eye,
Widows for their husbands, children for their fathers,
Shall curse the time that ever thou wert born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, a boding luckless tune;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chatt'ring pies in dismal discord sung;
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit, an undigest created lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou cam'st to bite the world:
And if the rest be true that I have heard,
Thou cam'st into the world——

Glo. Die, prophet, in thy speech, I'll hear no more:
[*Stabs him.*
For this amongst the rest was I ordain'd.

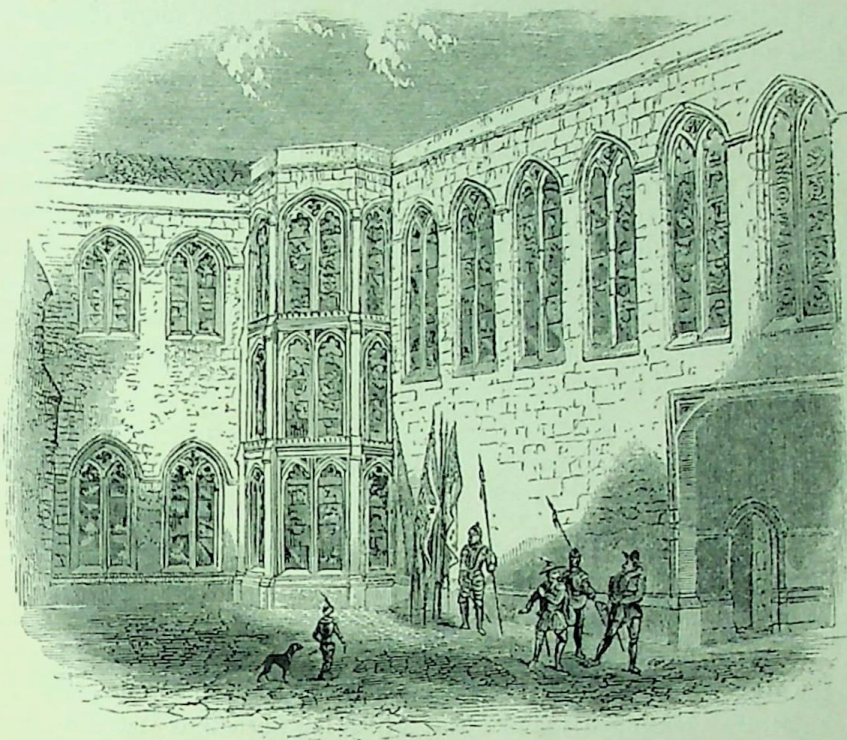
King. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O, God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee. [*He dies.*
Glo. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink into the ground? I had thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death.
Now may such purple tears always be shed,
For such as seek the downfall of our house.
If any spark of life remain in thee,*
[*Stabs him again.*
Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither:
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 'twas true that Henry told me of,
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward:
And had I not reason, think you, to make haste,
And seek their ruins that usurp'd our rights?
The women weeping, and the midwife crying,
'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth:'
And so I was, indeed; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since heaven hath made my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I had no father, I am like no father;
I have no brothers, I am like no brothers;
And this word *love*, which greybeards term divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone.
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light,
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
Under pretence of outward seeming ill,
As Edward shall be fearful of his life,
And then to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone;
And, Clarence, thou art next must follow them:
So by one and one despatching all the rest,
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.
I'll drag thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [*Exit.*

(SCENE VII.)

Enter King EDWARD, *Queen* ELIZABETH, *and a* Nurse *with the young* Prince, *and* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and others.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's throne,
Repurchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride?
Three dukes of Somerset, three-fold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
And two Northumberlands; two braver men,
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's s[ound]
With them the two rough bears, Warwick [and Mon]tague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd:
Thus have we swept suscipion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy:
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself,
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
March'd all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.
Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:
Work thou the way, and thou shalt execute.
K. Edw. Brothers of Clarence and of Gloster,
Pray love my lovely queen,
And kiss your princely nephew, both.
Cla. The duty that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the roseate lips of this sweet babe.
Queen. Thanks, noble Clarence, worthy brother, thanks.
Glo. And that I love the fruit from whence thou sprangst,
Witness the loving kiss I give the child.
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,
And so he cried all hail, and meant all harm.
K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights.
Cla. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for a ransom.
K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs and mirthful comic shows,
Such as befits the pleasures of the court?
Sound drums and trumpets! farewell to sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

* This line is not in the edition from which we print, but is found in the earlier quartos.

RICHARD III.

[Crosby House.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

This History was originally published in 1597, under the following title:—'The Tragedy of King Richard the Third. Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittieful Murther of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannical Usurpation: with the whole Course of his detested Life and most deserved Death. As it hath been lately acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Printed by Valentine Sims, for William Wise, 1597.' It is thus entered in the Stationers' Register:—"Oct. 20, 1597. Andrew Wise. The Tragedie of Kinge Richard the Third, with the Death of the Duke of Clarence." The same Andrew Wise enters the Richard II. on the previous 29th August. This play was reprinted four times in quarto previous to its appearance in the folio of 1623; in which edition it bears the following title:—'The Tragedy of Richard the Third: with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field.' The running head of the play, in the folio, is 'The Life and Death of Richard the Third.'

The question of the date when the Richard III. was written will be discussed in our Introduction to this Volume; and the very curious elder play 'The True Tragedie of Richard the Third,' re-

printed by Boswell in 1821, will be there noticed. We shall at present confine ourselves to some observations on the state of the text.

The mode in which the *modern* text of the Richard III. has been constructed is thus stated by Malone :—" In this play the variations between the original copy in quarto, and the folio, are m[illegible] numerous than, I believe, in any other of our author's pieces. The alterations, it is highly pro[illegible] were made, not by Shakspeare, but by the players, many of them being very injudicious." [illegible] would appear a sufficient reason for the modern editors rejecting the text of the folio alt[illegible] But they have not followed this course, which would at least have the merit of consistency[illegible] have adopted these alterations, made "by the players," in by far the greater number of case[illegible] example: there are about one hundred and twenty new lines introduced in the folio—" [illegible] players," of course; in one case there is a single passage amounting to fifty-five lines. These lines are *all* adopted; and they are most important lines. In a great number of minute instanc[illegible] the text of the folio is preferred by them; and Steevens says, unhesitatingly, that it is the best text. On the other hand, there is a remarkable passage, most thoroughly Shaksperian (Act IV., Scene II.), which is not found in the folio; and the modern text very properly adopts it. This is the only instance in which, to our minds, any advantage has resulted from the collation of the quartos; and this passage was restored by Pope. We will give one or two examples of the mode in which the text of the folio has been preferred by the modern editors to that of the quartos, in addition to their adoption of all the new lines:—

Folio of 1623.	Quarto of 1597.
And the queen's sons and brothers, haught and proud.	And the queen's kindred, haughty and proud.
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag, To be the aim of every dangerous shot; A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble.	A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble, A sign of dignity, a garish flag, To be the aim of every dangerous shot.
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious; Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous; Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody.	Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and furious; Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous.

Taking, then, the authority of the folio in part, and rejecting it in part, the modern editors have proceeded to manufacture a text upon the principle which has been thus stated by Malone: "The text has been formed out of the two copies, the folio and the early quarto; from which the preceding editors have in every scene selected such readings as appeared to them fit to be adopted. To enumerate every variation between the copies would encumber the page, with little use." Nothing, we think, can be more unsatisfactory than this mode of proceeding; and Malone gets out of the difficulty by depreciating the folio at every turn, whilst he in reality adopts all its more important readings. He says, " several alterations were made in this play, evidently unauthorized by Shakspeare." These are the alterations which, no doubt, he passes over *sub silentio*. We adopt, once for all, the text of the folio, with the exception of three or four passages, where we follow the quarto, and state our reasons for this course. In our foot-notes we have not, adopting the text of the folio, indicated all the variations in the quartos; but we have indicated every passage in which our text is a variation from the received text, and this for the purpose that, when the critical student encounters a reading different from that to which he is accustomed, he may compare and judge for himself.

[Richard III.]

Costume.

The Monk of Croyland informs us that "the new fashion" Edward IV. "chose for his last state dresses was to have very full hanging sleeves, like a monk's, lined with most sumptuous furs, and so rolled over his shoulders as to give his tall person an air of peculiar grandeur." This fashion was continued during the remainder of the century, and was not altogether abandoned in the reign of Henry VIII. By a sumptuary law enacted in the last year of Edward's reign, we find also that purple cloth of gold and silk of a purple colour were confined to the use of the royal family, while none under the degree of a duke might wear cloth of gold of tissue. Inferior noblemen were restricted to plain cloth of gold, knights to velvet, esquires to satin, &c. Short gowns and upper-dresses of various descriptions were worn at this time, with long sleeves, having an opening in front, through which the arm came, leaving the outer sleeve to hang as an ornament from the shoulder. This fashion may be seen in the engraving at page 152 of our last Number (Henry VI., Part III.). Feathers became more frequent towards the close of this reign, one or more being worn in the cap, behind, and jewelled up the stem. The hair was worn in large square masses on each side of the head, and low on the forehead.

There are two portraits of Richard III., painted on board, in the meeting-room of the Society of Antiquaries at Somerset House. Both were bequeathed to the society by the late Mr. Kerrich. The first has been lithographed for the fifth volume of the 'Paston Letters.' It represents the king attired in a robe of cloth of gold over a close dress of scarlet, a black cap with a pearl ornament. His hair brown and long. His right hand is engaged in placing a ring upon, or drawing it off, the third finger of the left hand. This portrait is evidently by the same painter with that of Edward IV. described in our last Number. In the other, Richard is portrayed with a short sword or dagger in his hand, dressed in a black robe, with sleeves of black and crimson, an under-dress of cloth of gold, and a small black cap. In the absence of any well-authenticated portrait or effigy of Richard these paintings are certainly very interesting, as there can be little doubt that they were executed during or immediately subsequent to his reign, and may therefore be presumed to convey a general idea of the style of person and dress, if not an absolute likeness. In both he is represented as a hard-featured man, with rather a forbidding countenance, and certainly not bearing out the flattering description of the old Countess of Desmond, who had danced with him when

Duke of Gloster, and is stated to have declared that he was the handsomest man in the room except his brother King Edward IV.* Sir Thomas More, however, says " his face was hard-favoured or warly," which latter word Grafton renders " warlike;" and unless these pictures were painted purposely with the view of creating or confirming a popular prejudice, they may be considered a fully warranting the historian's description.†

Richard and the Duke of Buckingham were both remarkable for their love of finery. A the king's dresses exists amongst the Harleian MSS. (No. 433, p. 126), which was sent by himself from York to the keeper of his wardrobe in London, August 31st, 1483 ; and in th quarian Repertory' is published a wardrobe account of the first year of his reign, in which a detailed description of the magnificent dresses worn by the king, queen, and court, at the c tion. On the day preceding that gorgeous ceremony the Duke of Buckingham, in the roya gress through the city, rode a courser caparisoned with blue velvet, embroidered with axles or whe in gold (a badge of the Stafford family), the trappings being held out by pages for the better display of them.‡

In the Warwick Roll is a figure of Richard in armour, and surrounded by the crests of France, England, Ireland, Gascony, and Wales; the latter being a greyhound in a cradle—a curious allusion to the well-known legend of ' Beth-Gellert.' In the same most interesting document is a drawing of Richard's queen, Anne, which presents us with the peculiar head-dress characterising this period, namely, a cap or caul of gold embroidery, covered by a veil of some very transparent material, stiffened out in the form of wings.

Of Henry Earl of Richmond we know no representation previous to his ascending the throne.

Two portraits of John, the first Howard Duke of Norfolk, and one of his son the Earl of Surrey, are given in the privately printed work, ' Memorials of the Howard Family,' a copy of which is in the library of the Society of Antiquaries.

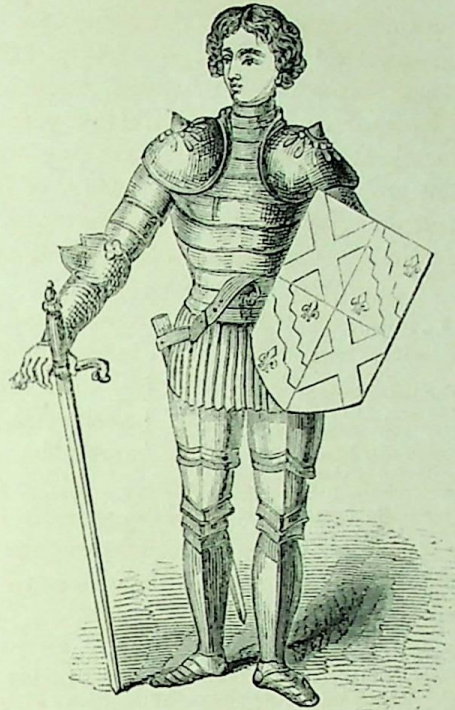
* Walpole's Hist. Doubts, p. 102.

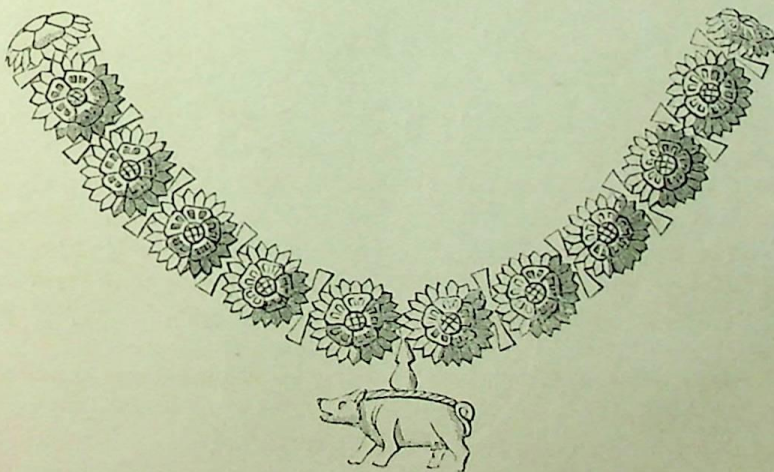
† It is said by Polydore Virgil that Richard had a trick of fidgeting with his dagger, continually half drawing and sheathing it again, while in conversation. One might imagine the painter of the second picture had intended to represent this peculiarity. The opinion of Mr. Sharon Turner also, that this habit was but " the mark of a restless impatience of spirit which would not let even the fingers be quiet," is singularly supported by the first portrait, in which Richard appears to be playing in the same manner with his ring by drawing it off and on his finger.

‡ Grafton's Chron.

[John Howard, first Duke of Norfolk.]

[Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey.]

Sir Thos. Vaughan lies buried in Westminster Abbey, and the brass plate on his tomb presents us with a good specimen of the armour of this period, with its large pauldrons, elbow-plates, and genouillères. A portrait of Lord Stanley (as Earl of Derby) is to be found in 'Lodge's Series of Illustrious Personages.'

[Sir Thomas Vaughan.]

The livery colours of the Tudor family were white and green. One of the standards of Henry Earl of Richmond at Bosworth field was a red dragon upon white and green sarcenet. Another was a dun cow upon "yellow tarterne." Richard's armorial supporters were white boars. A white boar was also his favourite badge. In his letter from York he orders "four standards of sarcenet and thirteen gonfanons of fustian, with boars." Richard's favourite badge of cognizance was worn by the higher order of his partisans appendant to a collar of roses and suns. Such a collar decorates the monumental figure of Ralph, second Earl of Westmoreland, in the church of Brancepeth, in the county of Durham; and by the favour of Sir Henry Ellis we copy this from an original drawing by the late Mr. Charles Stothard. This is probably the only contemporary representation of Richard's collar and device now remaining.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.
EDWARD, *Prince of* Wales, *afterwards* King Edward V. } *sons to the* King.
RICHARD, *Duke of* York. }
GEORGE, *Duke of* CLARENCE, } *brothers to the* King.
RICHARD, *Duke of* Gloster, *afterwards* King Richard III. }
A young Son of Clarence.
HENRY, *Earl of* Richmond, *afterwards* King Henry VII.
CARDINAL BOUCHIER, *Archbishop of* Canterbury.
THOMAS ROTHERAM, *Archbishop of* York.
JOHN MORTON, *Bishop of* Ely.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY, *his son.*
EARL RIVERS, *brother to* King Edward's *Queen.*
MARQUIS OF DORSET *and* LORD GREY, *her sons.*
EARL OF OXFORD. LORD HASTINGS. LORD STANLEY.
LORD LOVEL. Sir THOMAS VAUGHAN.
Sir RICHARD RATCLIFF. Sir WILLIAM CATESBY.
Sir JAMES TYRREL. Sir JAMES BLOUNT.
Sir WALTER HERBERT.
Sir ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *Lieutenant of the* Tower.
CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, *a Priest.*
Another Priest.
Lord Mayor of London.
Sheriff of Wiltshire.

ELIZABETH, *Queen of* King Edward IV.
MARGARET, *widow of* King Henry VI.
DUCHESS OF YORK, *mother to* King Edward IV., Clarence, *and* Gloster.
Lady ANNE, *widow of* Edward, *Prince of* Wales, *son to* King Henry VI.; *afterwards married to the Duke of* Gloster.
A young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE,—ENGLAND.

[Scene II. 'Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword.']

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;[a]
And all the clouds that lowr'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed[b] steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,

[a] An allusion to the cognizance of Edward IV., which was adopted after the battle of Mortimer's Cross:—

" Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?"

[b] *Barbed.* Barbed and barded appear to have been indifferently applied to a caparisoned horse. In Hall we have, "About the time of prime came to the barriers of the lists the duke of Hertford, mounted on a white courser *barbed* with blue and green velvet." In Lord Berners' Froissart we read, "It was a great beauty to behold the banners and standards waving in the wind, and horses *barded*, and knights and squires richly armed."

He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;—
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;—
I, that am cúrtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see[a] my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,[b]
I am determined to prove a villain,

[a] *See*, in the folio; the quartos. *spy*.

[b] Malone would read, "fair well-spoken *dames*." In Ben Jonson's 'Every Man out of his Humour,' we have the same epithet of *well-spoken* applied to days: "ignorant well-spoken days."

And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if king Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says, that G
Of Edward's heirs the murtherer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, *guarded, and* BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard
That waits upon your grace?
Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.
Glo. Upon what cause?
Clar. Because my name is George.
Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:—
O, belike, his majesty hath some intent
That you should[a] be new christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?
Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest
As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says, a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he:
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.
Glo. Why, this it is when men are rul'd by women:
'T is not the king that sends you to the Tower;
My lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 't is she
That tempers[b] him to this extremity.
Was it not she and that good man of worship
Antony Woodeville, her brother there,
That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.
Clar. By heaven, I think there is no man secure

[a] *Should*, in the folio; the quartos, *shall*.
[b] *Tempers*. We print this line as in the quarto of 1597. In the folio we read,
"That *tempts* him tot his *harsh* extremity."

But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.
Heard you not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?[a]
Glo. Humbly complaining to her deit[illegible]
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I 'll tell you what,—I think, it is our wa[illegible]
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentle-women,
Are mighty gossips in our[b] monarchy.
Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.
Glo. Even so; an please your worship, Brakenbury,
You may partake of anything we say:
We speak no treason, man:—we say, the king
Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous:—
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue:
And the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?
Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.
Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.
Brak. What one, my lord?
Glo. Her husband, knave:—Would'st thou betray me?
Brak. I do beseech your grace to pardon me; and, withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.
Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.
Glo. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,—
Were it to call king Edward's widow sister,
I will perform it, to enfranchise you.
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

[a] This line is the reading of the quartos. The folio has,
"Lord Hastings was, for her delivery."
[b] *Our*, in the folio; the quartos, *this*.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you or else lie[a] for you:
Meantime, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce; farewell.

[*Exeunt* Clarence, Brakenbury, *and Guard.*

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord Chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home;
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by St. Paul,[b] this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person;
'T is very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his bed?[c]

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit* Hastings.

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die
Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments:

[a] *Lie for you*—be imprisoned in your stead.
[b] So the quartos; the folio, *Saint John*.
[c] So the folio; the quartos,
"*What*, is he in his bed?"

And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
What though I kill'd her husband and her father,
The readiest way to make the wench amends
Is to become her husband, and her father:
The which will I: not all so much for love
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns;
When they are gone then must I count my gains. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Street.*

Enter the corpse of King Henry the Sixth, *borne in an open coffin,* Gentlemen *bearing halberds, to guard it; and Lady* Anne *as mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down, your honourable load,—
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
Whilst I a while obsequiously[a] lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
Poor key-cold[b] figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:
O, cursed be the hand that made these holes;
Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,[c]

[a] *Obsequiously*—performing obsequies.
[b] *Key-cold.* This epithet is common in the old writers. Shakspere himself has it in the Lucrece:
"And then in *key-cold* Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls."
But surely Steevens' explanation that the epithet is derived from the application of a cold key to stop bleeding is very forced. Without being able to offer more than a derivation from analogy we should conjecture that *key-cold* means cold at the vital parts—at the heart perhaps, which may be called the *key* of life in the same way that we say the *key-stone*.
[c] So the quartos; the folio, "to *wolves, to* spiders, toads."

Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspéct
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!
Come now, toward Chertsey with your holy load,[1]
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And, still as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.
[*The bearers take up the corpse, and advance.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

1 *Gent.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.
[*The bearers set down the coffin.*

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh![2]
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 't is thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murtherer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide and eat him quick;
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man;
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry!
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed crimes[a] to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than art can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair I should accuse myself.

Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd,
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not.

Anne. Then say, they were not slain.[b]
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul[c] throat thou liest; queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous faulchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,

[a] *Crimes*, in the folio; the quartos, *evils*.
[b] So the folio; the quartos,
"Why then, they are not dead."
[c] *Foul throat*; so the folio and quartos. It is commonly printed, "*soul's* throat."

That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dream'st on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant me too,
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me that holp to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method,
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wrack;
You should not blemish it if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here: [*She spits at him.*]
Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears;
Sham'd their aspécts with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
No, when my father York and Edward wept
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him:
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death
And twenty times made pause, to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.[a]
I never sued to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing[b] word;

[a] The twelve preceding lines are not found in the quarto copies.
[b] *Smoothing;* so the folio. The quartos, *soothing.*

But now thy beauty is proposed my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak. [*She looks scornfully at him.*
Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*He lays his breast open; she offers at it with his sword.*
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king Henry;—
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now despatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward:— [*She again offers at his breast.*
But 't was thy heavenly face that set me on.
[*She lets fall the sword.*
Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and even with the word,
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take, is not to give.[a]
[*She puts on the ring.*

Glo. Look, how my ring[b] encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath most[a] cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-house:[b]
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey monastery, this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty[c] see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too
To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.
[*Exeunt Lady* ANNE, TRESSEL, *and* BERKLEY.

Glo. Take up the corse, sirs.[d]

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.
[*Exeunt the rest, with the corse.*
Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I 'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
Having[e] God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewkesbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,

[a] This rapid interchange of speech is wonderfully helped in its effect by the short lines of six syllables; but Steevens, by the aid of some transpositions, has contrived to manufacture these ten lines into six of the vilest resemblances to the eye of blank verse that his botching ever achieved. In the quartos Lady Anne concludes with the line which the folio omits,

"To take is not to give."

[b] *My*, in the folio; the quartos, *this*.

[a] *Most*, in the folio; the quartos, *more*.
[b] *Crosby-house*, in the folio; the quartos, Crosby-*place*.
[c] *Expedient*—expeditious.
[d] The folio omits this line.
[e] *Having*, in all the old editions. The metre-regulators have substituted *with*.

That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet
prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I 'll be at charges for a looking-glass;
And entertain a score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I 'll turn yon' fellow in[a] his grave;
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, *and* LORD GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam; there 's no doubt
his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.
Grey. In that you brook it ill it makes him
worse:
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good com-
fort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry
words.
Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide
on me?
Grey. No other harm but loss of such a lord.
Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all
harms.
Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a
goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.
Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.
Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?
Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham
and Stanley.[b]

[a] *In*—into.

[b] *Stanley.* In the early part of this play Lord Stanley, who is named such in the fourth and fifth acts, is called Derby. He was not created Earl of Derby till after the accession of Henry VII. The necessary correction throughout was made by Theobald.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal
grace!
Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you
have been!
Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond, good my
lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, pro-
ceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded ma-
lice.
Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of
Stanley?
Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.
Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment,
lords?
Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks
cheerfully.
Q. Eliz. God grant him health! did you con-
fer with him?
Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atone-
ment
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn[a] them to his royal presence.
Q. Eliz. 'Would all were well!—but that will
never be!
I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and* DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not en-
dure it:
Who are they that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and look[b] fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?
Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks
your grace?
Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.

[a] *Warn*—summon.

[b] *Look*, in the folio; the quartos, *speak*.

When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace,
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter:
The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.[a]

Glo. I cannot tell:—The world is grown so bad
That wrens make prey[b] where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster;
You envy my advancement, and my friends';
God grant we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given, to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him, that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the mean[c]
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord; for ——

Glo. She may, lord Rivers?—why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:

[a] We print the passage as in the quartos. The folio has only one line, instead of the amplified reading of the quartos;—it is,

"Makes him to send, that he may learn the ground."

[b] *Make prey*—so in the folio, and the two first quartos. The ordinary reading is *may prey*.

[c] *Mean*, in the folio; the quartos, *cause*.

She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,
A bachelor, and a handsome stripling too:
I wis your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at:
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen Margaret, *behind*.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech him![a]
Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo. What? threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said[b]
I will avouch, in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I do remember them too well:
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewkesbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize his blood I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—
And, Rivers, so were you:—Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere this,[c] and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

[a] *Him*, in the folio; the quartos, *thee*.

[b] This line is not found in the folio. The omission is evidently a typographical error.

[c] *This*, in the folio; the quartos, *now*.

Q. Mar. A murtherous villain, and so still thou art.
Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—
Q. Mar. Which God revenge!
Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up:
I would to God my heart were flint like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful like mine;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.
Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.
Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign[a] king;
So should we you, if you should be our king.
Glo. If I should be?—I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!
Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king;
As little joy you may suppose in me
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.
Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof!
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.— [*Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me:
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not, that I being queen you bow like subjects,
Yet that by you depos'd you quake like rebels?—
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!
Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?
Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make, before I let thee go.[b]
Glo. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?
Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—
And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:
This sorrow that I have by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.
Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.
Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.
Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed, to slay that babe,
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.
Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.
Dors. No man but prophesied revenge for it.
Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.
Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Should all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!
Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murther, to make him a king!
Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
For Edward, our son, that was prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's death[a]
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!
Rivers, and Dorset, you were standers by,—
And so wast thou, lord Hastings,—when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

[a] *Sovereign*, in the folio; the quartos, *lawful*. The correction of the folio, which has not been adopted by the modern editors, was certainly necessary; for Rivers would scarcely have ventured to use the epithet *lawful* (legitimate) in the presence of Gloster.

[b] The double acceptation of the verb *make* is also exemplified in As You Like It:—

"Now, sir, what *make* you here?
Nothing: I am not taught to *make* anything."

[a] *Death*, in the folio; the quartos, *loss*.

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.
Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested——
Glo. Margaret.
Q. Mar. Richard!
Glo. Ha?
Q. Mar. I call thee not.
Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.
Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse.
Glo. 'Tis done by me; and ends in—Margaret.
Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.
Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.
Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.
Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.
Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.
Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.
Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.
Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current:
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them;
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.
Glo. Good counsel, marry; learn it, learn it, marquis.
Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.
Glo. Ay, and much more: But I was born so high,
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.
Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas!
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest:
O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!
Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.
Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you[a] are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,—
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!
Buck. Have done, have done.
Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I 'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befal thee and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.
Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.
Q. Mar. I will not think[b] but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed[c] of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him;
And all their ministers attend on him.

[a] We print the passage as in the folio; in the quartos we read,
"And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd."
[b] So the folio; the quartos, "I'll not believe."
[c] *Take heed*, in the folio; the quartos, *beware*. The correction was evidently made to avoid the repetition of the word, three lines below.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine; I muse why she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains;
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd:—
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.
[*Aside.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lord.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come:—Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. We wait[a] upon your grace.
[*Exeunt all but* GLOSTER.

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have cast[b] in darkness,—
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them, 'tis the queen and her allies
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Dorset,[c] Grey:

[a] *We wait*—so the folio. The passage in the quarto is, "Madam, we will attend upon your grace."
[b] *Cast*, in the folio; the quartos, *laid*.
[c] *Dorset*, in the folio; the quartos, *Vaughan*.

But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With odd old ends, stolen forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.
How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates?
Are you now going to despatch this thing?

1 *Murd.* We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it hereabout me: [*Gives the warrant.*
When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 *Murd.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes fall[a] tears:
I like you, lads;—about your business straight;
Go, go, despatch.

2 *Murd.* We will, my noble lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the* Tower.

Enter CLARENCE *and* BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And in my company my brother Gloster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; there we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster

[a] *Fall*, in the folio: the quartos, *drop*.

That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks:
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept,
As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Stopt[a] in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find[b] the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not in[c] this sore agony?

Clar. No,[d] no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood
With that sour[e] ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who spake[f] aloud,—'What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
And so he vanish'd: Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—
'Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,—
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury;—
Seize on him, furies, take him unto[g] torment!'—
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury,[a] I have done these things,—
That now give evidence against my soul,—
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children![b]
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;[c]
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest!— [Clarence *retires.*
Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,—
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 *Murd.* Ho! who's here?

Brak. What wouldst thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

1 *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

2 *Murd.* 'T is better, sir, than to be tedious:—let him see our commission, and talk no more.[d]

[*A paper is delivered to* Brakenbury, *who reads it.*

Brak. I am in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
There lies the duke asleep,—and there, the keys.[e]

[a] *Stopt,* in the folio; the quartos, *kept.*

[b] *Find,* in the folio; one of the early quartos reads *seek,*—another, *keep.*

[c] *In,* in the folio; the quartos, *with.*

[d] *No,* in the folio; the quartos, *O.*

[e] *Sour,* in the folio; the quartos, *grim.*

[f] *Spake,* in the folio; the quartos, *cried.*

[g] *Unto torment,* in the folio; the quartos, *to your torments.*

[a] In the quarto this scene commences with Clarence addressing the description of his dream to Brakenbury; but in the folio the stage-direction is, "Enter Clarence and Keeper." This change was probably designed, for in the passage before us, the reading of the quartos, "O, Brakenbury," is altered to "O, keeper, keeper," Brakenbury subsequently enters, in the folio, when Clarence is sleeping. There does not appear any reason for deviating from the arrangement of the quartos.

[b] The four preceding lines are not found in the quartos.

[c] So the quartos. In the folio we read,
"Keeper, I prithee sit by me awhile."

[d] We give the passage as in the plain prose of the folio. In the quartos the speech has a metrical appearance, which is generally polished, most unnecessarily, into very smooth verse.

[e] In the modern editions, when Clarence says "I fain would sleep," we have a stage-direction, "*Clarence reposes*

I 'll to the king; and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 *Murd.* You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom:
Fare you well. [*Exit* Brakenbury.

2 *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Murd.* No; he 'll say 't was done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Why, he shall never wake until the great judgment day.

1 *Murd.* Why, then he 'll say we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Murd.* What? art thou afraid?

2 *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Murd.* I thought thou hadst been resolute.

2 *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Murd.* I 'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 *Murd.* Nay, I prithee, stay a little: I hope this passionate humour of mine will change: it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Murd.* Some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2 *Murd.* Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1 *Murd.* Where 's thy conscience now?

2 *Murd.* Oh, in the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Murd.* When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murd.* 'T is no matter; let it go; there 's few, or none, will entertain it.

1 *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again?

2 *Murd.* I 'll not meddle with it, [it is a dangerous thing,] it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear but it checks him: a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife but it detects him: 'T is a blushing shame-faced spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Murd.* It is now even at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

1 *Murd.* I am strong fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* Spoken like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Murd.* Take him on the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike.

1 *Murd.* No, we 'll reason with him.[a]

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak!
Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

2 *Murd.* To, to, to——

Clar. To murther me?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore, prepare to die.

Clar. Are you drawn forth among a world of men,[b]

himself in a chair." This direction is founded upon the line of the quartos, which stands in the place of the line before us,

"Here are the keys, there sits the duke asleep."

We have no doubt that it was intended that Clarence should retire to the secondary stage, and there lie upon a couch.

[a] In the previous dialogue between the two murderers, we have adhered to the text of the folio. There are several minute differences between this text and that of the quartos which it is scarcely necessary to point out.

[b] We print this line as in the folio. The first quarto reads,

"Are you *call'd* forth *from out* a world of men."

Johnson proposed to read *call'd*.

To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law.
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope for any goodness,[a]
That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do we do upon command.

2 *Murd.* And he that hath commanded is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murther: Will you then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For false forswearing, and for murther too:
Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murther me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you, yet he doth it publicly;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect or lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy faults,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster;
Who shall reward you better for my life
Than Edward will for tidings of my death,

2 *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates you.

Clar. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear;
Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
[And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,][a]
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Murd.* Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Murd.* Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself:
'T is he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be, for he bewept my fortune.
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

2 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your souls,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own souls so blind,
That you will war with God, by murthering me?
Oh, sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.[b]

2 *Murd.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

1 *Murd.* Relent! No. 'T is cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;

[a] A line is here omitted in the folio, which it is unnecessary to retain in a modern text. It was properly omitted under the statute of James, as introducing the most sacred things unnecessarily into a work of imagination. The quartos read—

"I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins."

[a] This line is not in the folio.

[b] Clarence's speech, in the folio, is addressed to both murderers; and we give the pronoun accordingly.

O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me:
A begging prince, what beggar pities not?
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murtherers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life,—as you would beg
Were you in my distress?[a]

2 *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do, [*Stabs him.*
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.
[*Exit, with the body.*

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous murder!

Re-enter first Murderer.

1 *Murd.* How now? what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?
By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

2 *Murd.* I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*

1 *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward as thou art.
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial;
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay.
[*Exit.*

[a] The arrangement here, in the folio, is entirely different from that of the ordinary text. We prefer, of course, to follow the folio, instead of adopting the arbitrary 'regulations' of the modern editors, who, taking six additional lines which they find in the folio, have transposed them after their own fashion. The text of the quartos is as follows:—

"*Clar.* Relent, and save your souls.
1 *M.* Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.
Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, and devilish.
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side and entreat for me:
A begging prince what beggar pities not?"

[Scene IV.]

[Chertsey.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

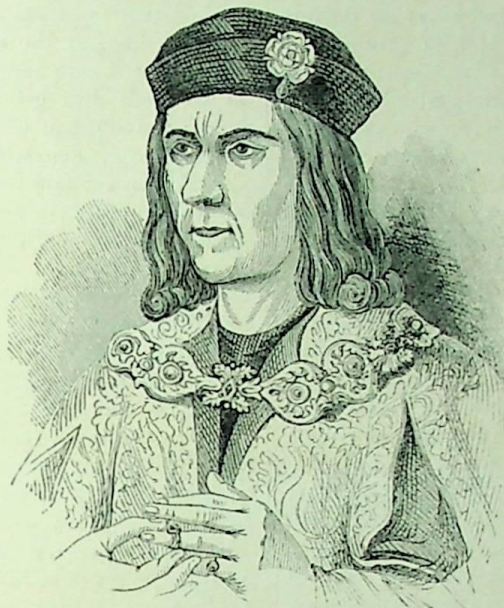
[1] SCENE II.—" *Come now, toward Chertsey with your holy load.*"

THE monastery of Chertsey, to which, after resting a day at St. Paul's, the corpse of Henry VI. was carried to be interred, exhibits scarcely any trace of its former state. The old building shown in the above view stands upon its site; and a few mouldering walls indicate that the men of other days have here abided.

[2] SCENE II.— —— "*dead Henry's wounds Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!*"

Drayton has stated the popular superstition to which this passage refers:—

" If the vile actors of the heinous deed
Near the dead body happily be brought,
Oft 't hath been prov'd the breathless corpse will bleed."

In the very interesting collection of 'English Causes Célèbres,' edited and illustrated with equal spirit and accuracy by Mr. Craik, the belief is shown to have been so universally established in Scotland, as late as 1688, that the crown council, Sir George Mackenzie, in the remarkable trial of Philip Standsfield, thus alludes to a fact sworn to by several witnesses on that trial:—" God Almighty himself was pleased to bear a share in the testimonies which we produce. That Divine Power which makes the blood circulate during life has ofttimes, in all nations, opened a passage to it after death upon such occasions, but most in this case; for after all the wounds had been sewed up, and the body designedly shaken up and down, and, which is most wonderful, after the body had been buried for several days, which naturally occasions the blood to congeal, upon Philip's touching it the blood darted and sprung out, to the great astonishment of the chirurgeons themselves, who were desired to watch this event; whereupon Philip, astonished more than they, threw down the body, crying, O God! O God! and, cleansing his hand, grew so faint that they were forced to give him a cordial."

[Richard III.]

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

It has not been our design, in these illustrations, to advance the knowledge of the real facts of history, and to show the proper dependence of one fact upon another, for the purpose of correcting the poetical view of any series of events; far less have we endeavoured to enter upon disputed points, and to place conflicting evidence, for the most part derived from the more accurate researches of modern times, in opposition to the details of the old historical authorities. It is our business simply to show the foundations upon which our poet built;—to trace the relations between his dramatic situations and the narratives with which he was evidently familiar. In the great drama before us Shakspere fell in with the popular view of the character of Richard III.;—preserving all the strong lineaments of his guilty ambition, as represented by Sir Thomas More, and the Chroniclers who followed the narrative of that illustrious man, with marvellous subservience to his own wonderful conception of the high intellectual supremacy of this usurper. We are not about to inquire whether the Richard of History has had justice done to him, but whether the Richard of Shakspere accords with the Richard of the old annalists. We shall quote invariably from Hall, because his narrative is more literally copied from More and the contemporary writers than that of Holinshed, who is never so quaint and vigorous; and further, because we wish to show that the nonsense which has been uttered by Malone and others, that Shakspere knew no other historian than Holinshed, is disproved in the clearest manner by the accuracy with which in some scenes he follows the older Chronicler.

We first give Hall's description (from More) of Richard's person and character:—

"Richard duke of Gloster was in wit and courage equal with the others (his brothers Edward and George), but in beauty and lineaments of nature far underneath both; for he was little of stature, evil-featured of limbs, crook-backed, the left shoulder much higher than the right, hard favoured of visage, such as in estates is called a warlike visage and among common persons a crabbed face. He was malicious, wrathful, and envious, and, as it is reported, his mother the duchess had much

ado in her travail, and that he came into the world the feet forward, as men be borne outward, and, as the fame ran, not untoothed: whether that men of hatred reported above the truth, or that nature changed his course in his beginning which in his life many things unnaturally committed, this I leave to God his judgment. He was none evil captain in war, as to the which his disposition was more inclined to than to peace. Sundry victories he had, and some overthrows, but never for default of his own person, either for lack of hardiness or politic order. Free he was of his dispenses, and somewhat above his power liberal; with large gifts he got him unsteadfast friendship, for which cause he was fain to borrow, pill, and extort in other places, which got him steadfast hatred. He was close and secret, a deep dissimuler, lowly of countenance, arrogant of heart, outwardly familiar where he inwardly hated, not letting to kiss whom he thought to kill; despiteous and cruel, not alway for evil will, but often for ambition and to serve his purpose; friend and foe were all indifferent where his advantage grew; he spared no man's death whose life withstood his purpose. He slew in the Tower King Henry the Sixth, saying, Now is there no heir male of King Edward the Third but we of the house of York: which murder was done without King Edward his assent, which would have appointed that butcherly office to some other rather than to his own brother. Some wise men also wen that his drift lacked not in helping forth his own brother of Clarence to his death, which thing to all appearance he resisted, although he inwardly minded it. And the cause thereof was, as men noting his doings and proceedings did mark, because that he long in King Edward his time thought to obtain the crown in case that the king his brother, whose life he looked that evil diet would soon shorten, should happen to decease, as he did indeed, his children being young. And then, if the Duke of Clarence had lived, his pretended purpose had been far hindered; for if the Duke of Clarence had kept himself true to his nephew the young king, or would have taken upon him to be king, every one of these casts had been a trump in the Duke of Gloster's way: but when he was sure that his brother of Clarence was dead, then he knew he might work without that jeopardy. But of these points there is no certainty, and whosoever divineth or conjectureth may as well shoot too far as too short; but this conjecture afterward took place (as few do), as you shall perceive hereafter."

The "taking off" of Clarence is not imputed by the old historians to Richard. At the time when Shakspere wrote, little more than a century after these events, it was probably usual to ascribe crimes which we have not even heard of to the usurper who had perished, and from whose triumphant rival the reigning family had sprung. The history of the murder of Clarence is thus related :—

"In the xvii year of King Edward there fell a sparkle of privy malice between the king and his brother the Duke of Clarence, whether it rose of old grudges before time passed, or were it newly kindled and set a fire by the queen or her blood, which were ever mistrusting and privily barking at the king's lineage, or were he desirous to reign after his brother: to men that have thereof made large inquisition, of such as were of no small authority in those days, the certainty thereof was hid, and could not truly be disclosed but by conjectures, which as often deceive the imaginations of fantastical folk, as declare truth to them in conclusion. The fame was that the king or the queen, or both, sore troubled with a foolish prophecy, and by reason thereof began to stomach and grievously to grudge against the duke: the effect of which was, after King Edward should reign one whose first letter of his name should be a G; and because the devil is wont with such witchcrafts to wrap and illaqueate the minds of men, which delight in such devilish fantasies, they said afterward that that prophecy lost not his effect, when after King Edward Gloster usurped his kingdom.

"Other allege this to be the cause of his death:— That of late the old rancour between them being newly revived (the which between no creatures can be more vehement than between brethren, especially when it is firmly radicate), the duke, being destitute of a wife, by the means of Lady Margaret Duchess of Bourgoyne, his sister, procured to have the Lady Mary, daughter and heir to Duke Charles her husband, to be given to him in matrimony; which marriage King Edward (envying the felicity of his brother) both again said and disturbed. This privy displeasure was openly appeased, but not inwardly forgotten nor outwardly forgiven; for that notwithstanding a servant of the duke's was suddenly accused (I cannot say of truth, or untruly suspected by the duke's enemies) of poisoning, sorcery, or enchantment, and thereof condemned, and put to taste the pains of death. The duke, which might not suffer the wrongful condemnation of his man (as he in his conscience adjudged), nor yet forbear, nor patiently suffer the unjust handling of his trusty servant, daily did oppugn and with ill words murmur at the doing thereof. The king, much grieved and troubled with his brother's daily querimony and continual exclamation, caused him to be apprehended and cast into the Tower, where he, being taken and adjudged for a traitor, was privily drowned in a butt of Malmesey.

"But sure it is that although King Edward were consenting to his death and destruction, yet he much did both lament his unfortunate chance and repent his sudden execution; inasmuch that, when any person sued to him for pardon or remission of any malefactor condemned to the punishment of death, he would accustomably say, and openly speak, O unfortunate brother, for whose life not one creature would make intercession! openly speaking, and apparently meaning, that, by the means of some of the nobility, he was circumvented and brought to his confusion."

The marriage of Richard with the young widow of the son of Henry VI. is a remarkable circumstance,

—as remarkable as the fact that he had afterwards obtained sufficient influence with the widow of Edward IV. to propose to marry her daughter Elizabeth. The wooing-scene with Anne is an example of the skill with which our great dramatist reconciles contradictions. If Richard were unsuspected by his wife to have murdered her husband and his father, it was not unnatural that she should have married him;—if she were cognizant of these actions, which the poet has represented she was, her disgust could only have been overcome by the profound dissimulation with which he has also shown her to be propitiated.

[Anne, Queen of Richard III.]

[Scene I ' King Edward, led in sick.']

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, (*led in sick,*) QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, *and others.*

K. Edw. Why, so:—now have I done a good day's work;—
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more to peace[a] my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your king;
Lest He that is the supreme King of kings
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—
Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings;—I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love lord marquis.

[a] So the folio; the quarto, *now in peace.* Steevens reads *more in peace.*

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
n my part shall be inviolable.
st. And so swear I. [*Embraces* Dorset.
Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
embracements to my wife's allies,
e me happy in your unity.
Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
our grace, [*to the* Queen] but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love to you or yours.
[*Embracing* Rivers, *&c.*
K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart,
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.
Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.[a]

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Good morrow to my sovereign king, and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!
K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day:
Gloster,[b] we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.
Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord.[c]—
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace;
'T is death to me to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;
Of you, and you, lord Rivers, and of Dorset—
That all without desert have frown'd on me;—
Of you, lord Woodville, and lord Scales, of you,—[a]
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all,
I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.
Q. Eliz. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter:
I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.
Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead?
[*They all start.*
You do him injury to scorn his corse.
K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?
Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!
Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?
Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence,
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.
K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.
Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried:
God grant, that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter Stanley.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!
K. Edw. I prithee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.
Stan. I will not rise unless your highness hear me.
K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.
Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life:
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

[a] So the quartos; the folio,
"And, in good time,
Here comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe and the duke."
[b] *Gloster*, in the folio; the quartos, *brother*.
[c] *Lord*, in the folio; the quartos, *liege*.

[a] We print this passage as in the folio. The line in which Lord Woodville and Lord Scales are named is not in the quartos; and the modern editors omit it.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
And said, 'Dear brother, live, and be a king?'
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments; and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But, when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I unjustly too, must grant it you:—
But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
O God! I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.
Ah! poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, HASTINGS, RIVERS, DORSET, *and* GREY.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness! Mark'd you not
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O! they did urge it still unto the king:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter the DUCHESS OF YORK, *with a* Son *and* Daughter *of* CLARENCE.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast;
And cry—'O Clarence, my unhappy son!'

Son. Why do you look on us, and shak[e your] head,
And call us orphans, wretches, cast-a[ways],
If that our noble father were alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins,[a] you m[istake me] both;
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him, not your father's de[ath];
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead.
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will impórtune
With earnest prayers all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king, provok'd to 't by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, *distractedly;* RIVERS *and* DORSET *following her.*

Q. Eliz. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence.
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.

[a] *Cousins*—relations—kinsfolks. They are her grandchildren.

Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
[illegible] wither not the leaves that want their sap?
[illegible] will live, lament; if die, be brief;
[illegible]ur swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
[illegible]bedient subjects, follow him
[illegible] kingdom of ne'er changing night.[a]
[illegible] Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
[illegible] title in thy noble husband!
[illegible] bewept a worthy husband's death,
[illegible] liv'd by looking on his images:
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left;[b]
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my moan,[c])
To over-go thy woes,[d] and drown thy cries?

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:[e]
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

Duch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward? and he 's gone.

Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and he 's gone.

Duch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.

[a] So the folio; the quartos, *perpetual rest*.
[b] The quartos read *left thee*. The folio omits *thee*.
[c] *Moan*, in the folio; one of the quartos, *grief*, which is the common reading.
[d] *Woes*, in the folio; the quarto, *plaints*.
[e] *Complaints*, in the folio; the quartos, *laments*.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she;
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:[a]—
Alas! you three on me, threefold distress'd,
Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeas'd
That you take with unthankfulness his doing;
In common worldly things 't is called ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for him,
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.[b]

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, *and others.*

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can help our[c] harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace:—Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man!
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing;
I marvel that her grace did leave it out. [*Aside.*

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this heavy mutual[d] load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.

[a] This is the reading of the quarto of 1597. The folio has, "These babes for Clarence weep, so do not they." The portion of the text omitted evidently requires to be restored.
[b] The preceding twelve lines are not found in the quartos.
[c] *Help our*, in the folio; the quartos, *cure their*.
[d] *Heavy mutual*, in the folio; the quartos have the words transposed.

The broken rancour of your high swoln hates,[a]
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young king be fet[1]
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope the king made peace with all of us;
And the compáct is firm, and true, in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.[b]

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam, and you my sister,[c] will you go
To give your censures[d] in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt all but* BUCKINGHAM *and* GLOSTER.

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind. [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Hates*, in the folio; the quartos *hearts*. Monck Mason objects that the poet, by "inadvertency," exhorts them to preserve the rancour of their hearts. It is surely the *broken* rancour.—the breaking up of their hates—that must be preserved and cherished.

[b] The preceding eighteen lines are not found in the quartos.

[c] *Sister*, in the folio; in the quartos, *mother*.

[d] *Censures*—opinions.

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter two Citizens, *meeting.*

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour: [illegible] away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely kn[illegible]
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes; that the k[illegible]

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by 'r lady; seldom [illegible] better:
I fear, I fear, 't will prove a giddy worl[illegible]

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, si[illegible]

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;
That in his nonage council under him,
And in his full and ripen'd years himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father;
Or, by his father, there were none at all:
For emulation who shall now be nearest,[a]
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen wise men put on their cloaks;

[a] We give the reading of the folio. The quartos have, "For emulation now, who shall be nearest."

When great leaves fall then winter is at hand;
[illegible]n the sun sets who doth not look for night?
[illegible]ely storms make men expect a dearth:
And [illegible] be well; but, if God sort it so,
[illegible]e than we deserve, or I expect.
[illegible] [illegible]ruly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
[illegible]t reason[a] almost with a man
[illegible] not heavily and full of dread.
[illegible] Before the days of change, still is it so:
[illegible]ine instinct, men's minds mistrust
[illegible]ng danger; as, by proof, we see
[illegible] waters swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?
2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.
3 *Cit.* And so was I; I 'll bear you company.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, *the young* DUKE OF YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, *and the* DUCHESS OF YORK.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford;
And at Northampton they do rest to-night:[b]
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.
Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince.
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.
Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say, my son of York
Hath almost over-ta'en him in his growth.
York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.
Duch. Why, my good cousin? it is good to grow.
York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother; 'Ay,' quoth my uncle Gloster,
'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:'
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.
Duch. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing, when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.
Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.
Duch. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.
York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.
Duch. How, my young York? I prithee let me hear it.
York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.
Duch. I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, his nurse.
Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.
York. If 't were not she I cannot tell who told me.
Q. Eliz. A parlous boy: Go to, you are too shrewd.
Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.
Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger:
What news?
Mess. Such news, my lord,
As grieves me to report.[a]
Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?
Mess. Well, madam, and in health.
Duch. What is thy news?
Mess. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey, are sent to Pomfret,
And with them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Duch. Who hath committed them?
Mess. The mighty dukes,
Gloster and Buckingham.
Arch. For what offence?
Mess. The sum of all I can I have disclos'd;
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.[b]
Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless throne:

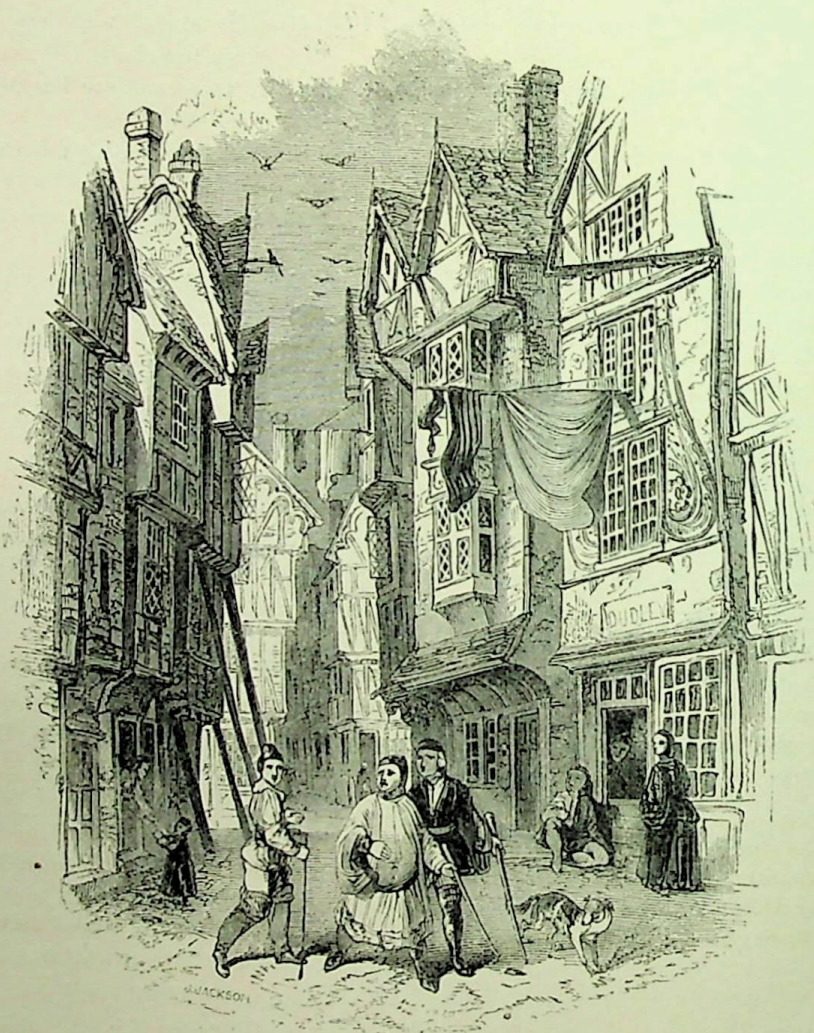
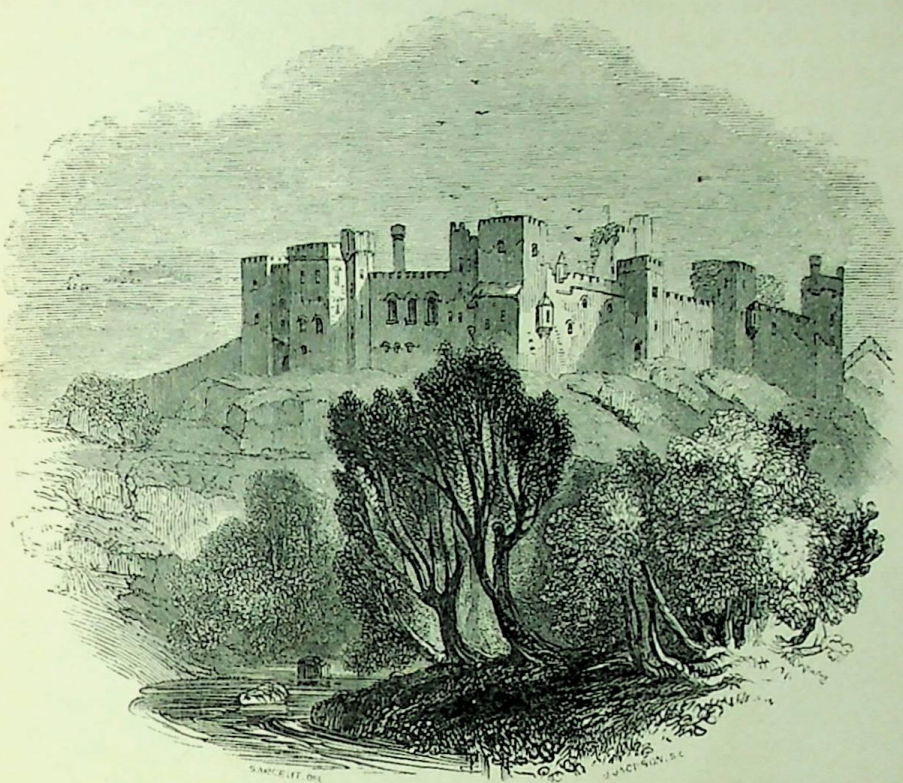
[a] *Reason*—converse.
[b] This is the reading of the folio. The quarto of 1597 has,
"Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;
At Stony-Stratford will they be to night."
Stevens and Malone have a fierce controversy as to the value of the respective readings.—(See Historical Illustration.)

[a] *Report*, in the folio; the quartos, *unfold*.
[b] *Lord*, in the folio; the quartos, *lady*. The correction is necessary, for in all the old copies the Archbishop asks the question to which this is an answer.

Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.
Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self: O, preposterous
And frantic outrage,[a] end thy damned spleen:
Or let me die, to look on death[b] no more!

[a] The quarto of 1597 and the folio agree in reading *outrage;* some of the other old editions have *courage*.
[b] *Death* is the reading of the quarto of 1597; the other quartos and the folio have *earth*.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.
Duch. Stay, I will go with y
Q Eliz. You have no cause.
Arch. My gracious l
[*To*
And thither bear your treasure and y
For my part, I 'll resign unto your gr
The seal I keep: And so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Go,[a] I 'll conduct you to the sanctuary.
[*Exeunt.*

[a] *Go,* in the folio; the quartos, *come*.

[Scene III. 'Neighbours, God speed.']

[Ludlow Castle.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

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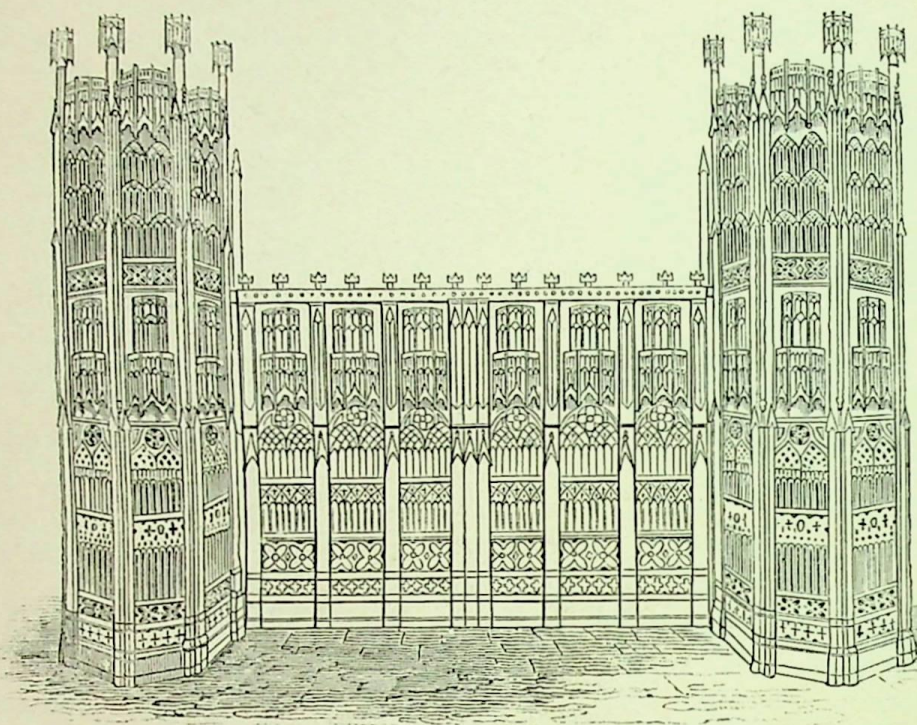
[1] Scene II.—" *Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,*
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fet."

Ludlow Castle was the ancient palace of the Princes of Wales, attached to the principality. Prince Edward was residing here under the governance of Earl Rivers, his maternal uncle. The castle is stated to have been founded on its rocky ridge in the reign of Henry I. It is now ruinous and deserted; but its associations are of the most enduring nature. "With whatever feats of chivalry it might have been anciently ennobled, the representation of 'Comus' in this stately fortress will ever be mentioned as one of the most memorable and honourable circumstances in the course of its history."*

* J. Warton. Milton's Minor Poems.

[Tomb of Edward IV. at Windsor.]

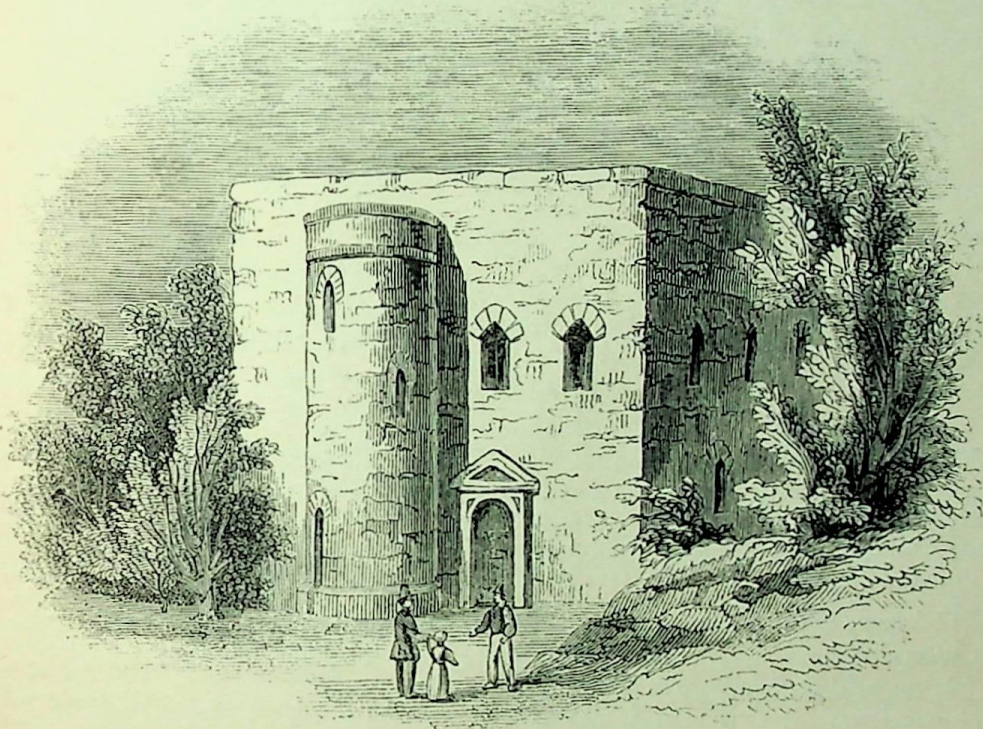
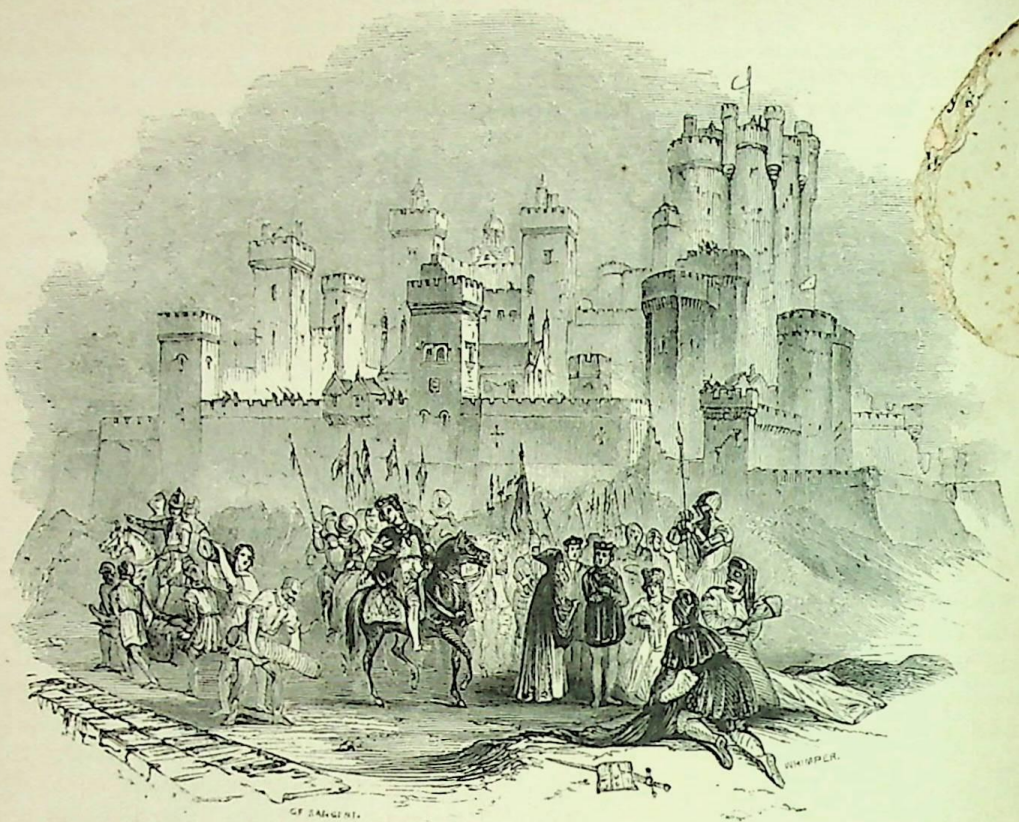
HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

The death of Edward IV. was at once succeeded by the most decided movement on the part of Richard. He, in concert with Buckingham, assembled a large body of followers, and reached the young king at Stony-Stratford, on his way to London. They arrested his followers, and carried him back to Northampton. The scene is thus described by Hall:—

"And forthwith they arrested the Lord Richard, and Sir Thomas Vaughan, and Sir Richard Hawte, knights, in the king's presence, and brought the king and all back to Northampton, where they took further counsel in their affairs; and there they sent from the king whom it pleased them, and set about him such servants as better pleased them than him; at which dealing he wept and was not content, but it booted not. And at dinner the Duke of Gloster sent a dish from his own table to the Lord Rivers, praying him to be of good cheer, and all should be well; he thanked him, and prayed the messenger to bear it to his nephew the Lord Richard, with like words, whom he knew to have need of comfort, as one to whom such adversity was strange; but he himself had been all his days enured therewith, and therefore could bear it the better. But for all this message, the Duke of Gloster sent the Lord Rivers, the Lord Richard, and Sir Thomas Vaughan, and Sir Richard Hawte, into the north parts, into divers prisons; but at last all came to Pomfret, where they all four were beheaded without judgment."

The flight of the queen to sanctuary is thus most graphically described by the Chronicler. There is a quiet power in the concluding sentence, "The queen sat alone below on the rushes, all desolate and dismayed," which is akin to the highest poetry:—

"Whereupon the bishop called up all his servants

and took with him the great seal, and came before to the queen, about whom he found much hea- rumble, haste, business, conveyance and of her stuff into sanctuary; every man carry, bear, and convey stuff, chests, and fardells; no man was unoccupied, and some carried more than they were commanded to another place. The queen sat alone below on the rushes, all desolate and dismayed, whom the archbishop comforted in the best manner that he could."

[The Sanctuary at Westminster.]

[Scene III. Pomfret.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*London. A Street.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the PRINCE OF WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOUCHIER, *and others.*

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.[1]

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, *and his Train.*

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all.— [*Exeunt* Mayor, *&c.*
I thought my mother and my brother York
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Fie, what a slug is Hastings! that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come, or no.

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: What, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
Eighten your mother, and your brother York,
And en sanctuary: The tender prince
have come with me to meet your
Q: Eliz ce,
other was perforce withheld.
Pity; you ! what an indirect and peevish
Whom se
Roug hers! — Lord cardinal, will your
Ru grace
rsuade the queen to send the duke of York
nto his princely brother presently?
she deny, lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.
Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here: But if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven[a] forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so great[b] a sin.
Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserved the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.
Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.
Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me?
Hast. I go, my lord.
Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.
[*Exeunt* CARDINAL *and* HASTINGS.
Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?
Glo. Where it seems[c] best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and[a] shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.
Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place:—
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?
Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.
Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?
Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.
Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd;
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 't were retail'd[b] to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.
Glo. So wise so young, they say, do never live long. [*Aside.*
Prince. What say you, uncle?
Glo. I say, without charácters,[c] fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal Vice Iniquity,[2]
I moralize two meanings in one word.[d] } [*Aside.*
Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man:
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I 'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.
Buck. What, my gracious lord?
Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I 'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.
Glo. Short summers lightly[e] have a forward spring. [*Aside.*

[a] *In heaven* is omitted in the folio, and in one of the quartos.
[b] *Great*, in the folio; *deep*, in one of the quartos.
[c] *Seems*, in the early quartos; *think'st*, in the folio.

[a] *Where* is understood here; if it were repeated there would be no difficulty in the construction of the sentence.
[b] *Retail'd.* In the fourth act this verb is again used with the same meaning:—

"To whom I will *retail* my conquest won."

Retail and *detail*, according to Tooke, are both derived from *tale*—the past participle of the Anglo-Saxon verb *tell-an*, to tell. The *tale* is something told, as in the well-known passage in Milton's 'L'Allegro:'—

"And every shepherd tells his *tale*."

This is not—tells his story—but counts over the number of his sheep as he lets them out of their fold, in the earliest hour of the morning. So to *retail* is to tell over again; and the word became applied to small tradings, because to sell by *tale* is to sell by numeration, and the *retail* was the repetition of the numeration. In Lord Berners' 'Froissart' we find merchandize "taled and retaled." The truth "*retail'd* to all posterity" is the truth *retold* to all posterity.
[c] *Without charácters*—without the help of letters.
[d] The equivocation which Richard uses consists in the repetition of the words "live long," which the Prince has caught, but with a different "meaning." He has moralized "two meanings" by retaining the same conclusion of his sentence, or "word." For an Illustration of "the formal Vice Iniquity," see the end of this Act.
[e] *Lightly*—commonly.

Enter York, Hastings, *and the* Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our noble[a] brother?

York. Well, my dread[b] lord; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late[c] he died, that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then he is more beholden to you than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle,[d] give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift? O, that's the sword to it.

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see, you will part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk;
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear w
York. You mean, to bear me, not t
me:
Uncle, my brother mocks both you
Because that I am little, like an ap
He thinks that you should bear
shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-prov
reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My lord,[a] will't please you pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear?[b]

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost;
My grandam told me he was murther'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt* Prince, York, Hastings, Cardinal, *and* Attendants.

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed[c] by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.
Come hither,[d] Catesby; thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter

[a] *Noble*, in the folio; one of the quartos, *loving*.

[b] *Dread*, in one of the quartos; in the folio, *dear*. The epithet *dread* requires to be retained, for "dear lord" would not mark the new title by which York addresses his brother—*lord* being the title by which York is himself subsequently named. Dread, most dread, was a kingly epithet—*Rex metuendissimus*.

[c] *Late*—lately.

[d] Here the word *then* is commonly thrust in, "for the sake of metre."

[a] *Gracious* is here generally introduced, without any authority.

[b] Hanmer reads, "Why, *sir*, what should you fear;" which is found in all editions except that of Malone, who very justly repudiates the notion "that every word, and every short address of three or four words, are to be considered as parts of metrical verses."

[c] *Incensed*—incited.

[d] *Gentle* is here usually thrust in, as *gracious* was in a preceding passage.

To make William lord Hastings of our mind,
[illegible] the instalment of this noble duke
[illegible] seat royal of this famous isle?
And [illegible] He, for his father's sake, so loves the
[illegible] rince,
Q. Eli[illegible] l not be won to aught against him.
[illegible] hat think'st thou then of Stanley?
Pity, you [illegible] l not he?
Whom [illegible] will do all in all as Hastings doth.
Roug [illegible] no more but this: Go,
Ru [illegible] gentle Catesby,
[illegible], as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,
[illegible] ow he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.[a]
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employed.

Glo. Commend me to lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;
And bid my lord,[b] for joy of this good news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-house there shall you find us both.[3] [*Exit* Catesby.

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head;—something we will determine:[c]—
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before* Lord Hastings' *House.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord! [*Knocking.*

Hast. [*Within.*] Who knocks?

Mess. One from the lord Stanley.

Hast. [*Within.*] What is 't o'clock?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. Cannot my lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights?[a]

Mess. So it appears[b] by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble self.[c]

Hast. What then?

Mess. Then certifies your lordship, that this night
He dreamt the boar had rased off his helm:[d]
Besides, he says, there are two councils kept;[e]
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—
If you will presently[f] take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord:
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend Catesby;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are shallow, without[g] instance:
And, for his dreams, I wonder he 's so simple[h]
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers:
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.

[a] These two lines are not in the quartos.
[b] *Lord*, in the folio; in the quartos, *friend*.
[c] This is the reading of the folio. That of the quartos is—
"Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do."
It is difficult not to have a leaning to the text of the quartos, (the received one,) with which we have so long been familiar; but, on the other hand, it is impossible to believe that the correction came from any hand but that of the author.

[a] So the folio. The quartos,
"Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?"
[b] *Appears*, in the folio; the quartos, *should seem*.
[c] *Self*, in the folio; the quartos, *lordship*.
[d] This is the reading of the folio. That of the quartos is—
"And then he sends you word
He dreamt to night the boar had rased his helm."
The ordinary reading is neither that of the folio, nor of the quartos, but a compound of each.
[e] *Kept*, in the folio; the quartos, *held*.
[f] So the folio; the quartos, *presently, you will*.
[g] The folio, *without*; the quartos, *wanting*. The word *instance* signifies here, as in other passages of Shakspere, *example, fact in proof, corroboration*. So in the Merry Wives of Windsor, "My desires had *instance* and argument to commend themselves."
[h] *Simple*, in the folio; the quartos, *fond*.

Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.
Mess. I 'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say. [*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!
Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?
Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And I believe will never stand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.
Hast. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown?
Cate. Ay, my good lord.
Hast. I 'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,
Before I 'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?
Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof:
And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,—
That, this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.
Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries:
But, that I 'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.
Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!
Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,
That they which brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I 'll send some packing that yet think not on't.
Cate. 'T is a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.
Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 't will do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.
Cate. The princes both make high account of you,—
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*

Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your [illegible] man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unpro[illegible]
Stan. My lord, good morrow; a[illegible] row, Catesby:—
You may jest on, but, by the [illegible]
I do not like these several councils, I.
Hast. My lord, I hold my life as de[illegible] yours;
And never, in my days,[a] I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 't is now:[b]
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?
Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.
Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what, my lord?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.
Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I 'll talk with this good fellow. [*Exeunt* STAN. *and* CATESBY.
How now, sirrah? how goes the world with thee?
Purs. The better that your lordship please to ask.
Hast. I tell thee, man, 't is better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet:
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)

[a] *Days,* in the folio; in the quartos, *life.* This is one of the very numerous instances of the minute accuracy with which the text of the folio had been revised. *Days* is evidently substituted for *life,* to avoid the repetition of that word, which occurs in the preceding line; and yet *life* is retained in all modern editions.

[b] So the folio. The quartos,

"Was it *more* precious to me *than* 't is now.

This day those enemies are put to death,
[illegible] I in better state than ere I was.
[illegible]. God hold it, to your honour's good content!
[illegible]ramercy, fellow: There, drink that [illegible]r me. [*Throwing him his purse.*
[illegible]hank your honour. [*Exit* Pursuivant.

[illegible] *a* Priest.

[illegible] Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good sir John, with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Pr. I 'll wait upon your lordship.[a]

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not. [*Aside.*
Come, will you go?

Hast. I 'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Pomfret. *Before the Castle.*

Enter Ratcliff, *with a guard, conducting* Rivers, Grey, *and* Vaughan, *to execution.*

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.[b]

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

[a] This line in the folio is not found in the quartos.

[b] In the quartos this scene opens with Ratcliff exclaiming "Come, bring forth the prisoners." The stage-direction of the folio is, "Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with halberds, carrying the nobles to death at Pomfret." The line is therefore clearly unnecessary.

Rat. Despatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!
Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death:
And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Buckingham,
Then curs'd she Hastings:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!
And for my sister, and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate.[a]

Riv. Come, Grey,—come Vaughan,—let us here embrace:
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Tower.*

Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings *the* Bishop of Ely, Ratcliff, Lovel, *and others, sitting at a table: officers of the council attending.*

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the coronation:
In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stan. They are; and wants but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward[b] with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces: for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine:
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

[a] *Expiate.* This word does not occur in the quartos. The second folio reads, "the hour of death is now expired." However forced the meaning of *expiate* may be, Shakspere has used it in his 22nd Sonnet, in a similar manner:—

"My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should *expiate*."

[b] *Inward*—intimate—in confidence.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well:
But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my honourable lords,[a] may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I 'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he 'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.
Glo. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow:
I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.
Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.
Glo. Than my lord Hastings no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you send for some of them.[4]
Ely. Marry and will, my lord, with all my heart. [*Exit* ELY.
Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you. [*Takes him aside.*
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business;
And finds the testy gentleman so hot
That he will lose his head, ere give consent
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.
Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.
[*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.
Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter BISHOP OF ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord the duke of Gloster?
I have sent for these strawberries.[b]

[a] *Honourable lords*, in the folio; in the quartos, *noble lord*.
[b] We print this passage as prose, according to all the old copies. In the quartos we have, "Where is my lord protector?"

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;
There's some conceit or other likes him
When that he bids[a] good-morrow w
spirit.
I think there 's ne'er a man in Christ
Can lesser hide his love or hate tha
For by his face straight shall you kn
Stan. What of his heart percei
face,
By any livelihood[b] he show'd to-day?
Hast. Marry, that with no man here he offended;
For were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?
Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this princely[c] presence
To doom the offenders, whosoe'er they be:
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil!
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.
Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—
Glo. If? thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head:—now, by saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.
Lovel and Ratcliff,[d] look that it be done;

[a] *That he bids*, in the folio; in the quartos, *he doth bid*.
[b] *Livelihood*. So the folio. The meaning is perfectly clear, the word being used in the same sense as in All 's Well that Ends Well (Act I. Sc. I.)—"The tyranny of her sorrows takes all *livelihood* from her cheek." Stanley asks how they interpret Gloster's livelihood, liveliness, cheerfulness. And yet the modern editors prefer the tame reading of the quartos, *likelihood*, which they interpret as appearance, and thus perpetuate what was no doubt a typographical error.
[c] *Princely*, in the folio; the quartos, *noble*.
[d] Instead of this line of the folio text, we have in the quartos, "some see it done." The stage-direction of the quartos is, "*Manet Ca. with Hast.*," and Catesby subsequently speaks the two lines which in the folio are given to Ratcliff. The line which Lovel speaks is not found in the quartos. In all modern editions Catesby is substituted for Ratcliff, and we read,—

"Lovel and Catesby, look that it be done."

This change is made to avoid the apparent impossibility of Ratcliff, who in the preceding scene is attending the execution at Pomfret, being on the same day in London. But

The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.

[*Exeunt* Council, *with* Gloster *and* Buckingham.

[illegible] Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for [illegible];

[illegible]nd, might have prevented this:
[illegible]ream the boar did rase his helm;
[illegible] [illegible]n it, and disdain'd to fly.[a]
[illegible] to-day my foot-cloth horse did
[illegible] amble,
[illegible]ed, when he look'd upon the Tower,
[illegible]oath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
[illegible]now I need[b] the priest that spake to me:
[illegible]now repent I told the pursuivant,
[illegible]s too triumphing, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Rat. Come, come, despatch,[c] the duke would be at dinner;
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your good[d] looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, despatch; 't is bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.

in making this change the editors can only prescribe a half-remedy, for in the next scene they are constrained to keep Ratcliff on the London scene, bringing in Hastings' head. In that scene Gloster says in the folio—which line is retained in the modern text—

"Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff and Lovel."

We must either, it appears to us, take the text of the quarto altogether, in which neither Ratcliff nor Lovel appear, or adopt the apparent absurdity of the folio. But in truth this is one of those positions in which the poet has trusted to the imagination of his audience rather than to their topographical knowledge; and by a bold anticipation of a rate of travelling which is now a reality, Ratcliff is without offence at Pomfret and London on the same day. In the rapid course of the dramatic action this is easily overlooked. We have little doubt that Ratcliff and Lovel are thus brought upon the scene together, in the folio copy, in association with the history "how Collingbourne was cruelly executed for making a rhyme"—

"The *Cat*, the *Rat*, and *Lovel* our dog,
Rule all England under a *hog*."

The audience were familiar with this story; and it was natural that Shakspere should show Richard (the hog) in association with Catesby (the cat), Ratcliff (the rat), and Lovel, the three most confidential ministers of his usurpation. In the third scene of Act I. Margaret calls Richard "rooting hog."

[a] So the folio. The verbs are transposed in the quartos.
[b] *Need*, in the folio; the quartos, *want*.
[c] So the folio; the quartos, *despatch, my lord*.
[d] *Good*, in the folio; the quartos, *fair*.

Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head;
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE V.—*The same. The* Tower *Walls.*

Enter Gloster *and* Buckingham, *in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured.*[a]

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake and change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending[b] deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor *and* Catesby.

Buck. Lord mayor,—

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent—

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us![c]

Enter Lovel *and* Ratcliff, *with* Hastings' *head.*

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,

[a] This is the quaint stage-direction of the folio. It is generally printed "in *rusty* armour."
[b] *Intending*—pretending.
[c] This rapid dialogue between Buckingham and Gloster is given by us as in the folio. The ordinary text is made up from the quartos and the folio, seemingly upon the principle that it is desirable not to lose any word that can be found in either edition.

That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—
He liv'd from all attainder of suspects.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd.[a]
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
(Were 't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murther me, and my good lord of Gloster?

May. Had he done so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befal you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meaning, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconster us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,
As well as I had seen and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I 'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you came too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.
[*Exit* Lord Mayor.

Glo. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guild-hall hies him in all post:
There, at your meetest vantage of the t[illegible]
Infer the bastardy of Edward's child[illegible]
Tell them, how Edward put to deat[illegible]
Only for saying he would make his[illegible]
Heir to the crown; meaning, ind[illegible]
Which by the sign thereof was te[illegible]
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury[illegible]
And bestial appetite in cha[illegible]
Which stretch'd unto their servants, [illegible] wives,
Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
Without control lusted to make a prey.[a]
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:—
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And, by true[b] computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 't were far off;
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord: I 'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well bring them to Baynard's castle;[5]
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guild-hall affords.
[*Exit* BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw.
Go thou [*to* CAT.] to friar Penker;—bid them both
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.
[*Exeunt* LOVEL *and* CATESBY.
Now will I go, to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give order,[c] that no manner person[d]
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes.
[*Exit.*

[a] Here we find, in the modern editions, *Look you, my lord mayor*—the reading of no ancient edition. But in the quartos these words are found in another passage, and are thrust in here to fill out a line of ten syllables.

[a] So the folio; the quartos read *lustful* instead of *raging*—*listed* instead of *lusted*—and *his* prey instead of *a* prey.

[b] *True*, in the folio; the quartos, *just*.

[c] *Order*, in the folio; the quartos, *notice*.

[d] *No manner person*. This is the reading of the folio, and is a common idiom of our old language. The quartos, however, have *no manner of person*. Both forms were indifferently used. In the same chapter (Lev. vii.) of our common translation of the Bible we find—*no manner fat*, and *no manner of blood*. *No manner person* is probably the more ancient

SCENE VI.—*A Street.*

Enter a Scrivener.

[illegible] Here is the indictment of the good lord
[illegible]astings;
[illegible] set hand fairly is engross'd,
[illegible] be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
[illegible]w well the sequel hangs together:
[illegible] have spent to write it over,
[illegible]tesby was it sent me;
[illegible]edent was full as long a doing:
[illegible] yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
[illegible]tainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
[illegible]ere's a good world the while! Who is so
gross
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*The same. Court of* Baynard's Castle.

Enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *meeting.*

Glo. How now, how now? what say the citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contráct with lady Lucy,
And his contráct by deputy in France:
The insatiate greediness of his desire,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France;
And his resemblance being not like the duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
And, when my oratory grew toward[a] end,
I bade them that did love their country's good
Cry—'God save Richard, England's royal king!'

form, and it appears to us that these minute archaisms should be preserved in Shakspere wherever we have authority for them.

[a] *Toward*, in the folio; the quartos, *to an.*

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;
But, like dumb statuas[a] or breathing stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw I reprehended them;
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence:
His answer was, the people were not us'd
To be spoke to but by the recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again;—
'Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;'
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, 'God save king Richard!'
And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
'Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends,' quoth I;
'This general applause, and cheerful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:'
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they! Would they not speak?
Will not the mayor then and his brethren come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand; intend some fear;
Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit:
And look you, get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I'll make a holy descant:
And be not easily won to our requests;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go: And if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks. [*Exit* GLOSTER.

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, *and* Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter from the castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my request?

[a] *Statuas.* The word *statue*, which here, as well as in the Two Gentlemen of Verona (Act IV., Sc. IV.), probably means *picture*, as distinguished from "breathing stones," must be read as a trisyllable; and for this reason it is printed in modern editions—*statua*. In Julius Cæsar (Act II., Sc. II.) we have—

"She dreamt to-night she saw my *statue*."

And again in the same play (Act II., Sc. II.)—

"Even at the base of Pompey's *statue*."

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation:
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lulling[a] on a lewd love-bed,[b]
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross[c] his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:
Happy were England would this virtuous prince
Take on his grace[d] the sovereignty thereof:
But, sure, I fear we shall not win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend his grace should say us nay!

Buck. I fear he will: Here Catesby comes again;—

Re-enter Catesby.

Now Catesby, what says his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before;
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And so once more return and tell his grace. [*Exit* Catesby.
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis much[e] to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Gloster, *in a gallery above, between Two* Bishops. Catesby *returns.*

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a [illegible] prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity
And, see, a book of prayer in his h[illegible]
True ornaments to know a holy m[illegible]
Famous Plantagenet, most graciou[illegible]
Lend favourable ear to our reque[illegible]
And pardon us the interru[illegible]
Of thy devotion and right Christian ze[illegible]

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apolog[illegible]
I do beseech your grace to pardon me,[a]
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd[b] the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord: Would it might please your grace,
On our entreaties to amend your fault!

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The sceptred office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our country's good,)
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,

[a] *Lulling*—so all the ancient copies; the modern editions, *lolling*.
[b] *Love-bed*, in the folio; the quartos, *day-bed*.
[c] *Engross*—to make gross.
[d] *His grace*, in the folio; the quartos, *himself*.
[e] *Much*, in the folio; the quartos, *hard*.

[a] So the folio; the quartos,
"I rather do beseech you pardon me."
[b] *Deferr'd*, in the folio; the quartos, *neglect*.

And by their vehement instigation,
[illegible] this just cause[a] come I to move your grace.
[illegible] I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
[illegible]y to speak in your reproof,
[illegible] my degree, or your condition:
[illegible]wer, you might haply think,
[illegible] ambition, not replying, yielded
[illegible]olden yoke of sovereignty,
[illegible] you would here impose on me;
[illegible] this suit of yours,
[illegible]'d with your faithful love to me,
[illegible], on the other side, I check'd my friends.
[illegible]erefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first;
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,—
Definitively thus I answer you.[b]
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
(And much I need to help you, were there need;[c])
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay that you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,
Which God defend that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother's son;
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife:
For first was he contráct to lady Lucy,—
Your mother lives a witness to his vow;
And afterwards by substitute bethroth'd
To Bona, sister to the king of France.
These both put off,[d] a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree[a]
To base declension and loath'd bigamy;
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity:
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap this care[b] on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty:
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son,
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the[c] throne,
To the disgrace and downfal of your house.
And in this resolution here we leave you;—
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.
[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and* Citizens.

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit;
If you deny them all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again; I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
[*Exit* CATESBY.
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, *and the rest.*

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:

[a] *Cause*, in the folio; the quartos, *suit*.
[b] These ten lines, from "If not to answer," are not in the quartos.
[c] *Were there need*, in the folio; the quartos, *if need were*.
[d] *Off*, in the folio; the quartos, *by*.

[a] *His degree*, in the folio; the quartos, *all his thoughts*.
[b] *This care*, in the folio; the quartos, *these cares*.
[c] *The throne*, in the folio; the quartos, *your throne*.

But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof:
For God doth know,[a] and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen.

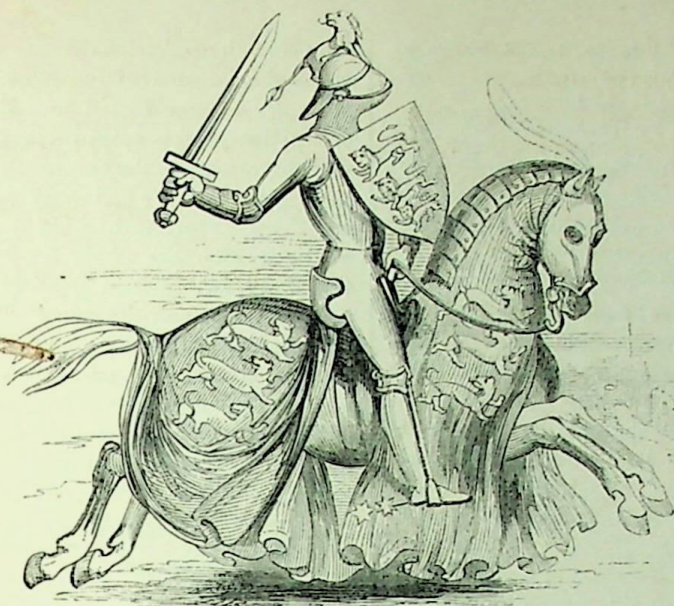
Buck. To-morrow may it please you t[o be] crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, for you[will have] it so.

Buck. To-morrow, then, we will [attend your] grace;
And so most joyfully we take our [leave.]

Glo. Come, let us to our holy w[ork again.—]
[To ...]
Farewell, my cousin;—farewell, gentle [friends.]
[*Exe*[unt.]]

[a] *Doth know*, in the folio; the quartos, *he knows*.

[Baynard's Castle. 'The mayor is here at hand.']

[Edward Prince of Wales.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

[1] Scene I.—" *Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.*"

An extract from Ben Jonson's 'Part of King James's Entertainment in passing to his Coronation,' will explain this passage :—" The scene presented itself in a square and flat upright, like to the side of a city: the top thereof, above the vent and crest, adorned with houses, towers, and steeples, set off in prospective. Upon the battlements in a great capital letter was inscribed

Londinium:

. . . . Beneath that, in a less and different character, was written

Camera Regia,

which title immediately after the Norman Conquest it began to have; and, by the indulgence of succeeding princes, hath been hitherto continued In the frieze over the gate it seemeth to speak this verse:—

Par Domus hæc Cœlo,
Sed Minor est Domino,

taken out of Martial, and implying, that though this city (for the state and magnificence) might by hyperbole be said to touch the stars, and reach up to heaven, yet was it far inferior to the master thereof, who was His Majesty; and in that respect unworthy to receive him. The highest person advanced therein was

Monarchica Britannica;

and fitly; applying to the above-mentioned title of the city, *The King's Camber*, and therefore here placed as in the proper seat of the empire."

[2] Scene I.—" *Thus, like the formal Vice Iniquity.*"

In an Illustration of Henry IV., Part II., Act iii., we have given a brief notice of the Vice of the old drama. Gifford has thus described him, with his usual good sense; and his description may spare our readers the trouble of wading through the elaborate dissertations which generally accompany the passage before us:—" He appears to have been a perfect counterpart of the Harlequin of the modern stage, and had a twofold office; to instigate the hero of the piece to wickedness, and, at the same time, to protect him from the devil, whom he was permitted to buffet and baffle with his wooden sword, till the process of the story required that both the protector and the protected should be carried off by the fiend; or the latter driven roaring from the stage by some miraculous interposition in favour of the repentant offender." This note is appended to a passage in the first scene of Ben Jonson's 'The Devil is an Ass.' We learn from this scene that there were Vices of various ranks, which had their proper appellations:—

" *Sat.* What Vice?
What kind wouldst thou have it of?
Pug. Why any: Fraud,
Or Covetousness, or Lady Vanity,
Or old Iniquity."

We have here then the very personage to which Richard refers; and Jonson brings him upon the scene to proclaim his own excellencies, in a style of which the following is a specimen:—

" What is he calls upon me, and would seem to lack a Vice?
Ere his words be half spoken, I am with him in a trice:
Here, there, and everywhere, as the cat is with the mice:
True Vetus Iniquitas. Lack'st thou cards, friend, or dice?

> I will teach thee to cheat, child, to cog, lie, and swagger,
> And ever and anon to be drawing forth thy dagger:
> To swear by Gogs-nowns, like a lusty Juventus,
> In a cloak to thy heel, and a hat like a pent-house."

Satan, however, will have nothing to do with Iniquity, whom he holds to be obsolete:—

> "They are other things
> That are received now upon earth, for Vices;
> Stranger and newer: and changed every hour."

In 'The Staple of News' there is a sort of Chorus or 'Intermean' between each act, in which the previous scenes are remarked upon. We learn again from this that the Vice had become obsolete in Jonson's time. The Vices of the play are explained to be the vicious characters; but *Tattle*, one of the performers in the Intermean, objects to this; which *Mirth*, another performer, defends:—

> "*Tat.* But here is never a fiend to carry him away. Besides, he has never a wooden dagger! I would not give a rush for a Vice that has not a wooden dagger to snap at everybody he meets.
>
> "*Mirth.* That was the old way, gossip, when Iniquity came in like Hokos Pokos, in a juggler's jerkin, with false skirts, like the Knave of Clubs; but now they are attired like men and women of the time, the Vices male and female."

Iniquity, then, was no doubt a character whose attributes were always essentially the same; who was dressed always according to one fashion; who constantly went through the same round of action; who had his own peculiar cant words;—something, in fact, very similar to that most interesting relic of antiquity, Punch, who, in spite of meddling legislation, still beats his wife and still defies the devil. It is to this fixed character of the "Vice Iniquity" that we think Shakspere alludes when he calls him "the *formal* Vice,"—the Vice who conducts himself according to a set form. It was his custom, no doubt, to

> "Moralize two meanings in one word."

It is to this *formal* character that Hamlet alludes:—

> "A vice of kings—
> A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
> That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
> And put it in his pocket!"
>
> "A king
> Of shreds and patches."

[3] SCENE I.—"*At Crosby-house there shall you find us both.*"

No historical fact can be better ascertained than the connexion of Richard III. with Crosby House.* It was the mansion of Sir John Crosby, an em[...] citizen, who was sheriff in 1470. The te[...] occupation of this splendid house by Ri[...] probably owing to the favour in which [...] in the city, where he had many zealous, a[...] conscientious partisans. This fine speci[...] mestic architecture of the fifteenth ce[...] singularly fortunate in partially esca[...] dents of time, and the more ruthle[...] modern improvement. What [...] judiciously restored; and we have no doub[...] national love of whatever is connected with the n[...] of Shakspere has thus secured to us one of the m[...] interesting places associated with his immort[...] scenes.

[4] SCENE IV.—"*My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,*
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you send for some of them."

Sir Thomas More, no doubt, had this circumstance, of the remarkable scene which preceded the death of Hastings, from some well-authenticated report. It was not a thing to be invented.† Ely Place, a century afterwards, was surrounded with fields and gardens; and in the time of Richard III. strawberries were an article of ordinary consumption in London. In Lydgate's poem of 'London Lyckpeny' we have the following lines:—

> "Then unto London I dyde me hye,
> Of all the land it bearyeth the pryse;
> 'Gode pescode,' owne began to cry—
> '*Strabery rype*, and cherrys in the ryse.'"

[5] SCENE V.—"*If you thrive well bring them to Baynard's castle.*"

Baynard's Castle, which stood on the bank of the river in Thames-street, has been swept away by the commercial necessities of London. The dingy barge is moored in the place of the splendid galley; and porters and carmen squabble on the spot where princes held their state. The Baynard's Castle of the time of Richard III. was built by Humphrey Duke of Gloster; and it was subsequently granted by Henry VI. to Richard's father, the Duke of York.

* It is called Crosby *House* in the folio edition; Crosby *Place* in the quartos.

† See Historical Illustration.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

SIR THOMAS MORE'S 'Tragical History of Richard III.' (otherwise called 'The History of the pitiful Life and unfortunate Death of King Edward V.') ought to be regarded with veneration, for it has given to Shakspere the materials for some of the most spirited of these scenes. Hall copied More verbatim; and in that he showed his good sense. The scenes described by More have a wonderful air of truth,—probably, in great part, from the notice of little incidents that could only have been derived from actual observation. It is supposed that he obtained these minute particulars from Morton Bishop of Ely,—the same bishop who had very good strawberries in his garden at Holborn. However the transactions of the reign of Richard may have been coloured, the colouring must remain. The scenes which More

[illegible] recorded, and Shakspere rendered perpetual, must [illegible]ue to be received as true. They may not be [illegible]l truth,—but they involve, there can be little [illegible] higher general truth, with reference to the [illegible]events of this turbulent period. We [illegible]ore to do here than indicate the con-[illegible]n the old narrative and the action of [illegible]

[illegible]g is the foundation of the first scene [illegible]

[illegible] the cardin[illegible] and the other lords had re-[illegible]e young duke, they brought him into the [illegible]r Chamber, where the protector took him into [illegible] arms and kissed him with these words: Now welcome, my lord, with all my very heart; and he said in that of likelihood even as he inwardly thought, and thereupon forthwith brought him to the king his brother into the bishop's palace at Paul's, and from thence through the city honourably into the Tower, out of which after that day they never came abroad. When the protector had both the children in his possession, yea, and that they were in a sure place, he then began to thirst to see the end of his enterprise. And to avoid all suspicion he caused all the lords which he knew to be faithful to the king to assemble at Baynard's castle to commune of the order of the coronation, while he and other of his complices and of his affinity at Crosby's-place contrived the contrary, and to make the protector king: to which counsel there were adhibit very few, and they very secret."

With what skill Shakspere has caught the dramatic situation of the old History may be seen by a comparison of the following extract from Hall with Scene II.:—

" A marvellous case it is to hear, either the warnings that he should have voided, or the tokens of that he could not void. For the next night before his death the Lord Stanley sent to him a trusty messenger at midnight in all the haste, requiring him to rise and ride away with him, for he was disposed utterly no longer for to abide, for he had a fearful dream, in the which he thought that a boar with his tusks so rased them both by the heads that the blood ran about both their shoulders; and for as much as the protector gave the boar for his cognizance, he imagined that it should be he. This dream made such a fearful impression in his heart, that he was thoroughly determined no longer to tarry, but had his horse ready, if the Lord Hastings would go with him; so that they would ride so far that night that they should be out of danger by the next day. Ah! good lord (q[d] * the Lord Hastings to the messenger): leaneth my lord thy master so much to such trifles, and hath such faith in dreams, which either his own fear phantasieth, or do rise in the night's rest by reason of the day's thought? Tell him it is plain witchcraft to believe in such dreams, which, if they were tokens of things to come, why thinketh he not that we might as likely make them true by our going, if we were caught and brought back (as friends fail fliers), for then had the boar a cause likely to rase us with his tusks, as folks that fled for some falsehood, wherefore either is there peril, nor none there is deed, or if any be it is rather in going than abiding. And if we should needs fall in peril one way or other, yet had I liefer that men should say it were by other men's falsehood, than think it were either our own fault or faint feeble heart; and therefore go to thy master and commend me to him, and say that I pray him to be merry and have no fear, for I assure him I am assured of the man he wotteth of, as I am sure of mine own hand. God send grace (q[d] the messenger); and so departed. Certain it is also that in riding toward the Tower the same morning in which he was beheaded, his horse that he accustomed to ride on stumbled with him twice or thrice almost to the falling; which thing, although it happeth to them daily to whom no mischance is toward, yet hath it been as an old evil token observed as a going toward mischief. Now this that followeth was no warning, but an envious scorn. The same morning, ere he were up from his bed, there came to him Sir Thomas Haward, son to the Lord Haward (which lord was one of the priviest of the lord protector's council and doing), as it were of courtesy to accompany him to the council, but of truth sent by the lord protector to haste him hitherward.

"This Sir Thomas, while the Lord Hastings staid a while communing with a priest whom he met in the Tower-street, brake the lord's tale, saying to him merely, What, my lord! I pray you come on; wherefore talk you so long with that priest? you have no need of a priest yet: and laughed upon him, as though he would say, You shall have need of one soon. But little wist the other what he meant (but or night these words were well remembered by them that heard them); so the true Lord Hastings little mistrusted, and was never merrier, nor thought his life in more surety in all his days, which thing is often a sign of change: but I shall rather let anything pass me than the vain surety of man's mind so near his death; for upon the very Tower wharf, so near the place where his head was off so soon after as a man might well cast a ball, a pursuivant of his own, called Hastings, met with him, and of their meeting in that place he was put in remembrance of another time in which it happened them to meet before together in the place, at which time the Lord Hastings had been accused to King Edward by the Lord Rivers, the queen's brother, insomuch that he was for a while, which lasted not long, highly in the king's indignation. As he now met the same pursuivant in the same place, the jeopardy so well passed, it gave him great pleasure to talk with him thereof, with whom he had talked in the same place of that matter, and therefore he said, Ah, Hastings, art thou remembered when I met thee here once with an heavy heart? Yea, my lord, (q[d] he,) that I remember well, and thanked be to God they gat no good nor you no harm thereby. Thou wouldest say so (q[d] he) if thou knewest so much as I do, which few know yet, and more shall shortly. That meant he, that the Earl Rivers and the Lord Richard and Sir

* q[d], quoth.

Thomas Vaughan should that day be beheaded at Pomfret, as they were indeed; which act he wist well should be done, but nothing ware that the axe hung so near his own head. In faith, man, (qd he,) I was never so sorry, nor never stood in so great danger of my life, as I did when thou and I met here; and lo! the world is turned now; now stand mine enemies in the danger, as thou mayest hap to hear more hereafter, and I never in my life merrier, nor never in so great surety. I pray God it prove so (qd Hastings). Prove! (qd he:) doubtest thou that? nay, nay, I warrant thee. And so in manner displeased he entered into the Tower."

So, more especially, with the great scene (Scene IV.) of the arrest of Hastings:—

"The lord protector caused a council to be set at the Tower on the Friday the thirteenth day of June, where was much communing for the honourable solemnity of the coronation, of the which the time appointed approached so near that the pageants were a making day and night at Westminster, and victual killed which afterward was cast away.

"These lords thus sitting communing of this matter, the protector came in among them about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, excusing himself that he had been from them so long, saying merely that he had been a sleeper that day; and after a little talking with them he said to the Bishop of Ely, My lord, you have very good strawberries in your garden at Holborn, I require you let us have a mess of them. Gladly, my lord, (qd he,) I would I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that: and with that in all haste he sent his servant for a dish of strawberries. The protector set the lords fast in communing, and thereupon prayed them to spare him a little, and so he departed, and came again between ten and eleven of the clock into the chamber all changed, with a sour angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning, and fretting, and gnawing on his lips, and so set him down in his place. All the lords were dismayed, and sore marvelled of this manner and sudden change, and what thing should him ail. When he had sitten a while, thus he began: What were they worthy to have that compass and imagine the destruction of me, being so near of blood to the king, and protector of this his royal realm? At which question all the lords sat sore astonished, musing much by whom the question should be meant, of which every man knew himself clear.

"Then the Lord Hastings, as he that for the familiarity that was between them thought he might be boldest with him, answered and said, That they were worthy to be punished as heinous traitors, whatsoever they were: and all the other affirmed the same. That is (qd he) yonder sorceress my brother's wife, and other with her: meaning the queen. At these words many of the lords were sore abashed which favoured her; but the Lord Hastings was better content in his mind that it was moved by her than by any other that he loved better, albeit his heart grudged that he was not afore made of counsel of this matter, as well as he was of the taking of her kindred, and of their putting to death, which were by his assent before devised to be beheaded at Pomfret this self[illegible] day, in the which he was not ware that i[illegible] other devised that he himself should the [illegible] be beheaded at London. Then, said th[illegible] in what wise that sorceress and other [illegible] sel, as Shore's wife with her affinity, [illegible] sorcery and witchcraft thus wasted [illegible] therewith plucked up his doublet [illegible] elbow on his left arm, where he sho[illegible] withered arm, and small as it [illegible] thereupon every man's mind misgave the[illegible] perceiving that this matter was but a quarr[illegible], well they wist that the queen was both too wi[illegible] to go about any such folly, and also, if she would, yet would she of all folk make Shore's wife least of her counsel, whom of all women she most hated as that concubine whom the king her husband most loved.

"Also, there was no man there but knew that his arm was ever such sith the day of his birth. Nevertheless the Lord Hastings, which from the death of King Edward kept Shore's wife, whom he somewhat doted in the king's life, saying, it is said, that he forbare her for reverence toward his king, or else of a certain kind of fidelity toward his friend; yet now his heart somewhat grudged to have her whom he loved so highly accused, and that as he knew well untruly; therefore he answered and said, Certainly, my lord, if they have so done they be worthy of heinous punishment. What! (qd the protector,) thou servest me, I ween, with if and with and: I tell thee they have done it, and that will I make good on thy body, traitor: and therewith (as in a great anger) he clapped his fist on the board a great rap; at which token given, one cried treason without the chamber, and therewith a door clapped, and in came rushing men in harness, as many as the chamber could hold; and anon the protector said to the Lord Hastings, I arrest thee, traitor! What, me, my lord? qd he. Yea, the traitor, qd the protector; and one let fly at the Lord Stanley, which shrunk at the stroke, and fell under the table, or else his head had been cleft to the teeth, for as shortly as he shrank yet ran the blood about his ears. Then was the Archbishop of York, and Doctor Morton Bishop of Ely, and the Lord Stanley, taken, and divers other, which were bestowed in divers chambers, save the Lord Hastings (whom the protector commanded to speed and shrive him apace), For by Saint Paul (qd he) I will not dine till I see thy head off. It booted him not to ask why, but heavily he took a priest at a venture and made a short shrift, for a longer would not be suffered, the protector made so much haste to his dinner, which might not go to it till this murther were done for saving of his ungracious oath. So was he brought forth into the green beside the chapel within the Tower, and his head laid down on a log of timber that lay there for building of the chapel, and there tyrannously stricken off, and after his body and head were interred at Windsor by his master, King Edward the Fourth, whose souls Jesu pardon. Amen."

The scene upon the Tower walls, where Gloster and ...kingham appear in "rotten armour, marvellous ...ured," has its origin in the following description ...heir practice upon the credulity of the citi... ...ng themselves in "old evil-favoured bri... ...i as no man would ween that they would ...fed to have put on their backs, except ...necessity had constrained them:"—

"... the fame of this lord's death through ... farther about, like a wind in every ...; but the protector immediately after din... ...nding to set some colour upon the matter, ...n all the haste for many substantial men out ... the city into the Tower, and at their coming himself with the Duke of Buckingham stood harnessed in old evil-favoured briganders, such as no man would ween that they would have vouchsafed to have put on their backs, except some sudden necessity had constrained them. Then the lord protector showed them that the Lord Hastings and other of his conspiracy had contrived to have suddenly destroyed him and the Duke of Buckingham there the same day in counsel, and what they intended farther was yet not well known; of which their treason he had never knowledge before x of the clock the same forenoon, which sudden fear drave them to put on such harness as came next to their hands for their defence, and so God help them! that the mischief turned upon them that would have done it, and thus he required them to report. Every man answered fair, as though no man mistrusted the matter, which of truth no man believed."

The seventh scene, one of the most skilfully conducted of the whole play, may be traced in very minute particulars to the graphic historian :—

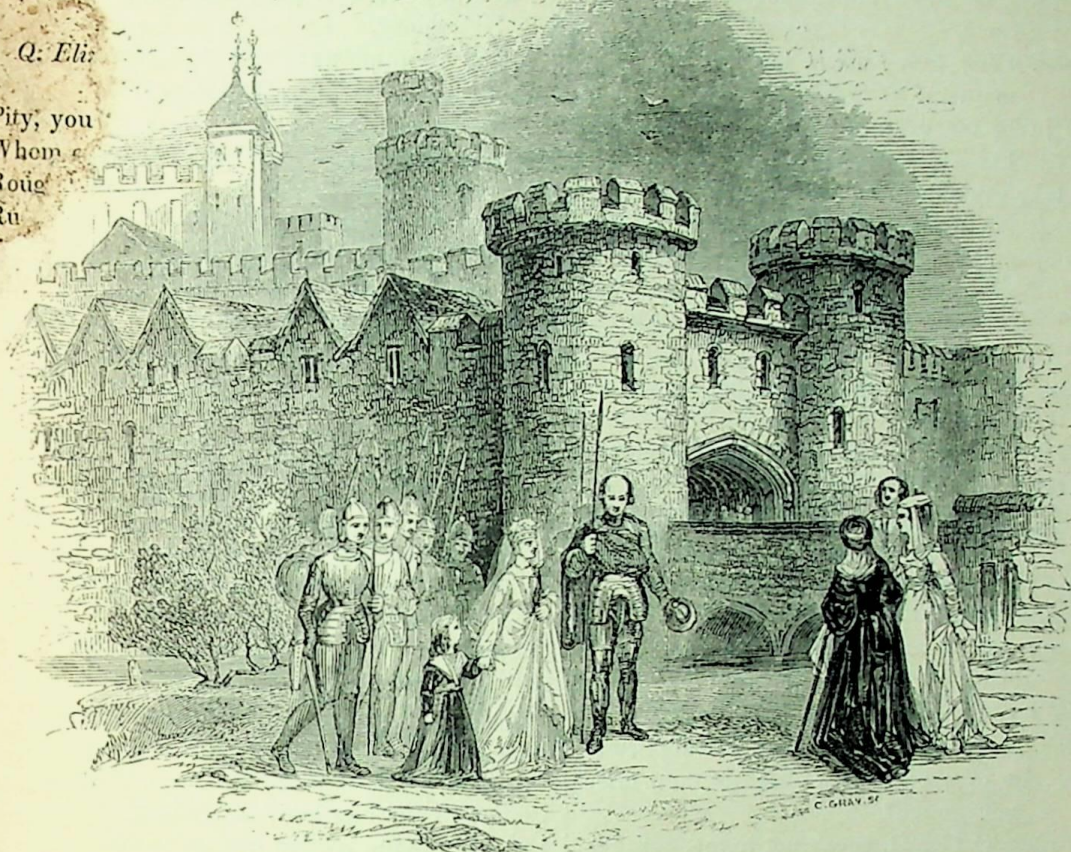
"When the duke had said, and looked that the people, whom he hoped that the mayor had framed before, should, after this flattering proposition made, have cried King Richard! King Richard! all was still and mute, and not one word answered to; wherewith the duke was marvellously abashed, and taking the mayor near to him, with other that were about him privy to the matter, said unto them softly, What meaneth this that the people be so still? Sir, quod the mayor, percase they perceive you not well. That shall we amend, quod he, if be that will help; and therewith somewhat louder rehearsed the same matter again, in other order and other words, so well and ornately, and nevertheless so evidently and plain, with voice, gesture, and countenance so comely and so convenient, that every man much marvelled that heard him, and thought that they never heard in their lives so evil a tale so well told. But were it for wonder, or fear, or that each looked that other should speak first, not one word was there answered of all the people that stood before; but all were as still as the midnight, not so much rouning* among them, by which they might seem once to commune what was best to do. When the mayor saw this, he, with other partners of the counsel, drew about the duke, and said that the people had not been accustomed there to be spoken to but by the recorder, which is the mouth of the city, and haply to him they will answer. With that the recorder, called Thomas Fitz William, a sad man and an honest, which was but newly come to the office, and never had spoken to the people before, and loth was with that matter to begin, notwithstanding, thereunto commanded by the mayor, made rehearsal to the commons of that which the duke had twice purposed himself; but the recorder so tempered his tale that he showed everything as the duke his words were, and no part of his own: but all this no change made in the people, which alway after one stood as they had been amazed. Whereupon the duke rouned with the mayor, and said, This is a marvellous obstinate silence; and therewith turned to the people again, with these words:—Dear friends, we come to move you to that thing which peradventure we so greatly needed not, but that the lords of this realm and commons of other parts might have sufficed, saying such love we bear you, and so much set by you, that we would not gladly do without you that thing in which to be partners is your weal and honour, which as to us seemeth you see not or weigh not; wherefore we require you to give us an answer, one or other, whether ye be minded, as all the nobles of the realm be, to have this noble prince, now protector, to be your king? And at these words the people began to whisper among themselves secretly, that the voice was neither loud nor base, but like a swarm of bees, till at the last, at the nether end of the hall, a bushment of the duke's servants, and one Nashfield, and other belonging to the protector, with some prentices and lads that thrusted into the hall amongst the press, began suddenly at men's backs to cry out as loud as they could, King Richard! King Richard! and then threw up their caps in token of joy, and they that stood before cast back their heads marvelling thereat, but nothing they said. And when the duke and the mayor saw this manner, they wisely turned it to their purpose, and said it was a goodly cry and a joyful to hear every man with one voice, and no man saying nay. Wherefore friends, (quod the duke,) sith we perceive that it is all your whole minds to have this noble man for your king, whereof we shall make his grace so effectual report that we doubt not but that it shall redound to your great wealth and commodity. We therefore require you that to-morrow ye go with us, and we with you, to his noble grace, to make our humble petition and request to him in manner before remembered.

"Then on the morrow the mayor and aldermen and chief commoners of the city, in their best manner apparelled, assembling them together at Paul's, resorted to Baynard's castle, where the protector lay, to which place also, according to the appointment, repaired the Duke of Buckingham, and divers nobles with him, besides many knights and gentlemen. And thereupon the duke sent word to the lord protector of the being there of a great honourable company to move a great matter to his grace. Whereupon the protector made great difficulty to come down to them, except he knew some part of their errand, as though he doubted, and partly mis-

* To *roun*, or *round*, is to speak privately.

trusted, the coming of such a number to him so suddenly, without any warning or knowledge whether they came for good or harm. Then, when the duke had showed this to the mayor and other, that they might thereby see how little the protector looked for this matter, they sent again by the messenger such loving message, and therewith so humbly besought him to vouchsafe that they might resort to his presence to purpose their intent, of which they would to none other person any part disclose. At the last he came out of his chamber, and yet not down to them, but in a gallery over them, with a bishop on every hand of him, where they beneath might see him and speak to him, as though he would not yet come near them till he wist what they meant. And thereupon the Duke of Buckingham first made humble petition to him, on the behalf of them all, that his grace would pardon them, and license them to purpose unto his grace the intent of their coming without his displeasure, without which pardon obtained they durst not be so bold to move him of that matter; in which, albeit they meant as much honour to his grace as wealth to all the realm beside, yet were they not sure how his grace would take it, whom they would in no wise offend. Then the protector, as he was very gentle of himself, and also longed sore apparently to know what they meant, gave him leave to purpose what him liked, verily trusting for the good mind that he bare them all, none of them anything would intend to himward, wherewith he thought to be grieved. When the duke had this leave and pardon to speak, then waxed he bold to show him their intent and purpose, with all the causes moving them thereto, as ye before have heard; and finally, to beseech his grace that it would like him, of his accustomed goodness and zeal unto the realm, now with his eye of pity to behold the long continued distress and decay of the same, and to set his gracious hand to the redress and amendment thereof, by taking upon him the crown and governance of the realm according to his right and title lawfully descended unto him, and to the laud of God, profit and surety of the land, and unto his grace so much the more honour and less pain, in that that never prince reigned upon any people that were so glad to live under his obeisance as the people of this realm under his.

"When the protector had heard the proposition he looked very strangely thereat, and made answer, that albeit he knew partly the things by them alleged to be true, yet such entire love he bare to King Edward and his children, and so much more regarded his honour in other realms about than the crown of any one, of which he was never desirous, so that he could not find in his heart in this point to induce to their desire, for in all other nations where the truth were not well known it should peradventure be thought that it were his own ambitious mind and device to depose the prince and to take himself the crown, with which infamy he would in no wise have his honour stained for any crown, in which he had ever perchance perceived much more labour and pain than pleasure to him that so would use it, as he that would not and were not worthy to have it. Notwithstanding, he not pardoned them of the motion that they ma[illegible] but also thanked them for the love an[illegible] favour they bare him, praying them for [illegible] bear the same to the prince under w[illegible] and would be content to live, and wi[illegible] and counsel, as far as it should like th[illegible] it, he would do his uttermost devoir to [illegible] in good estate, which was already in th[illegible] of his protectorship (lauded be God!) wel[illegible] that the malice of such as were before the [illegible] of the contrary, and of new intended to be, [illegible] now, partly by good policy, partly more by God his special providence than man's provision, repressed and put under.

"Upon this answer given, the Duke of Buckingham by the protector his licence a little rounded, as well with other noble men about him as with the mayor and recorder of London. And after that (upon like pardon desired and obtained) he showed aloud unto the protector, for a final conclusion, that the realm was appointed that King Edward his line should no longer reign upon them, both that, they had so far gone that it was now no surety to retreat, as for that they thought it for the weal universal to take that way, although they had not yet begun it. Wherefore, if it would like his grace to take the crown upon him, they would humbly beseech him thereunto, and if he would give them a resolute answer to the contrary, (which they would be loth to hear,) then must they seek, and should not fail to find, some other nobleman that would. These words much moved the protector, which, as every man of small intelligence may wit, would never have inclined thereto; but when he saw there was none other way but that he must take it, or else he and his both to go from it, he said to the lords and commons, Sith it is we perceive well that all the realm is so set (whereof we be very sorry), that they will not suffer in any wise King Edward his line to govern them, whom no man earthly can govern against their wills: and we also perceive that no man is there to whom the crown can by so just title appertain as to ourself, as very right heir lawfully begotten of the body of our most dread and dear father Richard late Duke of York, to which title is now joined your election, the nobles and commons of the realm, which we of all titles possible take for most effectual, we be content and agree favourably to incline to your petition and request, and according to the same here we take upon us the royal estate of pre-eminence and kingdom of the two noble realms England and France; the one, from this day forward by us and our heirs to rule, govern, and defend; the other, by God his grace and your good help, to get again, subdue, and establish for ever in due obedience unto this realm of England, the advancement whereof we never ask of God longer to live than we intend to procure and set forth. With this there was a great cry and shout, crying King Richard! and so the lords went up to the king, and so he was after that day called."

[Scene I.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before the* Tower.

Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, *and* MARQUIS OF DORSET; *on the other,* ANNE, DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, *leading Lady* MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S *young daughter.*

Duch. Who meets us here?—my niece[a] Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my life, she 's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks; we 'll enter all together:

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam: By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who 's that?

Brak. I mean the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The lord protect him from that kingly title!

[a] *Niece*—grand-daughter. In Othello *nephews* are put for grandchildren.

Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?

Duch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.
[*Exit* Brakenbury.

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
[*To the* Duchess of Gloster.
There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder!
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer: Mother, how fares your grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children:
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam:
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!
O my accursed womb, the bed of death;
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murtherous!

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.
O, would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain! [1]
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die, ere men can say—God save th[e]

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy[.] glory,
To feed my humour: wish thyself no

Anne. No! why?—When he that band now
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse,
When scarce the blood was well wash'd fr[o] hands,
Which issued from my other angel husband,
And that dear[a] saint which then I weeping follow'd;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish,—'Be thou,' quoth I, 'accurs'd,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And when thou wedd'st let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!'
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time,[b] my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse;
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest:[c]
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee! [*To* Dorset.
Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!
[*To* Anne.
Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee! [*To* Q. Elizabeth.

[a] *Dear*, in the folio; the quartos, *dead*.

[b] So the folio; the quartos, *even in so short a space*.

[c] We print this line as in the folio. In the quartos it stands,

"Which ever since hath kept my eyes from sleep."

The plain course for the modern editors to have pursued would have been to take the line as it stands in one or the other edition, according to their belief in its authenticity. But in this, as in many other instances, they make up a text from each copy—

"Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest."

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wrack'd with a week of teen.[a]

Q. Eliz. Stay; yet look back, with me, unto the Tower.
Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.[b]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room of State in the Palace.*

Flourish of trumpets. Richard, *as King, upon his throne;* Buckingham, Catesby, *a* Page, *and others.*

K. Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buckingham,—

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:
But shall we wear these glories for a day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,[c]
To try if thou be current gold, indeed:
Young Edward lives:—Think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned lord.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'T is so: but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live!—true, noble prince!—
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes:
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord,[a]
Before I positively speak in this:
I will resolve you herein presently.[b]
[*Exit* Buckingham.

Cate. The king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip. [*Aside.*

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools, [*Descends from his throne.*
And unrespective[c] boys; none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes.
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Boy!

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:[d]
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man: Go, call him hither, boy. [*Exit* Page.
The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.—

Enter Stanley.

How now, lord Stanley? what 's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean, poor[e] gentleman,

[a] *Teen*—sorrow.

[b] This speech is not in the quartos. It bears the mark of Shakspere's later years, in its bold imagery.

"Rude ragged nurse, old sullen play-fellow,"

possesses all the highest attribute of poetry,—that of suggesting a long train of thought by some short and powerful allusion, far more effective than the most skilful elaboration. And yet Johnson with the most ludicrous solemnity says, "To call the Tower nurse and play-fellow is very harsh: perhaps part of this speech is addressed to the Tower, and part to the Lieutenant."

[c] *Touch*—touchstone.

[a] So the folio; one of the quartos,

"Give me some breath, some little pause, dear lord."

[b] So the folio; the quartos, *your grace immediately.*

[c] *Unrespective*—inconsiderate. In Romeo and Juliet we have—

"Away to heaven *respective* lenity."

[d] *Spirit*, in the folio; the quartos, *mind.*

[e] *Mean, poor*, in the folio; the quartos, *mean-born.* According to the notions of Shakspere's age, a mean-born *gentleman* was a contradiction in terms.

Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter.—
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me. [*Exit* CATESBY.
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:
Murther her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, *with* TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel?
Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.
K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?
Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.
K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?
Tyr. Please you, but I had rather kill two enemies.
K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.
Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I 'll rid you from the fear of them.
K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel:
Go, by this token:—Rise, and lend thine ear: [*Whispers.*
There is no more but so:—Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.
Tyr. I will despatch it straight. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late request[a] that you did sound me in.
K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.
Buck. I hear the news, my lord.
K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—Well look unto it.
Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;

[a] *Request*, in the folio; the quartos, *demand*.

The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.
K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.
Buck. What says your highness to my just request?
K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king!—perhaps——
[*Buck.* My lord,——
K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?
Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—
K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rouge-mont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.
Buck. My lord,——
K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?
Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.
K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?
Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.
K. Rich. Well, let it strike.
Buck. Why, let it strike?
K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack,[a] thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.
Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will, or no.[b]]
K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.
[*Exeunt* KING RICHARD *and Train.*
Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on.
[*Exit.*

[a] The "Jack of the Clock-house" was an automaton, which struck the hour upon a bell.
[b] This most characteristic passage, which we print in brackets, is not found in the folio. We have only one other instance of any omission in that copy as compared with the quartos; while the additional passages not found in the quartos are numerous.

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like to children,[a] in their death's sad story.
'O thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay the gentle babes,'—
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay:
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost chang'd my mind;
But, O, the devil'—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—'we smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.'—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;
They could not speak: and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter KING RICHARD.

And here he comes:—All health, my sovereign lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom;
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter RATCLIFF.[a]

Rat. My lord!

K. Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Rat. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come,—I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Go, muster men: My counsel is my shield;
We must be brief when traitors brave the field.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction am I witness to,
And will to France; hoping the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes here?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH *and the* DUCHESS OF YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,

[a] *Like to children*, in the folio. The quartos have, by an evident typographical error, "like *two* children," and this prosaic reading is always adopted.

[a] *Ratcliff*, as in a former instance, takes the place in the folio of the *Catesby* of the quartos.

Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth, [*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we? [*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniory,[a]
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them.*
[Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—]
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a husband,[b] till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work,

[a] *Seniory*—(*signeuric*, in the folio)—seniority.
[b] *Husband*, in the folio; in the quartos we find *Richard*, clearly an error, which Malone corrects to *Henry*.

That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,[a]
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow[b] with others' moan!

Duch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead that kill'd my Edward;
The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot,[c] because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this frantic[d] play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither: But at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, the dog is dead!

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time would come
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant,
One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?

[a] These two lines, which are only found in the folio, are ordinarily transposed—for what reason we know not. They are certainly as intelligible, and somewhat more euphonous, as they stand in the original, than printed thus:—

"That foul defacer of God's handy-work;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns," &c.

[b] *Pew-fellow*—companion—occupiers of the same seat. The word is used also by Dekker.
[c] *Boot*. We retain the phrase *to boot*, something added; into the bargain, as we also still say.
[d] *Frantic*, in the folio; the quartos, *tragic*.

Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care:
For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For she being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For she[a] commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice whirl'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wast,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke;
From which even here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife,—and queen of sad mischance,—
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer[b] than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [*Exit* Q. MARGARET.

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

[a] The modern editors have changed *for she*, in each of these three lines, into *for one*. The first line only is found in the quartos, and there indeed we have *for one*.
[b] The reading of the folio is *sweeter*; we prefer the *fairer* of the quartos, as antithetical to *fouler*.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd. [*Trumpet, within.*
The trumpet sounds,[a] —be copious in exclaims.

Enter KING RICHARD, *and his Train, marching.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd[b] that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say.
[*Flourish. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak.

K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

[a] *The trumpet sounds.* So the folio. In the quartos, *I hear his drum.*
[b] *Ow'd*—own'd.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?
Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd me in thy company?
K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hower,[a] that call'd your grace
To breakfast once, forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your eye,[b]
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum.
Duch. I prithee, hear me speak.
K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.
Duch. Hear me a word,
For I shall never speak to thee again.
K. Rich. So.
Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never more behold[c] thy face again.
Therefore, take with thee my most grievous[d] curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
Than all the cómplete armour that thou wear'st!
My prayers on the adverse party fight:
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*
Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me; I say amen to her. [*Going.*

[a] *Humphrey Hower.* We follow the orthography of the folio, in which we find "what comfortable *houre*," immediately preceding. Malone says, "*Humphrey Hour* is merely used in ludicrous language for *hour*, like *Tom Troth* for *truth*." The different modes in which the two words are printed in the folio do not support this argument. Other commentators believe that the allusion is to the proverbial saying of dining with *Duke Humphrey*. We must be content to leave the matter as we find it.
[b] *Eye*, in the folio; the quartos, *sight*.
[c] *More behold*, in the folio; the quartos, *look upon*.
[d] *Grievous*, in the folio; the quartos, *heavy*.

K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must talk[a] a word with you.
Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood.
For thee to slaughter:[b] for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.
K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.
Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I 'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.
K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is a royal princess.[c]
Q. Eliz. To save her life, I 'll say she is not so.
K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.
Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.
K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.
Q. Eliz. No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.
K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.
Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.
K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.
Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.[d]

[a] *Talk*, in the folio; the quartos, *speak*.
[b] *Slaughter*, in the folio; the quartos, *murther*.
[c] *A royal princess*, in the folio; the quartos, *of royal blood*.
[d] The preceding fourteen lines are only found in the folio.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you and yours by me were harm'd!
Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?
K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.
Q Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?
K. Rich. Unto the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.
Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrow with report of it;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?
K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.
Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.
K. Rich. Then know, that, from my soul, I love thy daughter.
Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.
K. Rich. What do you think?
Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy soul:
So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.
K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning;
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.
Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?
K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen: Who else should be?
Q. Eliz. What thou?
K. Rich. Even so: How think you of it?[a]
Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?
K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.
Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

[a] So the folio; the quartos, *What think you of it, madam?*

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward, and York; then, haply, will she weep:
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.
K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.
Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her?
Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but hate[a] thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.
K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended;
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I 'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doating title of a mother;
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss, you have, is but a son being king,
And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that, with a fearful soul,
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:

[a] *Hate thee*—so the clear reading of the folio. Upon the suggestion of M. Mason this has been corrupted into the low phrase, "she cannot choose but *have* thee."

The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan, with interest
Of ten-times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chástised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years![a]

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the king's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loaths such sov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, plainly to her tell my loving tale.[a]

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;—
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.

Q. Eliz. By nothing: for this is no oath.
Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his lordly[b] honour;
Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory:
If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself,—

Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-misused.[c]

K. Rich. Now, by the world,—

Q. Eliz. 'T is full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death,—

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath it dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Why then, by God,—

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou had'st fear'd to break an oath by him,
The unity the king my husband[d] made
Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers died.[e]
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,

[a] The preceding fifty-five lines are only found in the folio.

[a] So the folio; the quartos, *Then, in plain terms, tell her.*
[b] *Lordly*, in the folio; the quartos, *holy*.
[c] In the folio Richard first proposes to swear by himself; in the quartos the order is changed.
[d] *My husband*, in the folio; in the quartos, *my brother*—an evident mistake of the pronoun. The modern editors correct the mistake, and keep *brother*.
[e] So the folio. The quartos—
"Had not been broken, nor my brother slain."

Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. The time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-past;
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The children live whose fathers[a] thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age;
The parents live whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misused ere used, by times ill-used o'er-past.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent,
So thrive I in my dangerous affairs[b]
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
Day yield me not thy light, nor night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding! if, with dear[c] heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness, and thine;
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,)
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish found in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. Yet, thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:
Where, in that nest of spicery, they will breed
Selves of themselves to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell.
[*Kissing her. Exit* Q. Elizabeth.
Relenting fool, and shallow changing woman!
How now? what news?

Enter Ratcliff; Catesby *following.*

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to our[a] shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back:
'T is thought that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of Norfolk:—
Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither: Post to Salisbury;
When thou com'st thither,—Dull unmindful villain, [*To* Catesby.
Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby:—Bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go. [*Exit.*

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there, before I go?

Rat. Your highness told me I should post before.

Enter Stanley.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

[a] *Fathers*, in the folio; the quartos, *parents*.
[b] *Affairs*, in the folio; the quartos, *attempts*.
[c] *Dear*, in the folio; the quartos, *pure*.

[a] *Our shores*, in the folio; the quartos, *the shore*.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?
Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.
K. Rich. Well, as you guess?
Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.
K. Rich. Is the chair empty? Is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's king but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?
Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.
K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.
Stan. No, my good lord,[a] therefore mistrust me not.
K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe cónducting the rebels from their ships?
Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.
K. Rich. Cold friends to me: What do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?
Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king:
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I 'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.
K. Rich. Ay, thou would'st be gone to join with Richmond:
But I 'll not trust thee.[b]
Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be, false.
K. Rich. Go then, and muster men. But leave behind[c]
Your son, George Stanley; look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.
Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you.
[*Exit* STANLEY.

[a] *My good lord*, in the folio; the quartos, *mighty liege*.
[b] So the folio; the quartos, *I will not trust you, sir.*
[c] So the folio; the quartos—
"Well, go, muster men. But, hear you, leave behind."

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advértised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* In Kent, my liege, the Guilfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors[a]
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—
K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death? [*He strikes him.*
There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.
3 *Mess.* The news I have to tell your majesty,
Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.
K. Rich. I cry thee mercy:
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?
3 *Mess.* Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

4 *Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset,
'T is said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.
K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best news. That the earl of Richmond

[a] *Competitors*—associates.

Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury; while we reason here
A royal battle might be won and lost:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury;—the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* Lord Stanley's *House.*

Enter STANLEY *and Sir* CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:—
That, in the sty of this most bloody boar,[a]
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that holds off[b] my present aid.
So, get thee gone; commend me to thy lord.
Withal, say, that the queen hath heartily consented

[a] *This most bloody boar* is the reading of the quartos; the folio, *the most deadly.*

[b] *Holds off*, in the folio; the quartos, *withholds.*

He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,[a]
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; I kiss his hand.
My letter will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell.[b] [*Exeunt.*

[a] *Power*, in the folio; the quartos, *course.*

[b] This is the literal reading of the folio, and it appears unexceptionable. The quartos read—

"Return unto my lord, commend me to him.
Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell."

One reading or the other surely ought to be held to—the uncorrected or the corrected copy. But we have a jumble of both in all modern editions—a reading which is different from that of the poet in any stage of his labour.

[Scene IV. 'Ah, my poor princes.']

[The Bloody Tower.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

[1] SCENE I.—" *Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain.*"

IT is probable that Shakspere had access to the story which is detailed in Goulart's 'Admirable and Memorable Histories,' 1607, how John, the son of Vaivode Stephen, having defeated an army of Hungarian peasants, in 1514, caused their general, "called George, to be stripped naked, upon whose head the executioner set a crown of hot burning iron." This is the "Luke's iron crown" of Goldsmith. In Wyntown's Chronicle we have the like punishment assigned to "Jak Bonhowne."

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

THE tragic story of the murder of Richard's nephews thus presented itself to Shakspere:—

"And forasmuch as his mind gave him that, his nephews living, men would not reckon that he could have right to the realm, he thought therefore without delay to rid them, as though the killing of his kinsmen might end his cause and make him kindly king. Whereupon he sent John Green, whom he specially trusted, unto Sir Robert Brakenbury, constable of the Tower, with a letter and credence also, that the same Sir Robert in any wise should put the two children to death. This John Green did his errand to Brakenbury, kneeling before Our Lady in the Tower; who plainly answered that he would never put them to death to die therefore. With the which answer Green returned, recounting the same to King Richard at Warwick, yet on his journey; wherewith he took such displeasure and thought, that the same night he said to a secret page of his, Ah, whom shall a man trust? they that I have

brought up myself, they that I weened would have most surely served me, even those fail me, and at my commandment will do nothing for me. Sir, quoth the page, there lieth one in the palet chamber without, that I dare well say, to do your grace pleasure, the thing were right hard that he would refuse: meaning by this James Tyrrel."

"James Tyrrel devised that they should be murthered in their beds, and no blood shed: to the execution whereof he appointed Miles Forest, one of the four that before kept them, a fellow flesh bred in murther beforetime; and to him he joined one John Dighton, his own horsekeeper, a big, broad, square, and strong knave. Then all the other being removed from them, this Miles Forest and John Dighton about midnight, the sely children lying in their beds, came into the chamber, and suddenly lapped them up amongst the clothes, and so bewrapped them and entangled them, keeping down by force the feather-bed and pillows hard unto their mouths, that within a while they smothered and stifled them; and their breaths failing, they gave up to God their innocent souls into the joys of heaven, leaving to the tormentors their bodies dead in the bed; which after the wretches perceived, first by the struggling with the pangs of death, and after long lying still, to be thoroughly dead, they laid the bodies out upon the bed, and fetched James Tyrrel to see them; which when he saw them perfectly dead, he caused the murtherers to bury them at the stair foot, meetly deep in the ground, under a great heap of stones.

"Then rode James Tyrrel in great haste to King Richard, and showed him all the manner of the murther; who gave him great thanks, and, as men say, there made him knight."

It forms no part of our duty to enter into the inquiry whether the narrative of More is supported by other authorities; nor, further, whether the bones which were found in the reign of Charles II. were those of the unfortunate princes. Tradition represents the event to have taken place in what is still called "The Bloody Tower." Upon these old legends little historical reliance can be placed; but they still belong to the province of poetry.

The remarkable scene (Scene IV.) between Richard and the widow of Edward IV. has its foundation in the following narrative of Hall:—

"There came into his ungracious mind a thing not only detestable to be spoken of in the remembrance of man, but much more cruel and abominable to be put in execution: for when he resolved in his wavering mind how great a fountain of mischief toward him should spring if the Earl of Richmond should be advanced to the marriage of his niece, (which thing he heard say by the rumour of the people that no small number of wise and witty personages enterprised to compass and bring to conclusion,) he clearly determined to reconcile to his favour his brother's wife, Queen Elizabeth, either by fair words or liberal promises, firmly believing, her favour once obtained, that she would not stick to commit and lovingly credit to him the rule and governance both of her and her daughters; and so by that means the Earl of Richmond of the affinity of his niece should be utterly defrauded and beguiled. And if no ingenious remedy could be otherwise invented to save the innumerable mischiefs which were even at hand and like to fall, if it should happen Queen Anne his wife to depart out of this present world, then he himself would rather take to wife his cousin and niece the Lady Elizabeth, than

[Queen Elizabeth, Widow of Edward IV.]

for lack of that affinity the whole realm should run to ruin, as who said, that if he once fell from his estate and dignity the ruin of the realm must needs shortly ensue and follow. Wherefore he sent to the queen, being in sanctuary, divers and often messages, which first should excuse and purge him of all things before against her attempted or procured, and after should so largely promise promotions innumerable and benefits, not only to her, but also to her son Lord Thomas Marquis Dorset, that they should bring her, if it were possible, into some wanhope, or, as some men say, into a fool's paradise. The messengers, being men both of wit and gravity, so persuaded the queen with great and pregnant reasons, then with fair and large promises, that she began somewhat to relent and to give to them no deaf ear, insomuch that she faithfully promised to submit and yield herself fully and frankly to the king's will and pleasure."

The suspicions of Richard increased as his dangers thickened around him. Hall says:—

"Amongst the noblemen whom he most mistrusted, these were the principal:—Thomas Lord Stanley, Sir William Stanley his brother, Gilbert Talbot, and vi hundred other, of whose purposes although King Richard were ignorant, yet he gave neither confidence nor credence to any one of them, and least of all to the Lord Stanley, because he was joined in matrimony with the Lady Margaret, mother to the Earl of Richmond, as afterward apparently ye may perceive. For when the said Lord Stanley would have departed into his country to visit his family, and to recreate and refresh his spirits (as he openly said), but the truth was to the intent to be in a perfect readiness to receive the Earl of Richmond at his first arrival in England, the king in no wise would suffer him to depart before that he had left as an hostage in the court George Stanley, Lord Strange, his first-begotten son and heir."

This appears the foundation of the spirited scene between Stanley and Richard.

[Lord Stanley.]

[Scene I. Salisbury.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Salisbury. *An open Place.*

Enter the Sheriff *and* Guard, *with* BUCKINGHAM, *led to execution.*

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, my good lord: therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey, and Rivers,
Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice!
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!
This is All-Souls' day, fellow, is it not?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.
This is the day which, in king Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, and his wife's allies:
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted:
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
That high All-seer which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—

'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'—
Come, lead me, officers,[a] to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame. [*Exeunt* Buckingham, *&c.*

SCENE II.—*Plain near* Tamworth.

Enter, with drum and colours, Richmond, Oxford, *Sir* James Blunt, *Sir* Walter Herbert, *and others, with Forces, marching.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand men,[b]
To fight against this bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends but what are friends for fear;
Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name, march:
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Bosworth *Field.*

Enter King Richard *and Forces; the* Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Surrey, *and others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth field.
My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk!

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks: Ha! must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-night;
[*Soldiers begin to set up the* King's *tent.*
But where, to-morrow?—Well, all 's one for that.—
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—
Call for some men of sound direction:
Let 's lack[a] no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond, *Sir* William Brandon, Oxford, *and other* Lords. *Some of the* Soldiers *pitch* Richmond's *tent.*

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
Give me some ink and paper in my tent;—
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My lord of Oxford, you, sir William Brandon,
And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me:
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;[b]
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent:
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

[a] *Lead me, officers,* in the folio; the quartos, *sirs, convey me.*
[b] *Men,* in the folio; the quartos, *swords.*

[a] *Lack,* in the folio; the quartos, *want.*
[b] *Keeps his regiment.* The word *regiment* is several times used in this scene, in the sense of a body of men, under the command (regiment) of a particular captain. For example,

"His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king."

And,

"Good lords, conduct him to his regiment."

Regiment is here used in the secondary meaning of the word. We have the primary meaning in Antony and Cleopatra:—

"And gives his potent *regiment* to a trull."

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which well I am assur'd I have not done,)
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I 'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to my tent, the dew[a] is raw and cold.
[*They withdraw into the tent.*

Enter, to his tent, King Richard, Norfolk, Ratcliff, *and* Catesby.

K. Rich. What is 't o'clock?

Cate. It 's supper time, my lord;
It 's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.
Give me some ink and paper.
What, is my beaver easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment: bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal light.
Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch![b]—
[*To* Catesby.
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut[a] time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have.
Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent,
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.
[King Richard *retires into his tent.*
Exeunt Ratcliff *and* Catesby.

Richmond's *tent opens, and discovers him and his* Officers, *&c.*

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me how fares our noble mother?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that. The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may, (that which I would I cannot,)
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother tender George
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell: The leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon;
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu:—Be valiant, and speed well!

[a] *Dew*, in the folio; the quartos, *air*.

[b] *A watch.* The verb *give*—and the subsequent expression "bid my guard watch"—show that Richard is not asking for a sentinel, as some have supposed. The *watch* is the *watch-light*. The night-candle was divided by marks to indicate how long it had burned.

[a] *Cock-shut.* In Ben Jonson's 'The Satyr,' we have—
"Kiss him in the *cock-shut* light."
Whalley explains this expression as equivalent with twilight, and says it is derived from the name of a net, a *cockshut*, which is used in the twilight. Gifford adopts the explanation, and adds, "the commentators on Shakspeare have trifled egregiously over this simple expression." This is true. They have two pages of controversy about the net. We have great doubt, however, whether a common epithet is thus formed from a technical word. We incline to think that *cock-shut time* is equivalent to *cock-roost time*—the hour at which the cock goes to rest. As morning is *cock-crow*, evening may by a parallel image be *cock-shut*.

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I 'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Lest leaden slumber peise me down[a] to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt* Lords, *&c.*, *with* STANLEY.
O Thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still!
[*Sleeps.*

The Ghost *of* PRINCE EDWARD, *son to* HENRY THE SIXTH, *rises between the two tents.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow! [*To* KING RICHARD.
Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewkesbury: Despair therefore, and die!
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost *of* KING HENRY THE SIXTH *rises.*

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body
[*To* KING RICHARD.
By thee was punched full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower and me: Despair, and die;
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair, and die.—
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
[*To* RICHMOND.
Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep: Live, and flourish!

The Ghost *of* CLARENCE *rises.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
[*To* KING RICHARD.
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: Despair, and die!
Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
[*To* RICHMOND.

[a] *Peise me down*—weigh me down.

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flourish!

The Ghosts *of* RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *rise.*

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,
[*To* KING RICHARD.
Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair, and die!
Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair! [*To* KING RICHARD.
Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!—
[*To* KING RICHARD.
All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's bosom [*To* RICHMOND.
Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day!

The Ghost *of* HASTINGS *rises.*

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
[*To* KING RICHARD.
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and die!—
Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!
[*To* RICHMOND.
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The Ghosts *of the two young* Princes *rise.*

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower.
Let us be laid[a] within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.
Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost *of* QUEEN ANNE *rises.*

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: Despair, and die!—
Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;
[*To* RICHMOND.
Dream of success and happy victory;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

[a] *Laid*, in the folio; the quartos, *lead*. This is the approved reading, but we have great doubts of its propriety.

The Ghost *of* Buckingham *rises.*

Ghost. The first was I that help'd thee to the crown; [*To* King Richard.
The last was I that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death!
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!
I died for hope, ere I could lend thee aid: [*To* Richmond.
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard fall[a] in height of all his pride.

[*The* Ghosts *vanish.* King Richard *starts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What, do I fear myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murtherer here? No;—Yes; I am:
Then fly,—What, from myself? Great reason: Why?
Lest I revenge. What? Myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no: alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,
Murther, stern murther, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me:—
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought, the souls of all that I had murther'd
Came to my tent: and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My lord!
K. Rich. Who's there?
Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.
[*K. Rich.* O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!—
What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?
Rat. No doubt, my lord.][a]
K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—
Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.
K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt* King Richard *and* Ratcliff.

Richmond *wakes.* *Enter* Oxford *and others.*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.
Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.
Lords. How have you slept, my lord?
Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls whose bodies Richard murther'd,
Came to my tent, and cried—On! victory!
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?
Lords. Upon the stroke of four.
Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.—[*He advances to the troops.*
More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: Yet remember this,—
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;

[a] *Fall*, in the folio; the quarto, *falls*.

[a] The lines in brackets are not found in the folio.

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords:
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
God and Saint George! Richmond and victory!
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, *and Forces.*

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?
Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.
K. Rich. He said the truth: And what said Surrey then?
Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.
K. Rich. He was i' the right; and so, indeed, it is. [*Clock strikes.*
Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—
Who saw the sun to-day?
Rat. Not I, my lord.
K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody.—
Ratcliff,—
Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle:—Caparison my horse;—
Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.
My forward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst:
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st thou, Norfolk?
Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.
This found I on my tent this morning.
[*Giving a scrowl.*
K. Rich. (*Reads.*) 'Jocky of Norfolk, be not so[a] bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.'
A thing devised by the enemy.—
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
For conscience is a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.
What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
A scum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloy'd country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?
A milksop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,

[a] *So*, in all the old copies. The line in the Chronicles is—"Jocky of Norfolk, be not *too* bold."

And not these bastard Bretagnes, whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.
[*Drum afar off.*
Fight, gentlemen of England! fight boldly,[a] yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?
Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.
K. Rich. Off[b] with his son George's head!
Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh;
After the battle let George Stanley die.
K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum: Excursions. Enter Norfolk, *and Forces; to him* Catesby.

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger;
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I 'll help you to a horse.
K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him:
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
[*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter King Richard *and* Richmond; *they fight;* Richard *is slain.*[a]

Retreat and flourish. Then enter Richmond, Stanley *bearing the crown, with divers other* Lords, *and Forces.*

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends;
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.
Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!
Lo, here, these long-usurped royalties,[b]
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.
Richm. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all!
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?
Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.[c]
Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?
Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and sir William Brandon.
Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
That in submission will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red:
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!
What traitor hears me, and says not amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire;
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided, in their dire division.
O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so,)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,

[a] *Boldly*, in the folio; and in all the quartos except the first, where we find *bold*.
[b] *Instantly* is usually thrust in here, contrary to all authority, "for the sake of metre."

[a] *They fight; Richard is slain.* This is the stage-direction of all the old copies, and it is important to preserve, as showing the course of the dramatic action. In the modern editions we have, "Enter King Richard and Richmond; *and exeunt fighting*."
[b] So the folio; the quartos, *this long-usurped royalty*.
[c] So the folio; the quartos, "*Whither, if it please you, we may now*, &c.

With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce[a] these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood!

[a] *Reduce*—bring back—the Latin form of the word.

Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;
That she may long live here, God say—Amen!
[*Exeunt.*

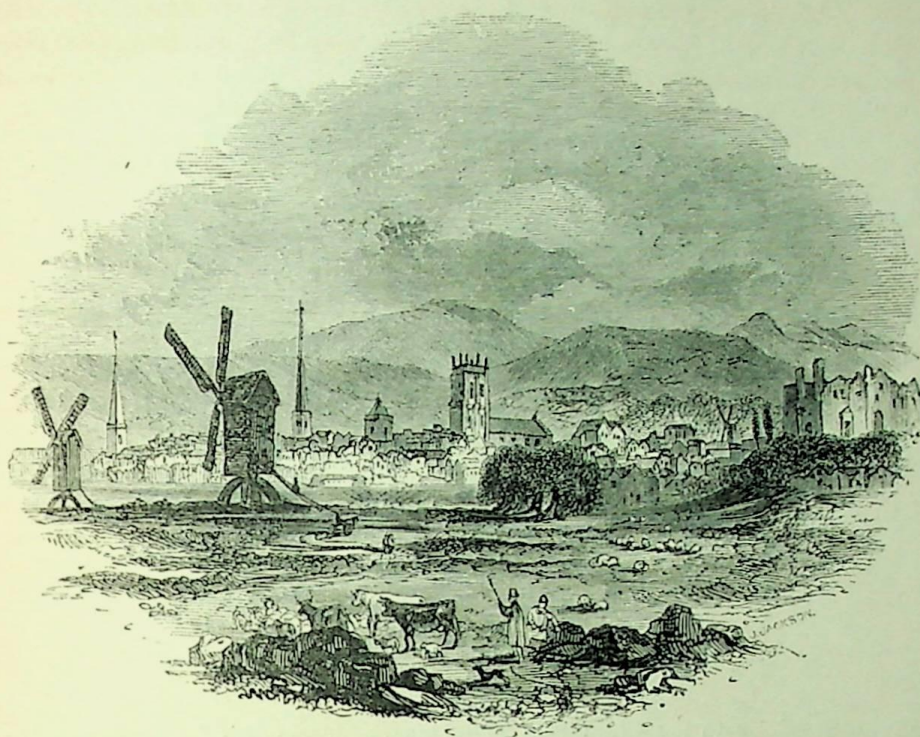
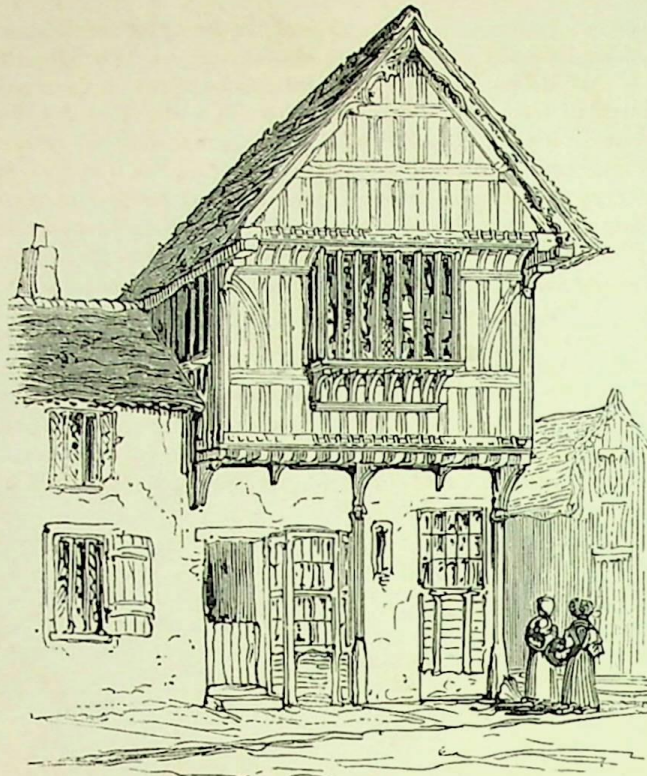
[Scene IV. Bosworth Field.]

[Leicester.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT V.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

The execution of Buckingham is briefly detailed by the Chroniclers. They hasten on to the retribution which was preparing for Richard. "Tidings came that the Earl of Richmond was passed Severn, and come to Shrewsbury without any detriment or encumbrance. At which message he (Richard) was sore moved and broiled with melancholy and dolour; and cried out, asking vengeance of them that contrary to their oath and promise had fraudulently deceived him." But with his wonted energy "he determined himself out of hand the same day to occur and resist his adversaries." He was then "keeping his house in the castle of Nottingham." The Chronicler proceeds: "Then he, environed with his satellites and yeomen of the crown, with a frowning countenance and truculent aspect, mounted on a great white courser, followed with his footmen, the wings of horsemen coasting and ranging on every side. And keeping this array, he with great pomp entered the town of Leicester after the sunset." At Leicester Richard slept at a house which still remains. Hutton, in his 'Battle of Bosworth Field,' thus describes the old house and its appurtenances:—"In the Northgate Street yet stands a large handsome half-timber house, with one story projecting over the other, formerly an inn, the *Blue Boar;* hence an adjoining street derived its name, now corrupted into *Blubber-lane*. In one of the apartments Richard rested that night. The room seems to have been once elegant, though now in disuse. He brought his own bedstead, of wood, large, and in some places gilt. It continued there 200 years after he left the place, and its remains are now in the possession of Alderman Drake. It had a wooden bottom, and under that a false one, of the same materials, like a floor and its under ceiling. Between these two bottoms was concealed a quantity of gold coin, worth about 300*l*. of our present money, but then worth many times that sum. Thus he personally watched his treasure, and slept on his military chest."

[Old Blue Boar Inn at Leicester.]

"The Earl of Richmond," says the Chronicler, "raised his camp, and departed from Lichfield to the town of Tamworth." Shakspere carefully follows the localities of the historians:—

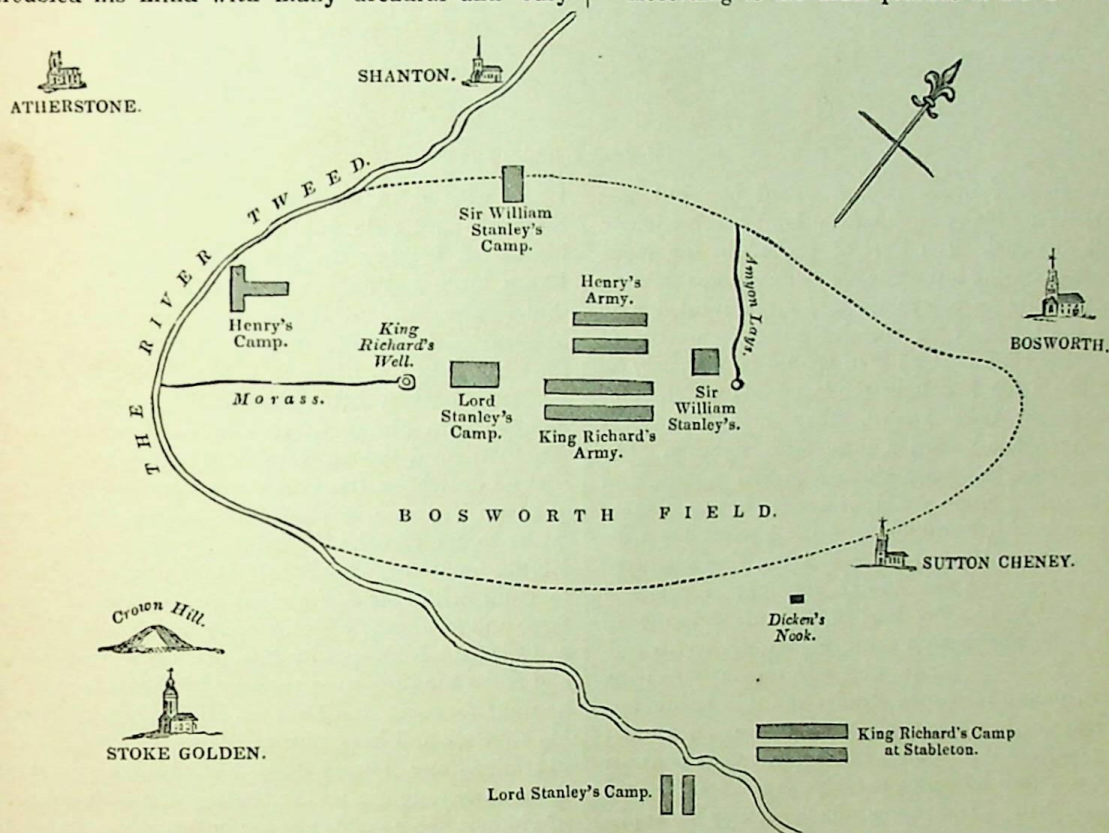
> "This foul swine
> Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
> Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
> From Tamworth thither is but one day's march."

[Tamworth Castle.]

We continue the narrative of Hall:—

"In the mean season King Richard (which was appointed now to finish his last labour by the very divine justice and providence of God, which called him to condign punishment for his scelerate merits and mischievous deserts) marched to a place meet for two battles to encounter, by a village called Bosworth, not far from Leicester, and there he pitched his field, refreshed his soldiers, and took his rest. The fame went that he had the same night a dreadful and a terrible dream; for it seemed to him, being asleep, that he saw divers images like terrible devils, which pulled and hauled him, not suffering him to take any quiet or rest. The which strange vision not so suddenly strake his heart with a sudden fear, but it stuffed his head and troubled his mind with many dreadful and busy imaginations; for incontinent after, his heart being almost damped, he prognosticated before the doubtful chance of the battle to come, not using the alacrity and mirth of mind and of countenance as he was accustomed to do before he came toward the battle. And lest that it might be suspected that he was abashed for fear of his enemies, and for that cause looked so piteously, he recited and declared to his familiar friends in the morning his wonderful vision and terrible dream."

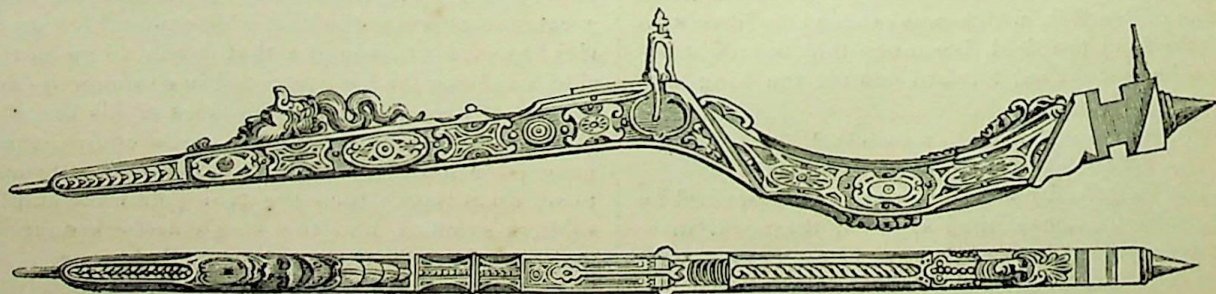
The plan of the battle is minutely detailed in the narratives; and Shakspere has availed himself with wonderful accuracy and spirit of the circumstances attending the disposition of the field. As a matter of curiosity we subjoin a plan copied from Nichol's Leicestershire.

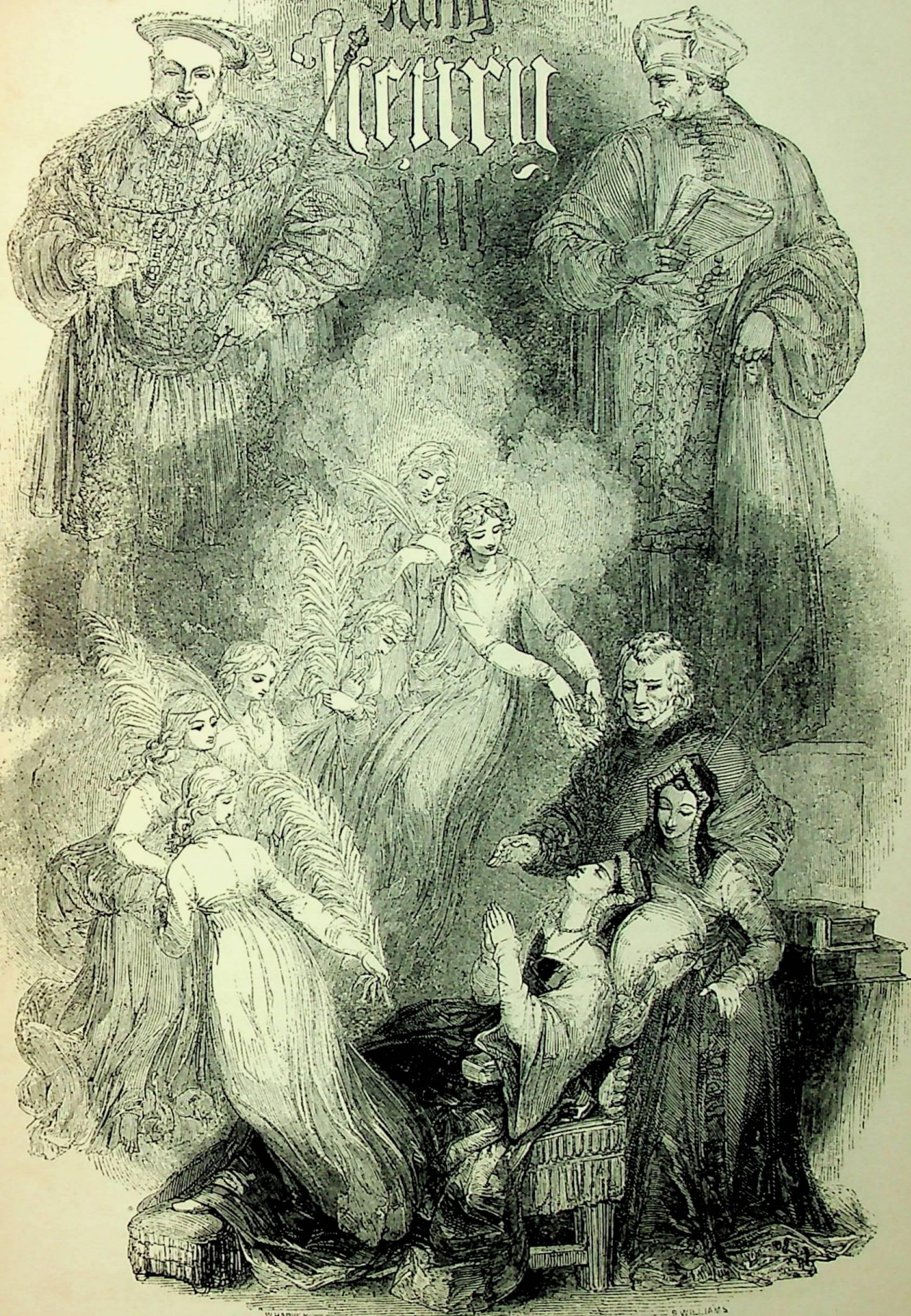
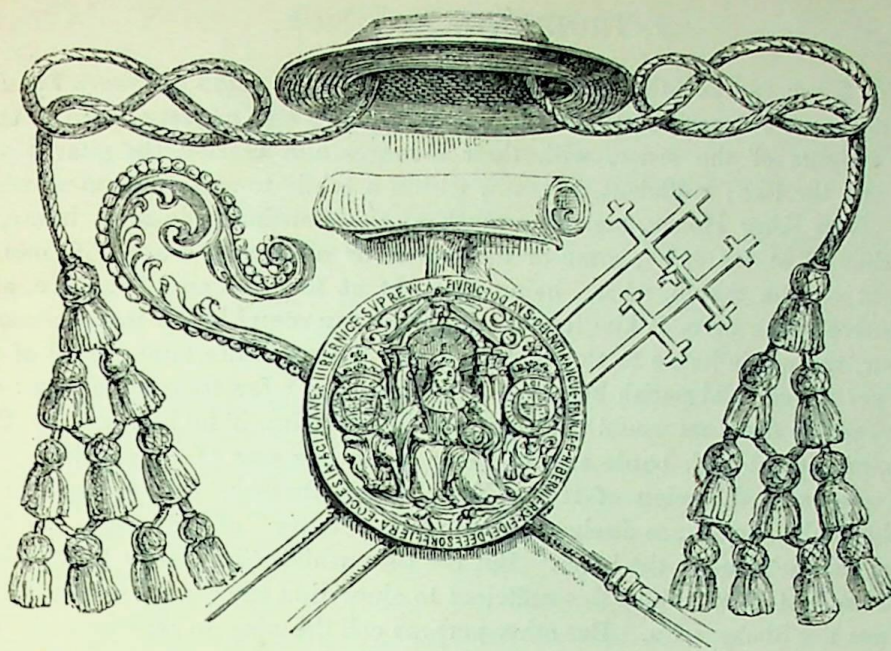
According to the usual practice of the Chroniclers they give us long orations, by the respective leaders, previous to the battle being joined. Shakspere has availed himself of some of the most prominent parts of these apparently fictitious compositions. The legend of 'Jocky of Norfolk' is told thus by Hall:—"Of the nobility were slain John Duke of Norfolk, which was warned by divers to refrain from the field, insomuch that the night before he should set forward toward the king one wrote on his gate,

> "Jack of Norfolk, be not too bold,
> For Dykon thy master is bought and sold."

The battle and the victory are thus described by Hall with the accustomed spirit of these old masters of our language:—

"He had scantly finished his saying but the one army espied the other. Lord! how hastily the soldiers buckled their helms! how quickly the archers bent their bows and frushed their feathers! how readily the billmen shook their bills and proved their staves! ready to approach and join when the terrible trumpet should sound the bloody blast to victory or death. Between both armies there was a great morass, which the Earl of Richmond left on his right hand, for this intent, that it should be on that side a defence for his part; and in so doing he had the sun at his back and in the faces of his enemies. When King Richard saw the earl's company was passed the morass, he commanded with all haste to set upon them; then the trumpets blew and the soldiers shouted, and the king's archers courageously let fly their arrows: the earl's bowmen stood not still, but paid them home again. The terrible shot once passed, the armies joined and came to

[Duke of Norfolk.]

hand-strokes, where neither sword nor bill was spared; at which encounter the Lord Stanley joined with the earl. The Earl of Oxford in the mean season, fearing lest while his company was fighting they should be compassed and circumvented with the multitude of his enemies, gave commandment in every rank that no man should be so hardy as go above ten foot from the standard; which commandment once known, they knit themselves together, and ceased a little from fighting. The adversaries, suddenly abashed at the matter, and mistrusting some fraud or deceit, began also to pause, and left striking, and not against the wills of many, which had liefer had the king destroyed than saved, and therefore they fought very faintly or stood still. The Earl of Oxford, bringing all his band together on the one part, set on his enemies freshly. Again, the adversaries perceiving that, placed their men slender and thin before, and thick and broad behind, beginning again hardily the battle. While the two forwards thus mortally fought, each intending to vanquish and convince the other, King Richard was admonished by his explorators and espials that the Earl of Richmond, accompanied with a small number of men of arms, was not far off; and as he approached and marched toward him, he perfectly knew his personage by certain demonstrations and tokens which he had learnt and known of other; and being inflamed with ire and vexed with outrageous malice, he put his spurs to his horse and rode out of the side of the range of his battle, leaving the avant-gardes fighting, and like a hungry lion ran with spear in rest toward him. The Earl of Richmond perceived well the king furiously coming toward him, and, by cause the whole hope of his wealth and purpose was to be determined by battle, he gladly proffered to encounter with him body to body and man to man. King Richard set on so sharply at the first brunt that he overthrew the earl's standard and slew Sir William Brandon, his standard-bearer, (which was father to Sir Charles Brandon, by King Henry the Eighth created Duke of Suffolk,) and matched hand to hand with Sir John Cheinye, a man of great force and strength, which would have resisted him, and the said John was by him manfully overthrown, and so he making open passage by dint of sword as he went forward, the Earl of Richmond withstood his violence and kept him at the sword's point without advantage longer than his companions other thought or judged; which, being almost in despair of victory, were suddenly recomforted by Sir William Stanley, which came to succours with iii thousand tall men, at which very instant King Richard's men were driven back and fled, and he himself, manfully fighting in the middle of his enemies, was slain and brought to his death as he worthily had deserved."

[Weapons found in Bosworth Field.]

King
Henry
VIII
W.HARVEY
S WILLIAMS

[Cardinal's Hat, &c.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF KING HENRY VIII.

'THE famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth' was first published in the folio collection of Shakspere's works in 1623. The text, taken as a whole, is singularly correct: it contains, no doubt, some few typographical errors, but certainly not so many as those which deform the ordinary reprints. The commentators have, speaking comparatively, meddled very little with this text; but for the want of a careful collation several verbal errors have been constantly transferred from one modern edition to another without correction. For example: in the exquisite song in the beginning of the third act, the passage—

> " To his music, plants and flowers
> Ever sprung; as sun and showers
> There had *made* a lasting spring "—

is invariably printed

> " There had *been* a lasting spring."

The date of the original production of this drama has been a subject of much discussion. The opinions in favour of its having been produced in the reign of Elizabeth are far more numerous than those which hold it to be a later production. As the question is one of more than usual interest, we shall examine it somewhat in detail.

And first, of the external evidence. The Globe, Shakspere's theatre, was burnt down in June, 1613. The cause of this accident, and the circumstances attending it, are minutely related by several witnesses. In Winwood's 'Memorials' there is a letter from John Chamberlain to Sir Ralph Winwood, dated from London the 12th of July, 1613, which describes the burning,—" which fell out by a peal of chambers." This conflagration took place on the previous 29th of June. The play acted on this occasion was one on the story of Henry VIII. Were the " chambers" (small cannon) which produced the misfortune those fired according to the original stage direction in the fourth scene of the first act of Shakspere's King Henry VIII., " *Drum and trumpet, chambers discharged?*" In the Harleian Manuscripts there is a letter from Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Puckering, dated " this last of June, 1613," in which the writer says, " No longer since than yesterday, while Bourbage his company were acting at the Globe *the play of Henry VIII.*, and there shooting of certain chambers in way of triumph, the fire catch'd." But this does not establish that it was Shakspere's play. The accomplished Sir Henry Wotton, writing to his nephew on the 6th of July, 1613, gives a minute and graphic account of the accident at the Globe:—" Now to let matters of state sleep, I will entertain you at the present with what happened this week at the Bankside. The king's players had *a new*

play, called *All is True*, representing *some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth*, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the knights of the order, with their Georges and Garter, the guards with their embroidered coats and the like; sufficient, in truth, within a while to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now King Henry, making a mask at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper, or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where, being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes being more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming, within less than an hour, the whole house to the very ground. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric, wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks: only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broiled him, if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with bottle ale."* Here, then, is a *new play* described "representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry VIII.;" and further, the passage of Shakspere's play in which the "chambers" are discharged, being the "entry" of the king to the "mask at the cardinal's house," is the same to the letter. But the title which Sir Henry Wotton gives the *new play* is '*All is True*.' Gifford thinks this sufficient to show that the play represented at the Globe in June, 1613, was not Shakspere's. But other persons call the play so represented 'Henry VIII.' Howes, in his continuation of Stowe's Chronicle, so calls it. He writes some time after the destruction of the Globe, for he adds to his account of the fire, "and the next spring it was new builded in far fairer manner than before." He speaks of the title of the play as a familiar thing: —"the house being filled with people to behold the play, viz. of Henry the Eighth." When Howes wrote, was the title '*All is True*' merged in the more obvious title derived from the subject of the play, and following the character of the titles of Shakspere's other historical plays? There can be no difficulty in showing that the Prologue to Henry VIII. especially keeps in view such a title as Sir Henry Wotton has mentioned:—

> "Such as give
> Their money out of hope they may believe,
> May here find *truth* too."
>
> "Gentle hearers, know,
> To rank our chosen *truth* with such a show
> As fool and fight is," &c.
>
> "To make that only *true* we now intend."

Boswell has a very ingenious theory that this Prologue had especial reference to another play on the same historical subject, 'When you see me you know me, or the Famous Chronicle History of King Henry the Eighth, &c., by Samuel Rowley,' in which "the incidents of Henry's reign are thrown together in the most confused manner." Upon the whole, then, the probability is that the Henry VIII. of Shakspere, and the '*All is True*' described by Wotton, are one and the same play. The next question is, then, whether Wotton was correct in describing the Henry VIII. as *a new play*. Chalmers, who almost stands alone in his opinion, maintains that the *fact* of a play on the subject of Henry VIII. being termed *new* in 1613 is decisive as to the date of its original production at that time. Malone, on the contrary, conjectures that the Henry VIII. was written in 1601, and *revived* in 1613, with a new title and prologue, "having lain by some years unacted." This conjecture rests upon no external evidence. We proceed, therefore, to the other division of the subject—the evidence of its date which is furnished by the play itself.

In the prophecy of Cranmer in the last scene, the glories of the reign of Elizabeth are carried on to that of her successor, in the following lines:—

> "Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as when
> The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
> Her ashes new create another heir,
> As great in admiration as herself;
> So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
> (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)
> Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
> Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
> And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
> That were the servants to this chosen infant,
> Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;

* Reliquiæ Wottonianæ.

Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour, and the greatness of his name,
Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him :——Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven."

This passage would appear to be decisive as to the date of the play, by the introduction of these lines :—

" Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour, and the greatness of his name,
Shall be, and make new nations."

That the colonization of *Virginia* is here distinctly alluded to is without doubt. The first charter was granted in 1606; the colony was planted in 1607, in which year *James* Town was built; another charter was given to the colonists in 1612, and a lottery was also then granted for the encouragement of the colony, which was struggling with great difficulties. That James took an especial interest in this important settlement, and naturally enough was recognised as the founder of "new nations," may be readily imagined. In the inscription upon a portrait of the king, which belonged to Lord Bacon, he is styled " *Imperii Atlantici conditor*." This part of Cranmer's prophecy, therefore, would fix the date of the play after the settlement of Virginia. But a new difficulty arises: All that part of the prophecy relating to James, which we have quoted, is held to be an addition upon a revival of the play in 1613.

"These lines," says Dr. Johnson, " to the interruption by the king, seem to have been inserted at some revisal of the play, after the accession of King James. If the passage be left out, the speech of Cranmer proceeds in a regular tenour of prediction and continuity of sentiments; but, by the interpolation of the new lines, he first celebrates Elizabeth's successor, and then wishes he did not know she was to die; first rejoices at the consequence, and then laments the cause." Is it so? The presumed interpolation immediately follows these lines :—

" In her days, every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours, &c.

The poet then adds—

" Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as when
The bird of wonder *dies* * * * * *
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)
Who, from the *sacred ashes* of her honour,
Shall star-like rise."

Is it true, then, that he " first celebrates Elizabeth's successor, and then wishes he did not know she was to die?" Of the seventeen lines which relate to James, the first eleven never lose sight of Elizabeth. Her " blessedness," her " honour," her " fame," were to descend to her " heir." The *extension* of the dominion of England, under James,—the only passage in which "the greatness of his name" is separated from that of Elizabeth,—occupies the remaining part of the prophecy; and that the thread which connects the whole with Elizabeth may not be dropped even while those six lines are uttered, Cranmer *returns* to the close of her life, which in two-thirds of the previous seventeen lines he had constantly inferred :—

" She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess," &c.

It might as well be assumed, we venture to think, that the " *Tu Marcellus eris*" of Virgil is an interpolation. That famous passage is most skilfully connected with all that accompanies it; but it might nevertheless be as easily severed as the lines which are here maintained to be an unskilful addition.

But it is held, further, that Shakspere did not write these lines; that Ben Jonson wrote them; that Shakspere might properly compliment Elizabeth in her lifetime, but that he would not descend to flatter James, who was " a contemptible king." Shakspere, it is well known, had reason to be grateful to James for personal kindnesses; but there is not a word here of James's *personal* qualities. The lines apply to the character of his government—its "peace, plenty, love, truth, terror"—the extension of its growth to " make new nations." Would Jonson, had he written this passage, have forgotten that James was somewhat prouder of his reputation as a scholar than as a king; and that one who knew him well had not hesitated to say to him, and perhaps, indeed, in ncerity,

"There has not been since Christ's time any king or temporal monarch which has been so learned in all literature and erudition, divine and human?"* We have no hesitation in accepting the passage as one that Shakspere might not have blushed to have written, and which derogates nothing from the manly independence of his character.

The later editors consider that the interpolation rested at the interruption of the king. Theobald would carry it further,—through the remainder of Cranmer's speech: "If this play was wrote, as in my opinion it was, in the reign of Elizabeth, we may easily determine where Cranmer's eulogium of that princess concluded. I make no question but the poet rested here:—

> "And by these claim their greatness, not by blood."

Theobald omits to state the most obvious reason for his opinion. We hold that Shakspere, in the age of Elizabeth, would never have written—

> "She shall be, to the happiness of England,
> *An aged princess.*"

That passage is, also, to our minds, clearly an interpolation, *assuming that the play was produced during Elizabeth's reign.* She, of all sovereigns, would least have endured to be called *aged;* she, of whom, in her seventieth year, the French ambassador writes, "Her eye is still lively, she has good spirits, and is fond of life, for which reason she takes great care of herself; to which may be added an inclination for the Earl of Clancarty, a brave, handsome Irish nobleman. This makes her cheerful, *full of hope and confidence respecting her age.*" About a year before this time it is held that the Henry VIII. was written, and that it originally included the close of Cranmer's prophesy. "An aged princess!" "But she must die!" Shakspere must indeed have been a bold man to have ventured upon such truths.

But let us yield the whole question of interpolation to those who assert that the Henry VIII. was written in the time of Elizabeth; and give up even the passage of the "aged princess." It is held that the play was written to please Elizabeth. The memory of Henry VIII., perhaps, was not cherished by her with any deep affection; but would she, who in her dying hour is reported to have said, "My seat has been the seat of kings," allow the frailties, and even the peculiarities, of her father to be made a public spectacle? Would she have borne that his passion for her mother should have been put forward in the strongest way by the poet—that is, in the sequence of the dramatic action—as the impelling motive for his divorce from Katharine? Would she have tolerated the masque-scene immediately succeeding that in which Katharine is told by her husband, "You have half our power?" Would she have endured that her father, upon his next appearance after the meeting with Anne Bullen, when he exclaims,

> "The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
> Till now I never knew thee!"—

and—

> "By heaven she is a dainty one! Sweetheart,
> I were unmannerly to take you out,
> And not to kiss you"—

that he should be represented in the depth of his hypocrisy gloating over his projected divorce, with,

> "But conscience, conscience,
> O! 'tis a tender place, *and I must leave her?*"

Would she have been pleased with the jests of the old lady to Anne upon her approaching elevation—her title—her "thousand pound a-year"—and all to be instantly followed by the trial-scene,—that magnificent exhibition of the purity, the constancy, the fortitude, the grandeur of soul, the self-possession, of the "most poor woman and a stranger" that her mother had supplanted; contrasted with the heartless coldness, salved over with a more heartless commendation of his injured wife, from the hypocritical tyrant, who ends the defence of his conduct, expressed in

> "the sharp thorny points
> Of my alleged reasons drive this forward,"

with the real truth, spoken aside,

> "I may perceive
> These cardinals trifle with me * * *
> Cranmer,
> Prithee return! with thy approach I know
> *My comfort comes?*"

* Bacon. Advancement of Learning.

Finally, would she have licensed the stage exhibition of her father's traditionary peculiarities, in addition to the portraiture, which cannot be mistaken, of his sensual, arrogant, impatient, and crafty character? Would she have laughed at his perpetual "ha!"; or taken away Burbage's licence? Would she have wept over the most touching sorrow of the dying Katharine; or sent Shakspere to join the company of his friend Southampton in the Tower? Those who have written on the subject say she would have borne all this; and that the pageant of her mother's coronation, with the succeeding representation of her own christening, capped with the prophecy of her future greatness, were to ensure the harmlessness of all these somewhat explosive materials, and to carry forward the five acts to a most felicitous conclusion—

"This little one shall make it holiday."

Malone, as it appears to us, says all that can be said, in the literal way, to prove that such a drama as this would be acceptable to Elizabeth: "It is more likely that Shakspeare should have written a play the chief subject of which is the *disgraces* of Queen Katharine, the *aggrandizement* of Anne Boleyn, and the birth of her daughter, in the lifetime of Elizabeth, than after her death; at a time when the subject must have been highly pleasing at court, rather than at a period when it must have been less interesting. Queen Katharine, it is true, is represented as an amiable character, but still she is *eclipsed;* and the greater her merit, the higher was the compliment to the mother of Elizabeth, *to whose superior beauty she was obliged to give way.*"* This is the prosaic, we may say the essentially grovelling mode of viewing the object of Shakspere,—an object presupposing equal vulgarity of mind in the dramatist and his court audience. Our readers will be sure that we appreciate far more highly Mr. Campbell's poetical creed in this matter:—

"Shakspeare contrives, though at the sacrifice of some historical truth, to raise the matron Katharine to our highest admiration, whilst at the same time he keeps us in love with Anne Boleyn, and on tolerable terms with Henry VIII. But who does not see, under all this wise management, the drift of his design, namely, to compliment Elizabeth as a virgin queen; to interest us in the memory of her mother Anne Boleyn; and to impress us with a belief of her innocence, though she suffered as an alleged traitress to the bed of Henry? The private death of Katharine of Arragon might have been still remembered by many living persons, but the death of Anne Boleyn was still more fresh in public recollection; and a wiser expedient could not have been devised for asserting the innocence of Elizabeth's mother than by portraying Henry's injustice towards Queen Katharine. For we are obliged to infer that, if the tyrant could thus misuse the noble Katharine, the purest innocence in her lovely successor could be no shield against his cruelty." †

There is one slight objection to this theory. Shakspere wrote for an audience; and an audience is a thing of impulses; it sympathizes with the oppressed, and hates the oppressor. An audience does not "*infer.*" The poet who trusts to an audience perceiving "the drift of his design," through the veil of a dramatic action which moves their feelings entirely in an opposite direction to that in which he intends them to be moved, has, to our minds at least, a different theory of his art from that of Shakspere.

We had intended to have said something on "The Prologue," which the commentators hold was written by Ben Jonson, to allow him an occasion of sneering at Shakspere's fools and battle-scenes. But as we hold that the Prologue is a complete exposition of the *idea* of this drama, we shall return to it in our Supplementary Notice. The Prologue is fastened upon Jonson, upon the theory that he wrote it after Shakspere's retirement from the stage, when the old play was *revived* in his absence. We believe in the *one* piece of external evidence,—that a 'Henry VIII.' was produced in 1613, when the Globe was burned; that it was a *new play;* that it was then called 'All is True;'—and that this title agrees with the idea upon which Shakspere wrote the Henry VIII. Those who believe that it was written in the time of Elizabeth have to reject this one piece of *external* evidence. We further believe, from the *internal* evidence, that the play, as it stands, was written in the time of James I., and that we have received it in its original form. Those who assert the contrary have to resort to the hypothesis of interpolation; and, further, have to explain how many things which are, to a plain understanding, inconsistent with their theory, may be interpreted, by great ingenuity, to be consistent. We believe that Shakspere, amongst his

* Chronological Order, p. 390.

† Life. Moxon's edition of Shakspeare.

latest dramas, constructed an historical drama to complete his great series,—one that was agreeable to the tone of his mind after his fiftieth year:—

" Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe."

Those who take the opposite view hold that the chief object of the poet was to produce something which might be acceptable to Queen Elizabeth. Our belief is the obvious one; the contrary belief may be the more ingenious.

Costume.

The male costume of the reign of Henry VIII. has been rendered familiar to our very children by the innumerable portraits of " Bluff King Hal," principally copied from the paintings by Holbein, and the female costume scarcely less so by those of his six wives. Henry VIII. was born in 1491, and was therefore just thirty years of age at the period at which the play opens (the arrest and impeachment of Buckingham having taken place in 1521), and forty-two at the time it is supposed to close, as above mentioned. The best authorities, therefore, for the dress of the monarch and his nobles at the commencement of this play would be the curious old painting of the meeting of Henry and Francis, preserved at Windsor Castle, and the bas-reliefs representing the same

[Henry VIII. at the Field of the Cloth of Gold.]

occurrence, at Rouen. The profusion of feathers in the latter—a fashion of the previous reign, and still raging in 1520—adds greatly to the picturesque effect of the general costume. For the later period, the full-length by Holbein engraved in Lodge's Portraits, or the print by Vertue, in which Henry is seen granting a charter to the barber-surgeons, would be preferable. Of Cardinal Wolsey there is a fine painting by Holbein at Christ Church, Oxford, engraved in Lodge's work. Cavendish, in his 'Life of Wolsey,' describes him as issuing out in his cardinal's habit of fine scarlet or crimson satin, his cap being of black velvet: and in a MS. copy

of that interesting work, formerly in the possession of the late Francis Douce, Esq., F.S.A., are three very curious drawings, representing—1st, The cardinal's progress on his way to France, with his archers, spearmen, cross, pillar, and purse bearers, &c.; 2ndly, The cardinal surrendering the great seal to the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk; and, 3rdly, Dr. Butts sent by the king and Anne Bullen to the sick cardinal with tokens of favour. The gentlemen in the cardinal's train wore, we are told, black velvet livery-coats, the most part with great chains of gold about their necks; and

[Henry and Anne sending Dr. Butts with tokens of favour to the sick Cardinal.]

all his yeomen following were clad in French tawny livery-coats, having embroidered upon the backs and breasts of the said coats the letters T and C under the cardinal's hat.

In the same beautiful work by Lodge, before mentioned, the portraits will be found of the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk, Cromwell, Sir Thomas More, and Sir Anthony Denny, by Holbein; and

[Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk.]

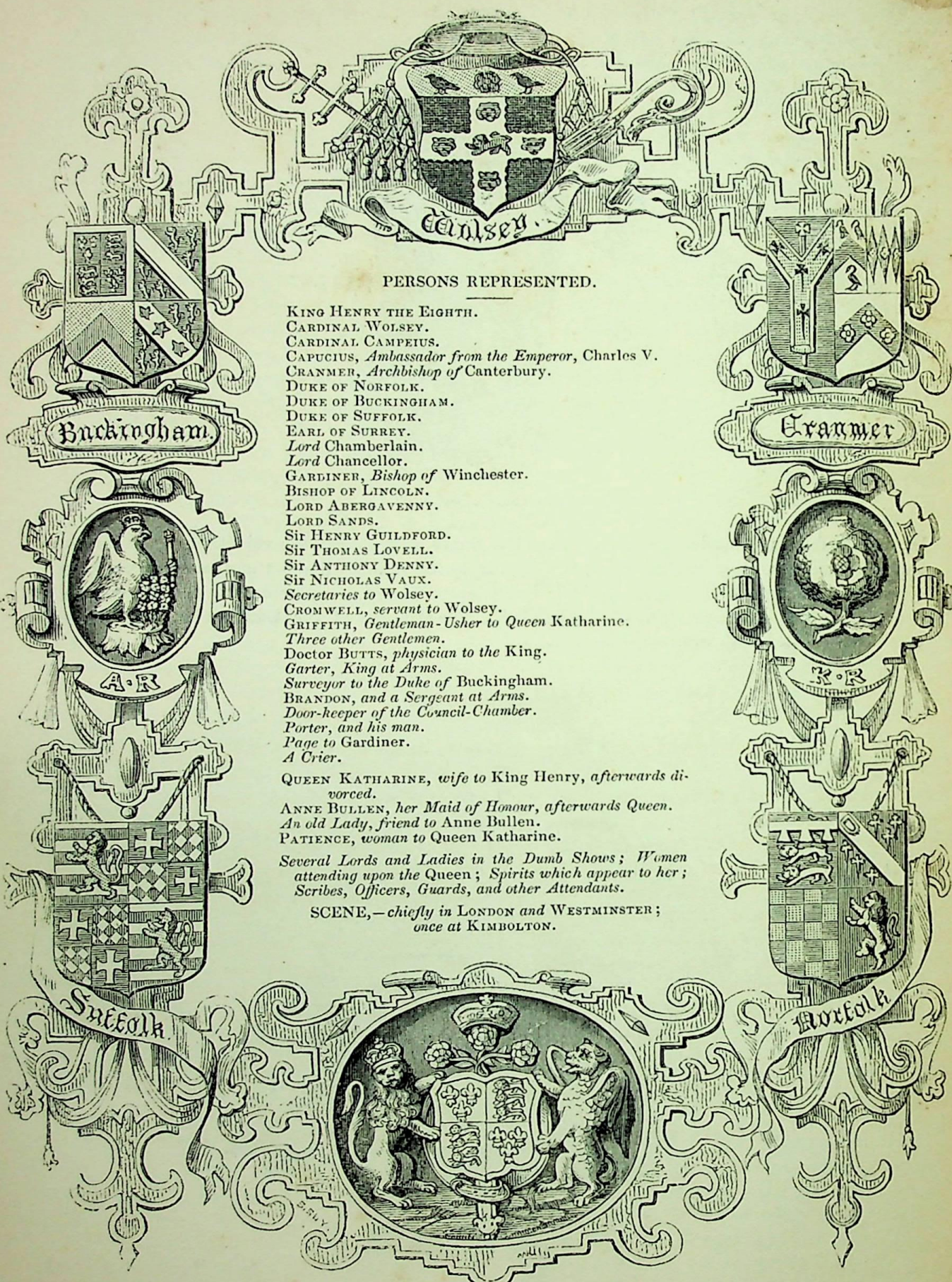
Cranmer by Flick, the original painting being in the British Museum. Also a most interesting one of the gallant and accomplished Henry Earl of Surrey, by Titian, who has represented him in a magnificent suit of armour, and thereby given us a splendid specimen of the military costume of the period. In addition to the information conveyed to the eye by this collection of authentic portraits, it will be sufficient to quote, from the sumptuary law passed in the 24th year of Henry's reign, such passages as will describe the materials of which the dresses were made, and which were, indeed, at this time of the most costly kind.* The royal family alone were permitted to use the fur of the black jennet; and sables could only be worn by noblemen above the rank of a viscount. Crimson or blue velvet, embroidered apparel, or garments bordered "with gold sunken work," were forbidden to any person beneath the quality of a baron or knight's son or heir; and velvet dresses of any colour, furs of martens, chains, bracelets, and collars of gold, were prohibited to all persons possessing less than two hundred marks per annum. The sons and heirs of such persons were, however, permitted the use of black velvet or damask, and tawny-coloured russet or camlet. Satin and damask gowns were confined to the use of persons possessing at least one hundred marks per annum; and the wearing of plaited shirts, garnished with gold, silver, or silk, was permitted to none below the rank of knighthood. The hair was cut remarkably close, a peremptory order having been issued by Henry to all his attendants and courtiers to "poll their heads." Beards and moustaches were worn at pleasure.

The portraits of Anne Bullen and Queen Katharine will convey a sufficient idea of the costume of ladies of rank at this period. The jewelled cap and feather with which Holbein has represented Anne in the portraits engraved in Cavendish's 'Life of Wolsey' are exceedingly picturesque and becoming. The other head-dress, which was probably the often-talked-of "French hood," is better known, nearly all Henry's wives being represented in it. The gown was cut square at the bosom, as in the preceding reign; but instead of the neck being bare, it was covered almost to the throat by the *partlet*, a sort of habit-shirt, much like the modern one, embroidered with gold and silk. The sleeves of the gowns were frequently of a different material from that which composed the rest of the dress, and generally of a richer stuff. The gown was open in front to the waist, showing the kirtle or petticoat, and with or without a train, according to the prevailing fashion of France or Holland. Anne of Cleves is described as wearing a gown made round without any train, after the Dutch fashion; while the train of Catherine Parr is stated to have been more than two yards long. Anne Bullen, while Countess of Pembroke, danced at Calais with Francis I. in a masque consisting of seven ladies besides herself, who were attired in masking apparel of strange fashion, made of cloth of gold compassed with crimson tinsel satin, formed with cloth of silver, lying loose and knit with laces of gold. They were brought into the chamber with four damsels in crimson satin, with tabards of fine cypress. Cavendish, in his 'Life of Wolsey,' says—"I have seen the king suddenly come thither (*i. e.* to the cardinal's) in a mask, with a dozen other maskers in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold and crimson satin; their hairs and beards, of fine gold wire, or silver, or some of black silk, with sixteen torchbearers and drums all in satin." A minute account is given by Hall of the coronation of Queen Anne Bullen; and also by Cavendish, who has described the procession and the ceremony. We must be careful, however, not to confound the procession from the Tower to Westminster, on the day previous to the coronation, with that introduced in the play, which is the procession from the palace to the Abbey. On the first occasion she wore a surcoat of white cloth of tissue, and a mantle of the same, furred with ermine, her hair hanging down from under a coif, with a circlet about it full of rich stones. On the second (that in the play) she wore a surcoat and robe of purple velvet, furred with ermine, the coif and circlet as before. The barons of the Cinque Ports, who carried the canopy over her, were "all in crimson, with points of blue and red hanging on their sleeves." The ladies, "being lords' wives," that followed her, "had surcoats of scarlet with narrow sleeves, the breast all lettice (fur), with bars of borders (*i. e.* rows of ermine) according to their degrees, and over that they had mantles of scarlet furred, and every mantle had lettice about the neck, like a neckercher, likewise powdered (with ermine), so that by the powderings their degree was known. Then followed ladies, being knights' wives, in gowns of scarlet with narrow sleeves, without trains, only edged with lettice." The queen's gentlewomen were similarly attired with the last. The lord chancellor wore a robe of scar-

* For some fine specimens of the costume of the early portion of this reign we refer our readers to the Introductory Notice to our Number containing The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

[Chancellor's Costume.]

let, open before, and bordered with lettice. The dukes were in crimson velvet, furred with ermine, and powdered according to their degrees. The Duke of Suffolk's doublet and jacket were set with orient pearl; his gown of crimson velvet, richly embroidered; and he carried a white rod in his hand, being that day high steward of England. The knights of the Bath wore "violet gowns, with hoods purfled with miniver, like doctors."

[Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.]

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from the Emperor*, Charles V.
CRANMER, *Archbishop of* Canterbury.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
GARDINER, *Bishop of* Winchester.
BISHOP OF LINCOLN.
LORD ABERGAVENNY.
LORD SANDS.
Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.
Sir THOMAS LOVELL.
Sir ANTHONY DENNY.
Sir NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
CROMWELL, *servant to* Wolsey.
GRIFFITH, *Gentleman-Usher to Queen* Katharine.
Three other Gentlemen.
Doctor BUTTS, *physician to the* King.
Garter, King at Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, *and a Sergeant at Arms.*
Door-keeper of the Council-Chamber.
Porter, and his man.
Page to Gardiner.
A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, *wife to* King Henry, *afterwards divorced.*
ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.*
An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, *woman to* Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; *Spirits which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.*

SCENE,—*chiefly in* LONDON *and* WESTMINSTER; *once at* KIMBOLTON.

[Wolsey and his Suite.]

'Think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng.'

PROLOGUE.[1]

I come no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
(To make that only true we now intend,)
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and, as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make you: Think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

[Scene IV. Presence Chamber in York Place.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, *at one door; at the other, the* DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, *and the* LORD ABERGAVENNY.[2]

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace:
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.[a]

[a] *Andren.* So the original; so the Chroniclers. But the modern editors write "the vale of Arde." *Arde*, or *Ardres*, is the town, which in the next line is spelt *Arde* in the original. *Andren*, or *Ardren*, is the village near the place of meeting.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its: To-day, the French,
All clinquant,[a] all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they

[a] *Clinquant*—bright with *gingling* ornaments.

Made Britain, India: every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: Now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye
Still him in praise: and, being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one; and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure.[a] When these suns
(For so they phrase them) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of everything
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to.

Buck. All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.[b] Who did guide?
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together?

Nor. As you guess:
One, certes, that promises no element[c]
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech[a] can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends:
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web,—O! give us note!—
The force of his own merit makes his way
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.[b]

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he that?
If not from hell the devil is a niggard,
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour

[a] *Censure*—comparison.

[b] It is usual, contrary to the original, to give to Norfolk the sentence beginning "all was royal," and then make Buckingham ask the question, "who did guide?" &c. Theobald made the change, and Warburton says it was improperly given to Buckingham, "for he wanted information, having kept his chamber during the solemnity." But what *information* does he communicate? After the eloquent description by Norfolk of the various shows of the pageant, he makes a *general observation* that "order" must have presided over these complicated arrangements—"gave each thing view." He then asks, "who did guide?"—who made the body and the limbs work together? Norfolk then answers "as you guess;"—(which words have been transferred to Buckingham by the revisers of the text)—according to your guess, *one* did guide:—"one, certes," &c.

[c] *Element*—constituent quality of mind. Thus in Twelfth Night (Act III., Sc. IV.) Malvolio says, "Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your *element*."

[a] *Keech.*—Steevens thinks this term has a peculiar application to Wolsey, as the son of a butcher:—as a butcher's wife is called in Henry IV., Part II., "Goody Keech." But Falstaff, in the First Part, is called by Prince Henry "a greasy tallow keech." A "keech" is a lump of fat; and it appears to us that Buckingham here denounces Wolsey, not as a butcher's son, but as an overgrown bloated favourite, that

"can with his very *bulk*
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun."

[b] This passage has been corrupted by the modern editors, and, as we think, misunderstood. It is ordinarily printed thus:—

"spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, *he gives* us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him," &c.

"*O! give us note*," the original reading, is one of Shakspere's happy parentheses to break a long sentence, and meaning only, *mark what I say*. The whole speech is intended to render the ironical close emphatic. Wolsey is without ancestry, without the credit of great service, without eminent assistants; but, spider-like, deriving everything from himself, the force of his own self-sustained merit *makes* his way—his course—his good fortune—a gift from heaven, which buys, &c. If we were to receive the passage in the sense of the revisers of the text, we ought to read "his own merit makes *its* way." To "make way," in Shakspere, is to go away, as in the Taming of the Shrew:—

"While I *make way* from hence to save my life."

To *make way*, in the colloquial sense of *to get on in the world*, is, we think, a forced and unauthorised meaning of the words before us. That Wolsey should *give note* that he made his way only by his own merit would have been utterly at variance with the stately pomp and haughtiness of his ambition.

He meant to lay upon:[a] and his own letter,
(The honourable board of council out,)
Must fetch him in he papers.[b]

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on 't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry, is 't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. 'Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,

[a] This is ordinarily read,
"for the most part such,
Too, whom," &c.
To, the preposition of the original, appeared to the editors a redundancy, because we have "lay *upon*." But if *lay upon* has not here the force of a compound verb, examples of redundant prepositions are most common in Shakspere; for example, in Coriolanus:—
"*In* what commodity is Marcius poor *in*?"
The feeble expletive *too*, with its unmetrical pause, appears to us a corruption, though unnoticed altogether by the editors.

[b] The construction of this passage is difficult; the meaning is in Holinshed: "The peers of the realm, receiving letters to prepare themselves to attend the king in this journey, and no apparent necessary cause expressed, why or wherefore, seemed to grudge that such a costly journey should be taken in hand, without consent of the whole board of the council." In Wolsey's letter the "board of council" was "out"—omitted; the letter alone "must fetch *him* in [whom] *he papers*"—whom he sets down in the paper. Ben Jonson in his 'English Grammar' gives examples of a similar "want of the relative," adding, "in Greek and Latin this want were barbarous." Amongst other instances he has the passage of the 118th Psalm—"the stone the builders refused"—a parallel case with the sentence before us.

(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power: You know his nature,
That he 's revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it 's long, and 't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 't will not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You 'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, (*the purse borne before him,*) *certain of the Guard, and Two* Secretaries *with papers. The* CARDINAL *in his passage fixeth his eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
Where 's his examination?

1 Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt* WOLSEY, *and Train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that 's the appliance only
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores[a] me with some trick: He 's gone to the king;
I 'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 't is you go about: To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full-hot horse; who being allow'd his way

[a] *Bores*—wounds—thrusts. So in the Winter's Tale: "Now the ship *boring* the moon with her mainmast."

Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I 'll to the king:
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim
There 's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd.
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not
The fire that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you: and I 'll go along
By your prescription:—but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,[a]) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in Júly, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not treasonous.

Buck. To the king I 'll say't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform it: his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,)
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests[b] the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.[c]

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, Thus let be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 't is well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,

[a] *Motions*—impulses.
[b] *Suggests*—excites.
[c] *Rinsing*—in the original *wrenching*.

(For 't was, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well; for I am sure the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd,
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken[a] in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllable;
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter Brandon; *a* Sergeant at Arms *before him, and two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fallen upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.[b]

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that die is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my lord Aberga'ny fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company:—The king [*To* Abergavenny.
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,

[a] *Mistaken*—misapprehended.
[b] *Practice*—artifice. So in Othello:—
"Fallen in the *practice* of a cursed slave."

The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,[a]
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—
Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: no more, I hope.
Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.
Buck. O, Michael Hopkins?[b]
Bran. He.
Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.[c]—My lords, farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Council-Chamber.*

Cornets. Enter KING HENRY, CARDINAL WOLSEY, *the* Lords *of the Council, Sir* THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, *and* Attendants. *The* KING *enters, leaning on the* CARDINAL'*s shoulder.*

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I 'll hear him his confessions justify;

[a] *John de la Car*—the name of the original and of the Chronicles; but ordinarily printed John de la *Court*.

[b] *Michael Hopkins.* So the original. The same person—the "Chartreux friar"—is in the next scene called by "the Surveyor" *Nicholas Henton:* in both these passages the name is changed by the modern editors to *Nicholas Hopkins.* Some confusion is probably saved by this; but we also think that the poet might intend Buckingham to give the *Nicholas Hopkins* of the 'Chronicles' a wrong Christian-name in his precipitation; and that the Surveyor might call him by his more formal surname, *Nicholas Henton*—Nicholas *of* Henton—to which convent he belonged. With this explanation we retain the original text, in both cases.

[c] This passage is not easy to be understood. Is the comparison a single or a double one? Douce says it is *double:* "Buckingham is first made to say that he is but a shadow; in other terms a dead man. He then adverts to the *sudden* cloud of misfortune that overwhelms him, and, like a shadow, obscures his prosperity." Johnson treats the comparison as *single:* "I am the shadow of poor Buckingham, whose post and dignity is assumed by the cardinal that overclouds and oppresses me, and who gains my place by darkening my clear sun." Offering another explanation, Johnson would read *puts out;* and Steevens inclines to *pouts on.* We think the comparison is *continuous,* though not exactly single: I am the shadow of poor Buckingham—Buckingham is no longer a reality—but *even* this figure of himself is absorbed, annihilated, by the instant cloud. The metaphor, however, forgets that

"the *shadow* proves the *substance* true."

And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

The KING *takes his State. The* Lords *of the Council take their several places. The* CARDINAL *places himself under the* KING'*s feet, on his right side.*

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen! *Enter the* QUEEN, *ushered by the* DUKES OF NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK: *she kneels. The* KING *riseth from his State, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.
K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us:—Half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power;
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.
Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.
K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.
Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.
Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger,
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them.[a]
K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,

[a] Danger is often personified by our old poets.

You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?
Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file [a]
Where others tell steps with me.
Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things, that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and to bear them
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.
K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?
Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold mouths;
Tongues spit their duties out; and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer baseness.[b]
K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.
Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am [c]
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say
'T is but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once[a] weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.
K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission: Pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.
Wol. A word with you.
[*To the* Secretary.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit* Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.
K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,

[a] Johnson explains this "I am but first in the row of counsellors." But Wolsey disclaims any priority. He uses *front* as a verb;—he *faces* in that file, &c.

[b] *Baseness.* So the original; Warburton changed it to *business*, which is the ordinary reading,—and a much feebler one.

[c] To avoid the Alexandrine in this line Steevens leaves out "ignorant" in the next; and so we get a text.

[a] *Once* is here used in the sense of *sometimes*.

They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so cómplete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he 'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his: These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.[a]

K. Hen. What was that Henton?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke

[a] See Note *b*, p. 334.

Said, 'T was the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
'T would prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk: 'that oft,' says he,
'Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's[a] seal
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued—Neither the king, nor his heirs,
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England.'

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on:—
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I 'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 't was dangerous for him
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He answer'd, 'Tush!
It can do me no damage:' adding further,
That had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what so rank? Ah, ha!
There 's mischief in this man: Can'st thou say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember
Of such a time—Being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his.——But on; What hence?

Surv. 'If,' quoth he, 'I for this had been committed,
As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon

[a] *The confession's seal.*—In the original "the commission's seal"—evidently a mistake. The monk, according to Holinshed, bound the chaplain "under the seal of confession."

The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.'

K. Hen. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There 's something more would out of thee? what say'st?

Surv. After—' the duke his father,'—with ' the knife,'—
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was,—were he evil us'd, he would outgo
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There 's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 't is his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us: by day and night,
He 's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain *and* LORD SANDS.

Cham. Is 't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?[a]

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold them, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one would take it,
That never saw them pace before, the spavin,
A springhalt reign'd among them.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they have worn out christendom.
How now?
What news, sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That 's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is 't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad 't is there; now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions,) leave those remnants
Of fool, and feather,[3] that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance,
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'T is time to give them physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords; the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad they 're going;
(For, sure, there 's no converting of them;) now,
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plainsong,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by 'r lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?

Lov. To the cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too.

[a] *Mysteries*—artificial fashions.

Cham. O, 't is true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I 'll assure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall everywhere.
Cham. No doubt he 's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord; he has wherewithal; in him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along:—Come, good sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I am your lordship's.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Presence-Chamber in* York-Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the CARDINAL, *a longer table for the guests. Enter at one door* ANNE BULLEN, *and divers* Lords, Ladies, *and* Gentlewomen, *as guests; at another door, enter Sir* HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy,[a] has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people. O, my lord, you are tardy;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, LORD SANDS, *and* SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.
Cham. You are young, sir Harry Guildford.
Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please them: By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.
Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!
Sands. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.
Lov. 'Faith, how easy?
Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I 'll take the charge of this:
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.
Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:
[*Seats himself between* ANNE BULLEN *and another lady.*
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.
Anne. Was he mad, sir?
Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.
[*Kisses her.*
Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.
Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, *attended; and takes his state.*

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*
Sands. Your grace is noble:—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.
Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours.
Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?
Sands. The red wine first must rise

[a] So Spenser (Shepherd's Calendar):—
"A lovely *bevy* of fair ladies sat."

In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have them
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here 's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 't is to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets within: Chambers discharged.*[a]

Wol. What 's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

[*Exit a* Servant.

Wol. What warlike voice?
And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war ye are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is 't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem; they have left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them:—Some attend him.—

[*Exit* Chamberlain, *attended. All arise, and tables removed.*

You have now a broken banquet; but we 'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you;—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the KING, *and twelve others, as maskers, habited like shepherds, with sixteen torch-bearers; ushered by the Lord* Chamberlain. *They pass directly before the* CARDINAL, *and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,

[a] See Introductory Notice.

Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay them
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The* KING *chooses* ANNE BULLEN.

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,
Till now I never knew thee. [*Music. Dance.*

Wol. My lord.

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me:
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[Cham. *goes to the company, and returns.*

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then.—

[*Comes from his state.*

By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here I 'll make
My royal choice.

K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal:

[*Unmasking.*

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or I 'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

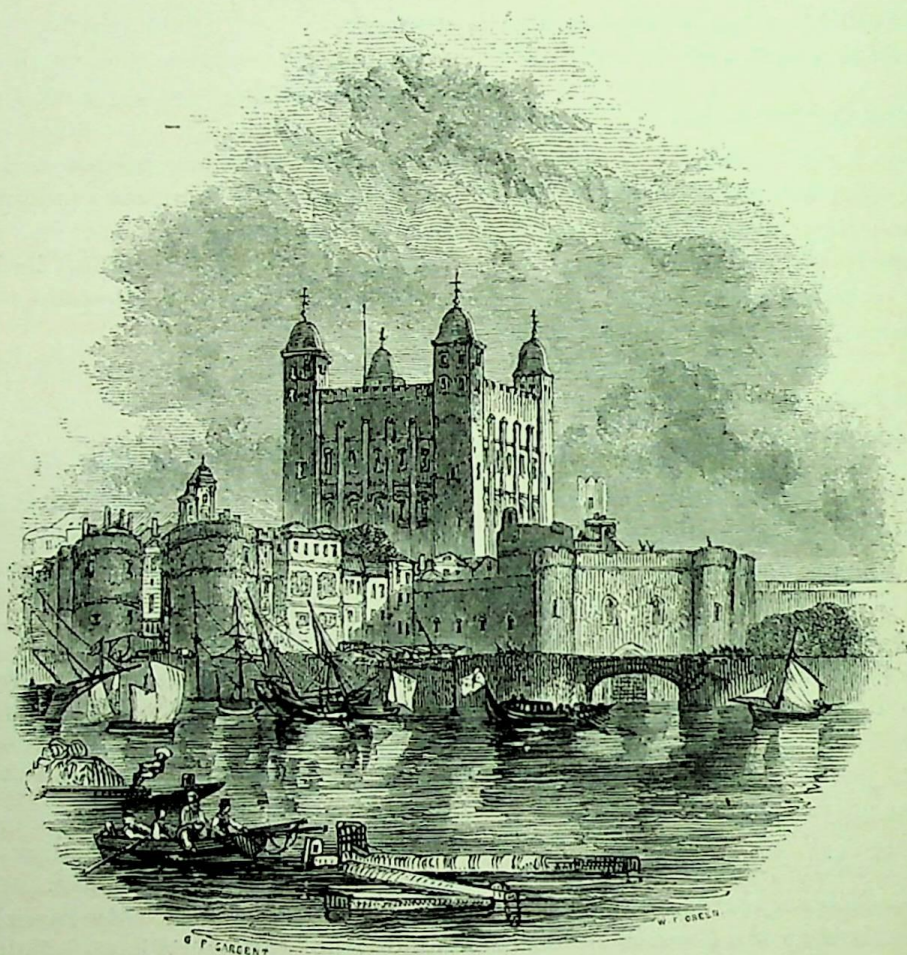
Wol. I am glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Prithee, come hither: What fair lady 's that?

Cham. An 't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.
Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
K. Hen. I fear, too much.
Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.
K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—
Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you.—Let's be merry;—
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen
healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.
[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*

[The Tower from the Thames.]

[Bas-relief.—Meeting of Henry and Francis.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

[1] *The Prologue.*

There are several points here which require remark—"a noise of targets"—"a fellow in a long motley coat," &c. But we have found it desirable to touch upon these allusions in our Introductory Notice, to which we refer the reader.

[2] Scene I.—"*Enter the Duke of Buckingham,*" &c.

Many of the stage directions in this play are very remarkable, and are evidently written with great care. The modern editors have for the most part retained their substance, and in some cases their words. We shall more closely follow the original, with such slight changes as are absolutely necessary to make the scene intelligible.

[3] Scene III.—"*Of fool, and feather.*"

It appears from Nashe's 'Life of Jacke Wilton,' that amongst other French fashions in the court of Henry VIII. the hero of the biography says, "I had my feather in my cap as big as a flag in the foretop."

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

The drama of Henry VIII. is essentially one of pageantry. Coleridge calls it "a sort of historical masque, or show-play." With this view nothing can be finer than the opening. Hall, who was a contemporary of Henry VIII., and was present at the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," has filled his Chronicle of this reign with the most elaborate accounts of tournaments, and processions, and marriages, and christenings. A judicial murder is despatched by him in a few lines. Malone here repeats his stupid assertion that "Holinshed and not Hall was Shakspeare's author." (See Historical Illustration of Henry VI., Part I., Act I.) It is easy to trace Shakspere to Hall in the "show" parts of Henry VIII., and to Holinshed for the more serious passages. Cavendish, however, has described the masque at York Place, and Holinshed has evidently had the advantage of consulting that admirable piece of biography, 'The Life of Wolsey.' We prefer, however, in those places where the chronicler follows the authority of Wolsey's 'Gentleman Usher,' to transcribe from the truly graphic original. It has been asserted by Bishop Nicholson that an edition of Cavendish's 'Life' was published in 1590; but Mr. Hunter* inclines to the more general opinion that it was first printed in 1641. Shakspere has unquestionably followed Cavendish in some of the most important scenes, either from an acquaintance with his book, or through Holinshed. Assuming that he was not the idle and incurious person that it has been the fashion to represent him, we cannot hold it to be impossible that, if the book were not printed, he was acquainted with one of the several manuscript copies of 'The Life of Master Thomas Wolsey,' the collation of which by Mr. Singer has given us the admirable edition of 1827.

* 'Who wrote Cavendish's Life of Wolsey.'

Hall's description of the meeting between Henry and Francis is a singular specimen of the minute mind of the young chronicler, who was some twenty years old at the time of this memorable interview. He revels in all the luxuriance of the details of man-millinery and horse-millinery; he describes the dress of the two princes even to the smallest button; chambers of blue velvet and cloth-of-gold dazzle our eyes in every page; and of "the great and goodly plate," and "the noble feasting and cheer," the accounts would furnish out a dozen degenerate modern court-historians. We have space only for his description of the first meeting of the two kings:—

"Then the King of England showed himself somedeal forward in beauty and personage, the

[Henry VIII.]

most goodliest prince that ever reigned over the realm of England: his grace was apparelled in a garment of cloth-of-silver, of damask, ribbed with cloth-of-gold, so thick as might be; the garment was large, and plaited very thick, and canteled of very good intail, of such shape and making that it was marvellous to behold. * * * *

"Then up blew the trumpets, sagbuttes, clarions, and all other minstrels on both sides, and the kings descended down toward the bottom of the valley of Andren, in sight of both the nations, and on horseback met and embraced the two kings each other: then the two kings alighted, and after embraced with benign and courteous manner each to other, with sweet and goodly words of greeting." * * * *

"After the two kings had ended the banquet, and spice and wine given to the Frenchmen, ipocras was chief drink of plenty to all that would drink. In open sight then came the two kings; that is to wete, the French king and the King of England, out of their tent, by which I then well perceived the habiliment royal of the French king. * * And verily of his person the same Francis the French king, a goodly prince, stately of countenance, merry of cheer, brown coloured, great eyes, high nosed, big lipped, fair breasted and shoulders, small legs, and long feet."

From his processions and his maskings Hall turns without an effort to more serious matter—the arrest of Buckingham. In the account of this event Shakspere has followed Holinshed:—

"The cardinal, boiling in hatred against the Duke of Buckingham, and thirsting for his blood, devised to make Charles Knevet, that had been the duke's surveyor, and put from him (as ye have heard), an instrument to bring the duke to destruction. This Knevet being had in examination before the cardinal, disclosed all the duke's life. And first he uttered that the duke was accustomed, by way of talk, to say how he meant so to use the matter that he would attain to the crown if king Henry chanced to die without issue; and that he had talk and conference of that matter on a time with George Nevill, Lord of Abergavenny, unto whom he had given his daughter in marriage; and also that he threatened to punish the cardinal for his manifold misdoings, being without cause his mortal enemy.

"The cardinal, having gotten that which he sought for, encouraged, comforted, and procured Knevet, with many comfortable words and great promises, that he should with a bold spirit and countenance object and lay these things to the duke's charge, with more if he knew it when time required. Then Knevet, partly provoked with desire to be revenged, and partly moved with hope of reward, openly confessed that the duke had once fully determined to devise means how to make the king away, being brought into a full hope that he should be king, by a vain prophecy which one Nicholas Hopkins, a monk of an house of the Chartreux order beside Bristow, called Henton, sometime his confessor, had opened unto him. * * * * *

"The king, hearing the accusation, enforced the uttermost by the cardinal, made this answer: If the duke have deserved to be punished, let him have according to his deserts."

[Duke of Buckingham.]

The scene where the king lays upon Wolsey the blame of having taxed the commons is also from Holinshed. But Cavendish supplies the details of the masque at York House:—

"And when it pleased the king's majesty, for his recreation, to repair unto the cardinal's house, as he did divers times in the year, at which time there wanted no preparations, or goodly furniture, with viands of the finest sort that might be provided for money or friendship; such pleasures were then devised for the king's comfort and consolation as might be invented, or by man's wit imagined. The banquets were set forth, with masks and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort and costly manner, that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted no dames or damsels meet or apt to dance with the maskers, or to garnish the place for the time, with other goodly disports. Then was there all kind of music and harmony set forth, with excellent voices both of men and children. I have seen the king suddenly come in thither in a mask, with a dozen of other maskers, all in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth-of-gold and fine crimson satin paned, and caps of the same, with visors of good proportion of visnomy; their hairs and beards either of fine gold wire, or else of silver, and some being of black silk; having sixteen torchbearers, besides their drums, and other persons attending upon them, with visors, and clothed all in satin of the same colours. And at his coming, and before he came into the hall, ye shall understand that he came by water to the water-gate, without any noise; where, against his coming, were laid charged many chambers, and at his landing they were all shot off, which made such a rumble in the air that it was like thunder. It made all the noblemen, ladies, and gentlemen, to muse what it should mean coming so suddenly, they sitting quietly at a solemn banquet; under this sort: First, ye shall perceive that the tables were set in the chamber of presence, banquet-wise covered, my lord cardinal sitting under the cloth of estate, and there having his service all alone; and then was there set a lady and a nobleman, or a gentleman and gentlewoman, throughout all the tables in the chamber on the one side, which were made and joined as it were but one table. All which order and device was done and devised by the Lord Sands, lord chamberlain to the king; and also by Sir Henry Guilford, comptroller to the king. Then immediately after this great shot of guns the cardinal desired the lord chamberlain and comptroller to look what this sudden shot should mean, as though he knew nothing of the matter. They, thereupon looking out of the windows into Thames, returned again, and showed him that it seemed to them there should be some noblemen and strangers arrived at his bridge, as ambassadors from some foreign prince. With that quoth the cardinal, 'I shall desire you, because ye can speak French, to take the pains to go down into the hall to encounter and to receive them according to their estates, and to conduct them into this chamber, where they shall see us, and all these noble personages, sitting merrily at our banquet, desiring them to sit down with us, and to take part of our fare and pastime.' Then they went incontinent down into the hall, where they received them with twenty new torches, and conveyed them up into the chamber, with such a number of drums and fifes as I have seldom seen together at one time in any masque. At their arrival into the chamber, two and two together, they went directly before the cardinal where he sat, saluting him very reverently; to whom the lord chamberlain for them said: 'Sir, forasmuch as they be strangers, and can speak no English, they have desired me to declare unto your grace thus: They, having understanding of this your triumphant banquet, where was assembled such a number of excellent fair dames, could do no less, under the supportation of your good grace, but to repair hither to view as well their incomparable beauty, as for to accompany them at

mumchance, and then after to dance with them, and so to have of them acquaintance. And, sir, they furthermore require of your grace licence to accomplish the cause of their repair.' To whom the cardinal answered that he was very well contented they should do so. Then the maskers went first and saluted all the dames as they sat, and then returned to the most worthiest, and there opened a cup full of gold, with crowns and other pieces of coin, to whom they set divers pieces to cast at. Thus in this manner perusing all the ladies and gentlewomen, and to some they lost, and of some they won. And thus done, they returned unto the cardinal, with great reverence, pouring down all the crowns in the cup, which was about two hundred crowns. 'At all,' quoth the cardinal, and so cast the dice, and won them all at a cast; whereat was great joy made. Then quoth the cardinal to my lord chamberlain, 'I pray you,' quoth he, 'show them that it seemeth me that there should be among them some noble man, whom I suppose to be much more worthy of honour to sit and occupy this room and place than I; to whom I would most gladly, if I knew him, surrender my place according to my duty.' Then spake my lord chamberlain unto them in French, declaring my lord cardinal's mind, and they rounding him again in the ear, my lord chamberlain said to my lord cardinal, 'Sir, they confess,' quoth he, 'that among them there is such a noble personage, whom, if your grace can appoint him from the other, he is contented to disclose himself, and to accept your place most worthily.' With that the cardinal, taking a good advisement among them, at the last quoth he, 'Me seemeth the gentleman with the black beard should be even he.' And with that he arose out of his chair, and offered the same to the gentleman in the black beard, with his cap in his hand. The person to whom he offered then his chair was Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight, of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the king's person in that mask than any other. The king, hearing and perceiving the cardinal so deceived in his estimation and choice, could not forbear laughing; but plucked down his visor, and Master Neville's also, and dashed out with such a pleasant countenance and cheer, that all noble estates there assembled, seeing the king to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much. The cardinal eftsoons desired his highness to take the place of estate; to whom the king answered that he would go first and shift his apparel; and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bedchamber, where was a great fire made and prepared for him, and there new apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And in the time of the king's absence the dishes of the banquet were clean taken up, and the tables spread again with new and sweet perfumed cloths; every man sitting still until the king and his maskers came in among them again, every man being newly apparelled. Then the king took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but sit still, as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the king's majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose, were served two hundred dishes or above, of wondrous costly meats and devices subtilly devised. Thus passed they forth the whole night with banqueting, dancing, and other triumphant devices, to the great comfort of the king, and pleasant regard of the nobility there assembled."

Shakspere, with great dramatic skill, has here first introduced Anne Bullen upon the scene.

[Anne Bullen.]

[Scene I. 'The duke is coming; see the barge be ready.']

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter Two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

1 *Gent.* Whither away so fast?
2 *Gent.* O,—God save you!
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.
1 *Gent.* I 'll save you
That labour, sir. All 's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.
2 *Gent.* Were you there?
1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.
2 *Gent.* Pray speak what has happen'd.[a]
1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.
2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty?

[a] This is usually pointed thus:—"Pray, speak, what has happened?"

1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.
2 *Gent.* I am sorry for 't.
1 *Gent.* So are a number more.
2 *Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?
1 *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where to his accusations
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To have[a] brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

[a] In the original, "to *him* brought."

2 *Gent.* That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?
1 *Gent.* The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.
2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself?
1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.
2 *Gent.* I do not think he fears death.
1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not,
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.
2 *Gent.* Certainly
The cardinal is the end of this.
1 *Gent.* 'T is likely,
By all conjectures: First, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.
2 *Gent.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.
1 *Gent.* At his return,
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally, whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,[a]
And far enough from court too.
2 *Gent.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his arraignment; Tipstaves before him; the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side; accompanied with Sir* THOMAS LOVELL, *Sir* NICHOLAS VAUX, *Sir* WILLIAM SANDS, *and common people.*

1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

[a] There are many similar instances in Shakspere of this construction;—*for* being here understood;—as in the Merchant of Venice:—
"How good a gentleman you sent relief" (*to*).

2 *Gent.* Let 's stand close, and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die: Yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.
Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.
Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all:
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with:
No black envy shall make my grave.
Commend me to his grace;[a]
And if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake,[b]
Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live

[a] These short lines are not introduced without a meaning. With those pauses in the delivery that properly belong to one speaking under such circumstances they add to the pathos. They are ordinarily printed after the uniform metrical fashion of the modern editors.
"'Gainst me I *can't* take peace with: no black envy
Shall make my grave. Commend me to his grace."

[b] Rowe here stuck in *me*—"till my soul forsake *me*." It is not difficult to see that Shakspere had a different metaphysical notion from that of his editors: the *me* places the individuality in the body alone.

Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming; see the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood will make them one day groan for 't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me!

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and Train.*

1 Gent. O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

2 Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be?[a] You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 Gent. This secret is so weighty, 't will require
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 Gent. Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 Gent. I am confident;
You shall, sir: Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

1 Gent. Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

1 Gent. 'T is the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 Gent. I think you have hit the mark: But is't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gent. 'Tis woful.

[a] *What may it be.* All the modern editors, without any authority, read, "*where* may it be?"

We are too open here to argue this;
Let 's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, *reading a letter.*

Cham.
'My Lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome; and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason,—His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, sir.'
I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of Norfolk *and* Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.[a]
Cham. Good day to both your graces.
Suf. How is the king employ'd?
Cham. I left him private.
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What 's the cause?
Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. 'T is so:
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.
Suf. Pray God he do! he 'll never know himself else.
Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! For now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew:
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:
And out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre:
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls
Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?
Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'T is most true
These news are everywhere; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for 't: All that dare
Look into these affairs see this main end,—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.
Suf. And free us from his slavery.
Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie like[a] one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.
Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there 's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I 'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.
Nor. Let 's in;
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:
My lord, you 'll bear us company?
Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You 'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.
Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[*Exit Lord* Chamberlain.

Norfolk *opens a folding-door. The* King *is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*[b]

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.
K. Hen. Who is there? ha?
Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.
K. Hen. Who 's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha?
Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences

[a] *Good*—"my good lord chamberlain"—has been here thrust into the text.

[a] In the same way they have changed *like* into *in*—"in one lump."

[b] The old stage-direction is, "The king *draws the curtain*, and sits reading pensively."—See Note on the construction of the ancient stage, Othello, page 322.

Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. You are too bold;
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?

Enter Wolsey *and* Campeius.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome, [*To* Campeius.
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker. [*To* Wolsey.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. We are busy; go. [*To* Norfolk *and* Suffolk.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him? [*Aside.*
Suf. Not to speak of;
I would not be so sick though, for his place:
But this cannot continue.
Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one;—have at him.[a]
Suf. I another.

[*Exeunt* Norfolk *and* Suffolk.

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices[b]—Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble: To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding,) you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
In the unpartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted,
Forthwith, for what you come:—Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Prithee call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit* Wolsey.

Re-enter Wolsey, *with* Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;
You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me. [*Aside.*

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner. [*They converse apart.*

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him;

[a] This is ordinarily printed, "I'll venture one have at him." *Have at you*, as Douce properly says, is a common phrase; and it is used in two other passages of this play. But in following the old punctuation it is not less a common phrase. It appears to us that Norfolk means by "I'll venture *one*"—I'll risk myself; and that Suffolk is ready to encounter the same danger—"I *another*." Steevens reads, "I'll venture one *heave* at him"—a metaphor of the wharfs.

[b] By a great freedom of construction the verb *sent* applies to this first member of the sentence, as well as to the second.

And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's christian care enough: for living murmurers
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen. [*Exit* GARDINER.
The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Blackfriars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
O, 't is a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Antechamber in the* Queen's *Apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN *and an old* Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither:—Here's the pang that pinches:
His highness having liv'd so long with her: and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing;—O now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave[a] a thousand-fold more bitter than
'T is sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel,[b] fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 't is a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again.[a]

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 't is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart: which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril[b] conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth,—You would not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'T is strange: a three-pence bowed would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a little;[c]
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 't is too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself

[a] The ordinary reading is "to leave *is* a thousand-fold," &c. The verb is understood.

[b] *Quarrel.* Some would read *quarreller*. The expression is metaphorical: *Quarrel* is an arrow.

[a] She is a *foreigner* again.

[b] *Cheveril*—kid-skin. So in Romeo and Juliet, "O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad."

[c] *Pluck off a little*—descend a little: You refuse to be a queen, a duchess, try *a count*.

Would for Carnarvonshire,[a] although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What wer't worth to know
The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note 's[b]
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you to you, and[c]
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a-year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender,
More than my all is nothing; nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers, and wishes,
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid to his highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to improve the fair conceit
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well; [*Aside.*
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle!—I 'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord.
[*Exit Lord* Chamberlain.

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate!)
A very fresh-fish here, (fie, fie, fie[a] upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.[b]
There was a lady once, ('tis an old story,)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt:—Have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a-year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a duchess;—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on 't. 'Would I had no being
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me?
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in* Blackfriars.

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, *with short silver wands; next them, Two* Scribes, *in the habits of doctors; after them, the* ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY *alone; after him, the* BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, *and* SAINT ASAPH; *next them, with some small distance, follows a* Gentleman *bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then Two* Priests, *bearing each*

[a] Anne would not be a queen "for all the world;"—but you would, says the old lady, "for little England;"—I "would for Carnarvonshire"—for one Welsh county.

[b] *High note 's.* In the original, *high notes;*—we understand it "that high note is taken," &c.

[c] We print this line as in the original. The modern editors have silently dropped "of you." They hate the twelve-syllable verse,—one of the most marked peculiarities of our dramatic poetry when it threw off the shackles of the blank-verse which preceded Shakspere.

[a] The third *fie* has been rejected from the same love of monotony.

[b] The old lady, whose gossip is most characteristic, would lay a wager of forty pence.

a silver cross; then a Gentleman-Usher *bare-headed, accompanied with a* Sergeant at Arms, *bearing a silver mace; then Two* Gentlemen, *bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the Two* CARDINALS WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS; *Two* Noblemen *with the sword and mace.* [*Then enter the* KING *and* QUEEN, *and their Trains.*] *The* KING *takes place under the cloth of state; the Two* CARDINALS *sit under him as judges. The* QUEEN *takes place at some distance from the* KING. *The* BISHOPS *place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the* Scribes. *The* Lords *sit next the* BISHOPS. *The* Crier *and the rest of the* Attendants *stand in convenient order about the stage.*

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.
K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.
Wol. Be 't so:—Proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.
Crier. Henry king of England, &c.
K. Hen. Here.
Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into the court.
Crier. Katharine queen of England, &c.
[*The* QUEEN *makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the* KING, *and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*
Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person,[a] in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before: It is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore; if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!
Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice,) these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you desire the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.
Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.
Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,
To you I speak.

[a] There is a licence of construction here—one of the many elliptical expressions with which the play abounds. *Aught* is required to be repeated—*Aught* "against your sacred person."

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?
Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet.
Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you[a] for my judge: whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: The which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.
Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers: and your words,[a]
Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual: That again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.
[*She curtsies to the* King, *and offers to depart.*
Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by it; 't is not well.
She's going away.
K. Hen. Call her again.
Crier. Katharine queen of England, come into the court.
Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.
Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience!—pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry: no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.
[*Exeunt* Queen, Griffith, *and her other* Attendants.
K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,)
The queen of earthly queens:—She is noble born;

[a] Sir W. Blackstone, who contributed a few notes to Shakspere, says that *abhor* and *refuse* are, in such a case, technical terms of the canon-law—*Detestor* and *Recuso*. The very words occur in Holinshed. *Challenge* has been previously used by the queen technically.

[a] Tyrwhitt would read, as we think most unpoetically, "your *wards*,"—persons subject to him as to the care of their fortunes, and treated as "servants." This is to convert high poetry into matter of fact. What an image is presented of an unscrupulous but most able man, to say that his *powers* are used as the mere agents of his pleasure, and his *words*, without regard to the general obligation of truth, are "domestics" who serve but his will.

And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once and fully satisfied,) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady,—spake one the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to 't,
I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give heed to 't:
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: I' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advértise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't, than
The grave does to the dead: for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: Hence I took a thought
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in 't by me: Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail: and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that 's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

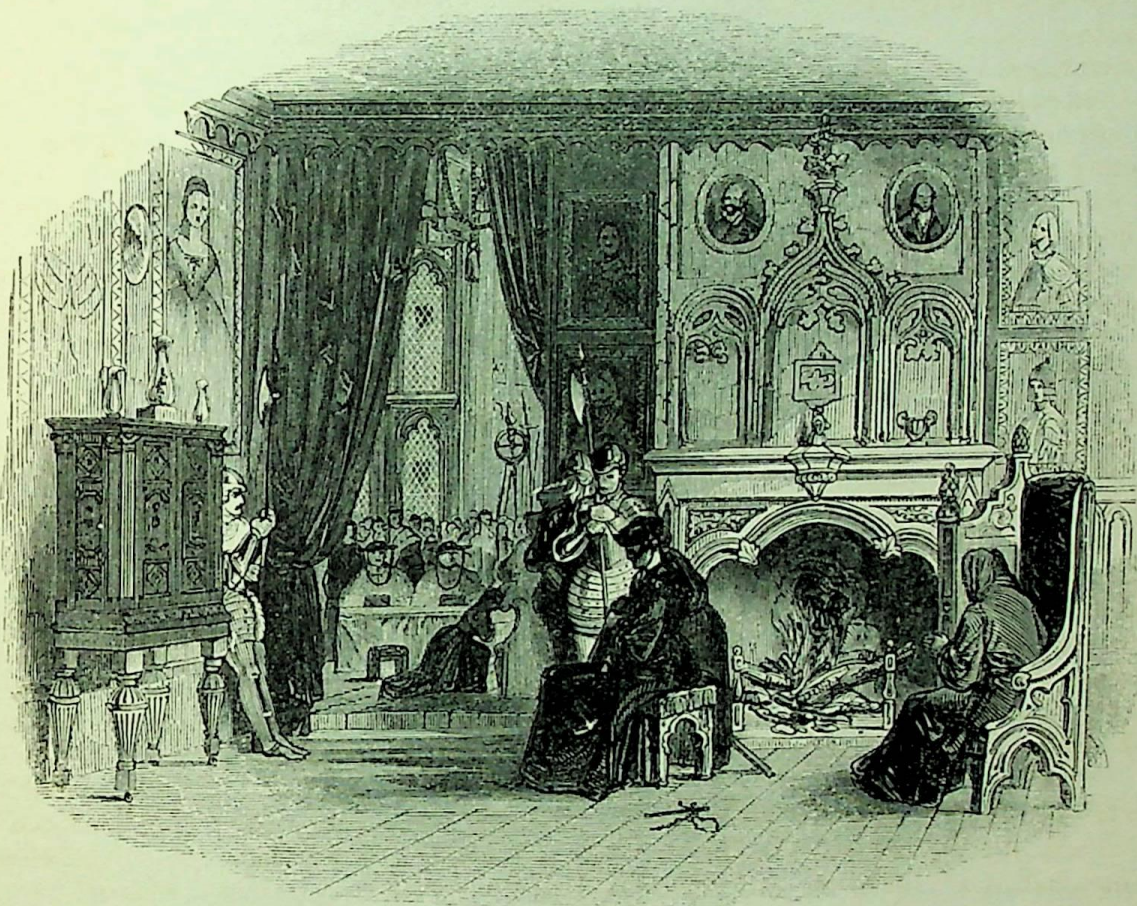
Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons:—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That 's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness,
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.
[*They rise to depart.*

K. Hen. I may perceive, [*Aside.*
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Prithee, return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on.
[*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*

[Scene IV.]

[Cardinal Wolsey.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT II.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

The condemnation and subsequent demeanour of Buckingham are thus given by Hall. The outline has been beautifully filled up in the poet's picture:—

"The duke was brought to the bar sore chafing, and sweat marvellously; after he had made his reverence he paused awhile. * * * * *

After his sentence "the Duke of Buckingham said,—'My lord of Norfolk, you have said as a traitor should be said unto, but I was never none; but, my lords, I nothing malign for that you have done to me, but the eternal God forgive you my death, as I do: I shall never sue to the king for life, howbeit he is a gracious prince, and more grace may come from him than I desire. I desire you, my lords, and all my fellows to pray for me.'

"Then was the edge of the axe turned towards him, and so led into a barge. Sir Thomas Lovell desired him to sit on the cushions and carpet ordained for him; he said, 'Nay, for when I went to Westminster, I was Duke of Buckingham; now I am but Edward Bohun, the most caitiff of the world.' Thus they landed at the Temple, where received him Sir Nicolas Vawse and Sir William Sandes, Baronets, and led him through the city, who desired ever the people to pray for him, of whom some wept and lamented, and said, This is the end of evil life. God forgive him! he was a proud prince; it is a pity that he behaved him so against his king and liege lord, whom God preserve. Thus about iiii of the clock he was brought as a cast man to the Tower."

Holinshed thus narrates the circumstance which suggests the dialogue between Campeius and Wolsey in the second scene:—"About this time the king received into favour Doctor Stephen Gardiner whose service he used in matters of great secresy and weight; admitting him in the room of Doctor

Pace, the which being continually abroad in ambassades, and the same oftentimes not much necessary by the cardinal's appointment, at length he took such grief therewith that he fell out of his right wits."

The great trial-scene is fully described by Cavendish, in one of the most interesting pieces of memoir-writing which our language furnishes. We track Shakspere at every step :—

"Ye shall understand, as I said before, that there was a court erected in the Blackfriars in London, where these two cardinals sat for judges. Now will I set you out the manner and order of the court there. First, there was a court placed with tables, benches, and bars, like a consistory, a place judicial (for the judges to sit on). There was also a cloth of estate, under the which sat the king; and the queen sat some distance beneath the king: under the judges' feet sat the officers of the court. The chief scribe there was Dr. Stephens (who was after Bishop of Winchester); the apparitor was one Cooke, most commonly called Cooke of Winchester. Then sat there within the said court, directly before the king and the judges, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Doctor Warham, and all the other bishops. Then at both the ends, with a bar made for them, the councillors on both sides. The doctors for the king were Doctor Sampson, that was after Bishop of Chichester, and Doctor Bell, who after was Bishop of Worcester, with divers other. The proctors on the king's part were Doctor Peter, who was after made the king's chief secretary, and Doctor Tregonell, and divers other.

Now on the other side stood the counsel for the queen,—Doctor Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Doctor Standish, some time a grey friar, and then Bishop of St. Asaph in Wales; two notable clerks in divinity, and in especial the Bishop of Rochester a very godly man and a devout person, who after suffered death at Tower Hill; the which was greatly lamented through all the foreign universities of Christendom. There was also another ancient doctor, called, as I remember, Doctor Ridley, a very small person in stature, but surely a great and excellent clerk in divinity.

"The court being thus furnished and ordered, the judges commanded the crier to proclaim silence; then was the judges' commission, which they had of the pope, published and read openly before all the audience there assembled: that done' the crier called the king, by the name of 'King Henry of England, come into the court,' &c. With that the king answered and said, 'Here, my lords.' Then he called also the queen, by the name of 'Katharine queen of England, come into the court,' &c.; who made no answer to the same, but rose up incontinent out of her chair, where as she sat; and because she could not come directly to the king for the distance which severed them, she took pain to go about unto the king, kneeling down at his feet in the sight of all the court and assembly, to whom she said in effect, in broken English, as followeth :—

"'Sir,' quoth she, 'I beseech you for all the loves that hath been between us, and for the love of God, let me have justice and right; take of me some pity and compassion, for I am a poor woman and a itranger born out of your dominion; I have here no assured friend, and much less indifferent counsel; I flee to you as to the head of justice within this realm. Alas! sir, wherein have I offended you, or what occasion of displeasure? Have I designed against your will and pleasure; intending, as I perceive, to put me from you? I take God and all the world to witness that I have been to you a true, humble, and obedient wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure, that never said or did anything to the contrary thereof, being always well pleased and contented with all things wherein you had any delight or dalliance, whether it were in little or much; I never grudged in word or countenance, or showed a visage or spark of discontentation. I loved all those whom ye loved only for your sake, whether I had cause or no, and whether they were my friends or my enemies. This twenty years I have been your true wife, or more, and by me ye have had divers children, although it hath pleased God to call them out of this world, which hath been no default in me.

"'And when ye had me at the first, I take God to be my judge, I was a true maid without touch of man; and whether it be true or no, I put it to your conscience. If there be any just cause by the law that ye can allege against me, either of dishonesty or any other impediment to banish and put me from you, I am well content to depart to my great shame and dishonour; and if there be none, then here I most lowly beseech you let me remain in my former estate, and receive justice at your hands. The king your father was in the time of his reign of such estimation through the world for his excellent wisdom, that he was accounted and called of all men the second Solomon; and my father Ferdinand King of Spain, who was esteemed to be one of the wittiest princes that reigned in Spain many years before were both wise and excellent kings in wisdom and princely behaviour. It is not therefore to be doubted but that they elected and gathered as wise councillors about them as to their high discretions was thought meet. Also, as me seemeth, there was in those days as wise, as well-learned men, and men of as good judgment, as be at this present in both realms, who thought then the marriage between you and me good and lawful; therefore it is a wonder to hear what new inventions are now invented against me, that never intended but honesty, and cause me to stand to the order and judgment of this new court, wherein ye may do me much wrong, if ye intend any cruelty; for ye may condemn me for lack of sufficient answer, having no indifferent counsel, but such as be assigned me, with whose wisdom and learning I am not acquainted. Ye must consider that they cannot be indifferent counsellors for my part which be your subjects, and taken out of your own council before, wherein they be made privy, and dare not, for your displeasure, disobey your will and intent, being once made privy thereto.

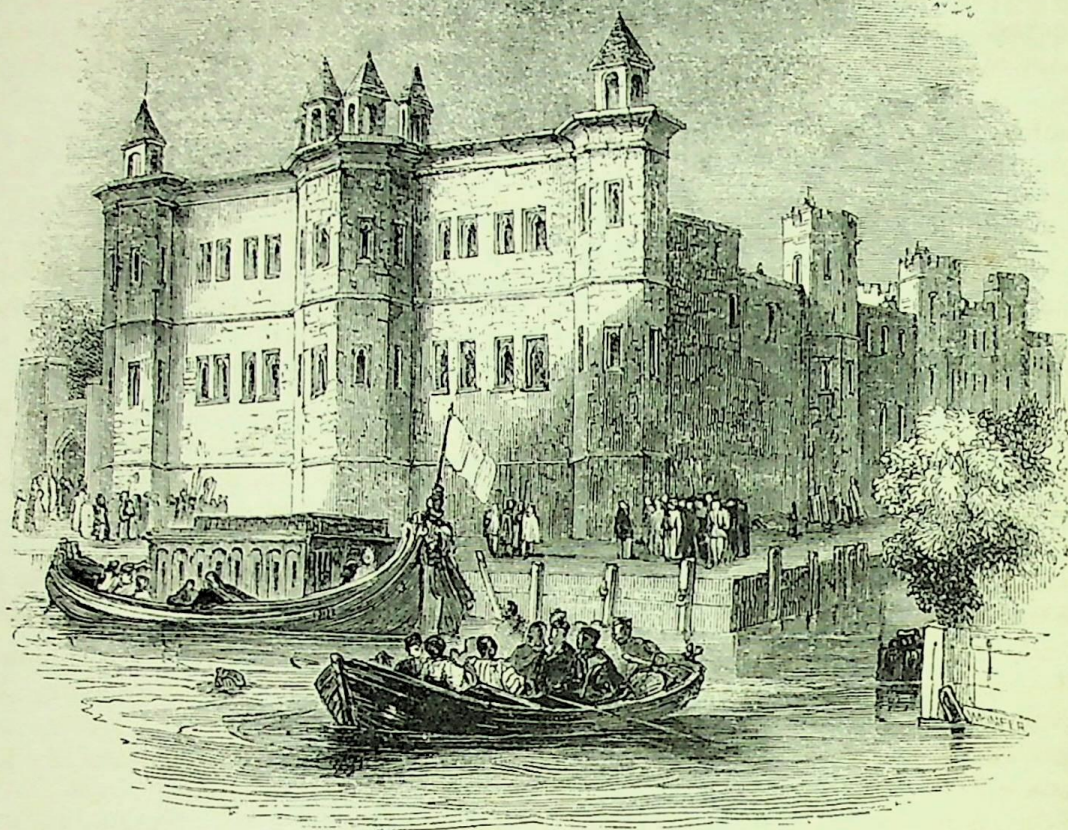
Therefore, I most humbly require you, in the way of charity, and for the love of God, who is the best judge, to spare me the extremity of this new court, until I may be advertised what way and order my friends in Spain will advise me to take; and if ye will not extend to me so much indifferent favour, your pleasure then be fulfilled, and to God I commit my cause!'

"And with that she rose up, making a low curtsy to the king, and so departed from thence. Many supposed that she would have resorted again to her former place; but she took her way straight out of the house, leaning, as she was wont always to do, upon the arm of her general receiver, called Master Griffith. And the king being advertised of her departure, commanded the crier to call her again, who called her by the name of 'Katharine queen of England, come into the court,' &c. With that quoth Master Griffith, '*Madam, ye be called again.*' 'On, on,' quoth she, 'it maketh no matter, for it is no indifferent court for me, therefore I will not tarry. Go on your ways.' And thus she departed out of that court, without any farther answer at that time, or at any other, nor would never appear at any other court after.

"The king, perceiving that she was departed in such sort, calling to his grace's memory all her lament words that she had pronounced before him and all the audience, said thus in effect:—'Forasmuch,' quoth he, 'as the queen is gone, I will, in her absence, declare unto you all my lords here present assembled, she hath been to me as true, as obedient, and as conformable a wife as I could in my fantasy wish or desire. She hath all the virtuous qualities that ought to be in a woman of her dignity, or in any other of baser estate. Surely she is also a noblewoman born: if nothing were in her but only her conditions, will well declare the same.' With that quoth my lord cardinal,—'Sir, I most humbly beseech your highness to declare me before all this audience, whether I have been the chief inventor or first mover of this matter unto your majesty: for I am greatly suspected of all men herein.' 'My lord cardinal,' quoth the king, 'I can well excuse you herein. Marry,' quoth he, 'ye have been rather against me in attempting or setting forth thereof. And to put you all out of doubt, I will declare unto you the special cause that moved me hereunto; it was a certain scrupulosity that pricked my conscience upon divers words that were spoken at a certain time by the Bishop of Bayonne, the French king's ambassador, who had been here long upon the debating for the conclusion of a marriage to be concluded between the princess, our daughter Mary and the Duke of Orleans, the French king's second son.

"And upon the resolution and determination thereof, he desired respite to advertise the king his master thereof, whether our daughter Mary should be legitimate in respect of the marriage which was sometime between the queen here and my brother the late prince Arthur. These words were so conceived within my scrupulous conscience, that it bred a doubt within my breast, which doubt pricked, vexed, and troubled so my mind, and so disquieted me, that I was in great doubt of God's indignation; which, as seemed me, appeared right well; much the rather for that he hath not sent me any issue male; for all such issue male as I have received of the queen died incontinent after they were born; so that I doubt the punishment of God in that behalf. Thus being troubled in waves of a scrupulous conscience, and partly in despair of any issue male by her, it drave me at last to consider the estate of this realm, and the danger it stood in for lack of issue male to succeed me in this imperial dignity. I thought it good, therefore, in relief of the weighty burden of scrupulous conscience, and the quiet estate of this noble realm, to attempt the law therein, and whether I might take another wife in case that my first copulation with this gentlewoman were not lawful; which I intend not for any carnal concupiscence, nor for any displeasure or mislike of the queen's person or age, with whom I could be as well content to continue during my life, if our marriage may stand with God's laws, as with any woman alive; in which point consisteth all this doubt that we go now about to try by the learned wisdom and judgment of you our prelates and pastors of this realm here assembled for that purpose; to whose conscience and judgment I have committed the charge, according to the which, God willing, we will be right well contented to submit ourself, to obey the same for our part. Wherein after I once perceived my conscience wounded with the doubtful case herein, I moved first this matter in confession to you, my Lord of Lincoln, my ghostly father. And forasmuch as then yourself were in some doubt to give me counsel, moved me to ask further counsel of all you, my lords; wherein I moved you first, my lord of Canterbury, axing your licence (forasmuch as you were our metropolitan) to put this matter in question; and so I did of all you, my lords, to the which ye have all granted by writing under all your seals, the which I have here to be showed.' 'That is truth, if it please your highness,' quoth the Bishop of Canterbury; 'I doubt not but all my brethren here present will affirm the same.' 'No, sir, not I,' quoth the Bishop of Rochester, 'ye have not my consent thereto.' 'No! ha' the!' quoth the king; 'look here upon this: is not this your hand and seal?' and showed him the instrument with seals. 'No, forsooth, sire,' quoth the Bishop of Rochester, 'it is not my hand nor seal!' To that quoth the king to my Lord of Canterbury, 'Sir, how say *ye?* is it not his hand and seal?' 'Yes, sir,' quoth my Lord of Canterbury. 'That is not so,' quoth the Bishop of Rochester, 'for indeed you were in hand with me to have both my hand and seal, as other of my lords had already done; but then I said to you that I would never consent to no such act, for it were much against my conscience; nor my hand and seal should never be seen at any such instrument, God willing; with much more matter touching the same communication between us.' 'You say truth,' quoth the Bishop of Canterbury; 'such words

ye said unto me ; but at the last ye were fully persuaded that I should for you subscribe your name, and put to a seal myself, and ye would allow the same.' 'All which words and matter,' quoth the Bishop of Rochester, 'under your correction, my lord, and supportation of this noble audience, there is nothing more untrue.' 'Well, well,' quoth the king, 'it shall make no matter; we will not stand with you in argument herein, for you are but one man.' And with that the court was adjourned until the next day of this sesion."

[Queen Katharine.]

[Palace at Bridewell.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Palace at* Bridewell. *A Room in the* Queen's *Apartment*.

The QUEEN, *and some of her* Women, *at work*.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles:
Sing, and disperse them if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made[a] a lasting spring.
Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art:
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now

[a] The modern editors, without the slightest authority, read—

"There had *been* a lasting spring."

Gent. An 't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit* Gent.] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming. Now I think on 't,
They should be good men;[a] their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.[b]

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;

[a] We follow the punctuation of the original. The ordinary reading is—

"I do not like their coming, now I think on 't."

[b] The old Latin proverb—"Cucullus non facit monachum."

I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?
Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.
Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There 's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'Would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number,) if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them,
I know my life so even: If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: Truth loves open dealing.
Wol. Tanta est ergà te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—
Q. Kath. O good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me she has had much wrong: Lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv'd in English.
Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed,
And service to his majesty and you,
So deep suspicion where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.
Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,)—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.
Q. Kath. To betray me. [*Aside.*
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
Ye speak like honest men; pray God, ye prove so!
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.
Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears;
Your hopes and friends are infinite.
Q. Kath. In England
But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,)
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out[a] my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.
Cam. I would your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.
Q. Kath. How, sir?
Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He 's loving, and most gracious; 't will be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You 'll part away disgrac'd.
Wol. He tells you rightly.
Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.
Cam. Your rage mistakes us.
Q. Kath. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend them, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;

[a] *Weigh out*—outweigh.

Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If you have any justice, any pity;
If ye be anything but churchmen's habits;)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—(let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends)—a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 't is not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes? [*To her* Women.
Shipwrack'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allow'd me:—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I 'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you 'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray, forgive me,
If I have us'd myself[a] unmannerly;
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Antechamber to the* King's *Apartment.*

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, *the* DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *the* EARL OF SURREY, *and the Lord* Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints

[a] *Us'd myself*—deported myself.

And force [a] them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Anything on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he 's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true,
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce: For if
It did take place, 'I do,' quoth he, 'perceive,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.'

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to 't!

Nor. All men's!

Suf. There 's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suf. No, no;
There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The king cried, ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him
And let him cry ha, louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: [a] shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen; but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer 's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'T is so.
The cardinal—

[a] *Force*—enforce. So in Measure for Measure:—
"Has he affections in him
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would *force* it?"

[a] The construction is here difficult, and the meaning equivocal. The passage means probably that Cranmer is actually return'd *in his opinions*—in the same opinions which he formerly maintained, supported by the opinions of "all famous colleges."

Enter WOLSEY *and* CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he 's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?
Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.
Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?
Crom. Presently
He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance: You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me a while.— [*Exit* CROMWELL.
It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen! No; I 'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen!
No, we 'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!
Nor. He 's discontented.
Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!
Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
This candle burns not clear; 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.
Nor. He is vex'd at something.
Suf. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the KING, *reading a schedule; and* LOVELL.

Suf. The king, the king.
K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords,
Saw you the cardinal?
Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.
K. Hen. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd: And wot you what I found
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.
Nor. It 's heaven's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet
To bless your eye withal.
K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.
[*He takes his seat, and whispers* LOVELL, *who goes to* WOLSEY.
Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness!
K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband: and am glad
To have you therein my companion.
Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.
Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well-saying!
K. Hen. 'T is well said again;
And 't is a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.
Wol. What should this mean?
Sur. The Lord increase this business! [*Aside.*
K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?
Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours:—my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fil'd with my abilities: Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.
K. Hen. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: The honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you, than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 't were in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.
Wol. I do profess
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.[a]
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.
K. Hen. 'T is nobly spoken:
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't.—Read o'er this;
[*Giving him papers.*
And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.
[*Exit* KING, *frowning upon* CARDINAL WOLSEY: *the* Nobles *throng after him, smiling, and whispering.*
Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger 's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper:
I fear, the story of his anger.—'T is so:
This paper has undone me: 'T is the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 't will stir him strongly; Yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What 's this—'To the Pope?'
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness:

[a] *That am, have, and will be.* There is certainly some corruption in this passage; for no ellipsis can have taken this very obscure form. Z. Jackson suggests "that *aim* has and will be." This is very harsh. We might read "That aim I have, and will"—*will* being a noun.

And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter the Dukes of Norfolk *and* Suffolk, *the* Earl of Surrey, *and the Lord* Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.
Wol. Stay,
Where 's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.
Suf. Who dare cross them,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye? and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the king,
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave me:
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life, and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patent: Now, who'll take it?
Sur. The king, that gave it.
Wol. It must be himself then.
Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.
Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland:
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.
Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.
Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou should'st feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.
Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.
Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I 'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.
Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!
Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.
Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You 'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Suf. I'd rather want those than my head. Have at you.
First, that, without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere [a] undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 't is virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,—

[a] *Mere*—absolute.

That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection:—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we 'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but* WOLSEY.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspéct of princes, and their ruin, [a]
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer, [b]
Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

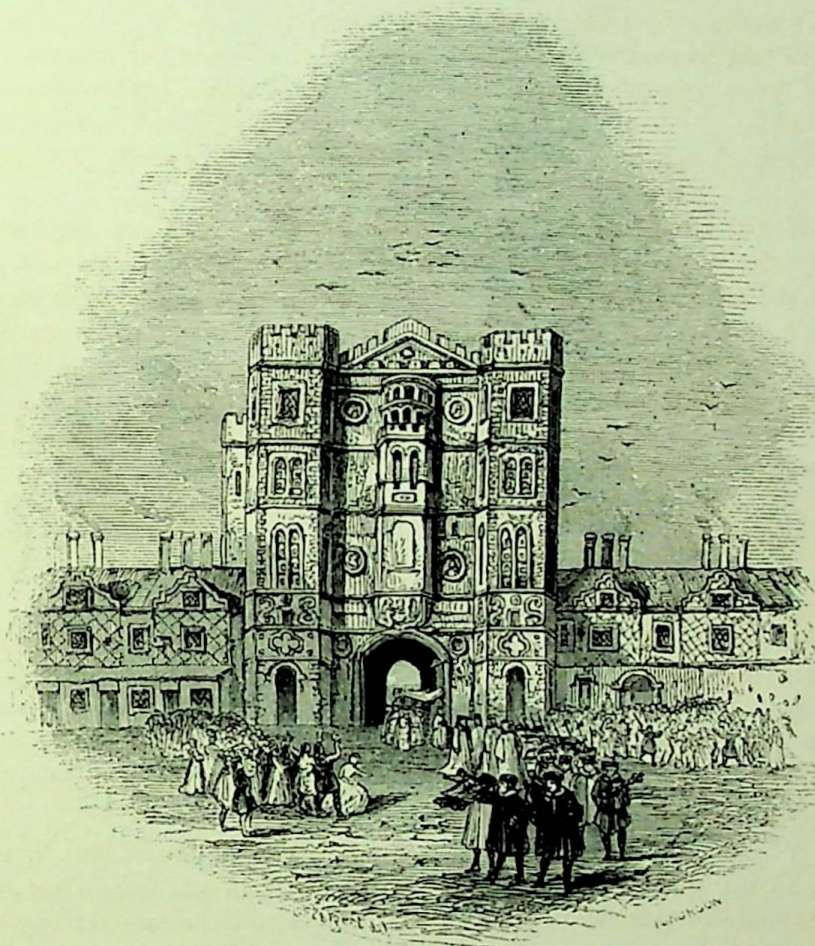
Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder

[a] *Their ruin*—the ruin which princes inflict.
[b] This passage was probably suggested by the noble apostrophe in Isaiah:—"How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!"

A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.
Crom. How does your grace?
Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
O, 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.
Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.
Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.
Wol. God bless him!
Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.
Wol. That 's somewhat sudden:
But he 's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?
Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.
Wol. That 's news indeed.
Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell,
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.
Crom. O, my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—Prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,

And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell. [*Exeunt.*

[York Place.]

[Cardinal Campeius.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT III.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

THE scene of the visit of the Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius to Queen Katharine has its origin in the narrative of Cavendish:—

" And then my lord rose up and made him ready, taking his barge, and went straight to Bath Place to the other cardinal, and so went together unto Bridewell, directly to the queen's lodging; and they, being in her chamber of presence, showed to the gentleman usher that they came to speak with the queen's grace. The gentleman usher advertised the queen thereof incontinent. With that she came out of her privy chamber with a skein of white thread about her neck, into the chamber of presence, where the cardinals were giving of attendance upon her coming. At whose coming quoth she, 'Alack, my lords, I am very sorry to cause you to attend upon me; what is your pleasure with me?' 'If it please you,' quoth my lord cardinal, 'to go into your privy chamber, we will show you the cause of our coming.' 'My lord,' quoth she, 'if you have anything to say, speak it openly before all these folks, for I fear nothing that ye can say or allege against me, but that I would all the world should both hear and see it; therefore I pray you speak your minds openly.' Then began my lord to speak to her in Latin. 'Nay, good my lord,' quoth she, 'speak to me in English I beseech you; although I understand Latin.' 'Forsooth, then,' quoth my lord, 'Madam, if it please your grace, we come both to know your mind, how ye be disposed to do in this matter between the king and you, and also to declare secretly our opinions and our counsel unto you, which we have intended of very zeal and obedience that we bear to your grace.' 'My lords, I thank you then,' quoth she, 'of your good wills; but to make answer to your request I cannot so suddenly, for I was set among my maidens at work, thinking full little of any such matter, wherein there needeth a longer deliberation, and a better head than mine, to make answer to so noble wise men as ye be; I had need of good counsel in this case, which toucheth me so near; and for any counsel or friendship that I can find in England, they are nothing to my purpose or profit. Think you, I pray you, my lords, will any Englishman counsel or be friendly unto me against the king's pleasure, they being his subjects? Nay, forsooth, my lords! and for my counsel in whom I

do intend to put my trust be not here; they be in Spain, in my native country. Alas, my lords! I am a poor woman lacking both wit and understanding sufficiently to answer such approved wise men as ye be both, in so weighty a matter. I pray you to extend your good and indifferent minds in your authority unto me, for I am a simple woman, destitute and barren of friendship and counsel here in a foreign region: and as for your counsel, I will not refuse, but be glad to hear.'

"And with that she took my lord by the hand, and led him into her privy chamber, with the other cardinal, where they were in long communication: we, in the other chamber, might sometime hear the queen speak very loud, but what it was we could not understand. The communication ended, the cardinals departed and went directly to the king, making to him relation of their talk with the queen, and after resorted home to their houses to supper."

The circumstance of Wolsey incurring the king's displeasure through the accidental discovery of a "schedule" of his wealth is not supported by historical authority. The story is told somewhat differently of Thomas Ruthall, Bishop of Durham; who sent to the king, through Wolsey, a book upon his private affairs, instead of a 'Treatise on the Estate of the Kingdom,' each having been bound in white vellum.

The dramatic condensation of the action has produced some historical confusion. The Duke of Norfolk whom we meet in the first scene, before Buckingham's arrest in 1521, died in 1525. The Duke of Norfolk who succeeded him is the same person as the Earl of Surrey of the present scene, for Buckingham was his "father-in-law." Between the arrest of Wolsey, and the christening scene, Shakspere meant, probably, to change the persons; for we have in the procession "the old Duchess of Norfolk." The Earl of Surrey is then Henry Howard.

The demand of the great seal from Wolsey was made by the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk; and the proceeding is thus detailed by Cavendish:—

"After Cardinal Campeggio was thus departed and gone, Michaelmas Term drew near, against the which my lord returned unto his house at Westminster; and when the term began he went to the hall in such-like sort and gesture as he was wont most commonly to do, and sat in the chancery, being chancellor. After which day he never sat there more. The next day he tarried at home, expecting the coming of the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk, who came not that day, but the next day came thither unto him; to whom they declared how the king's pleasure was that he should surrender and deliver up the great seal into their hands, and to depart simplily unto Asher, a house situate nigh Hampton Court, belonging to the bishopric of Winchester. My lord, understanding their message, demanded of them what commission they had to give him any such commandment? Who answered him again, that they were sufficient commissioners in that behalf, having the king's commandment by his mouth so to do. 'Yet,' quoth he, 'that is not sufficient for me, without farther commandment of the king's pleasure; for the great seal of England was delivered me by the king's own person, to enjoy during my life, with the ministration of the office and high room of chancellorship of England: for my surety whereof, I have the king's letters patent to show.' Which matter was greatly debated between the dukes and him with many stout words between them; whose words and

[Duke of Suffolk.]

checks he took in patience for the time; in so much that the dukes were fain to depart again without their purpose at that present, and returned again unto Windsor to the king; and what report they made I cannot tell: howbeit, the next day they came again from the king, bringing with them the king's letters. After the receipt and reading of the same by my lord, which was done with much reverence, he delivered unto them the great seal, contented to obey the king's high commandment; and seeing that the king's pleasure was to take his house, with the contents, was well pleased simply to depart to Asher, taking nothing but only some provision for his house.

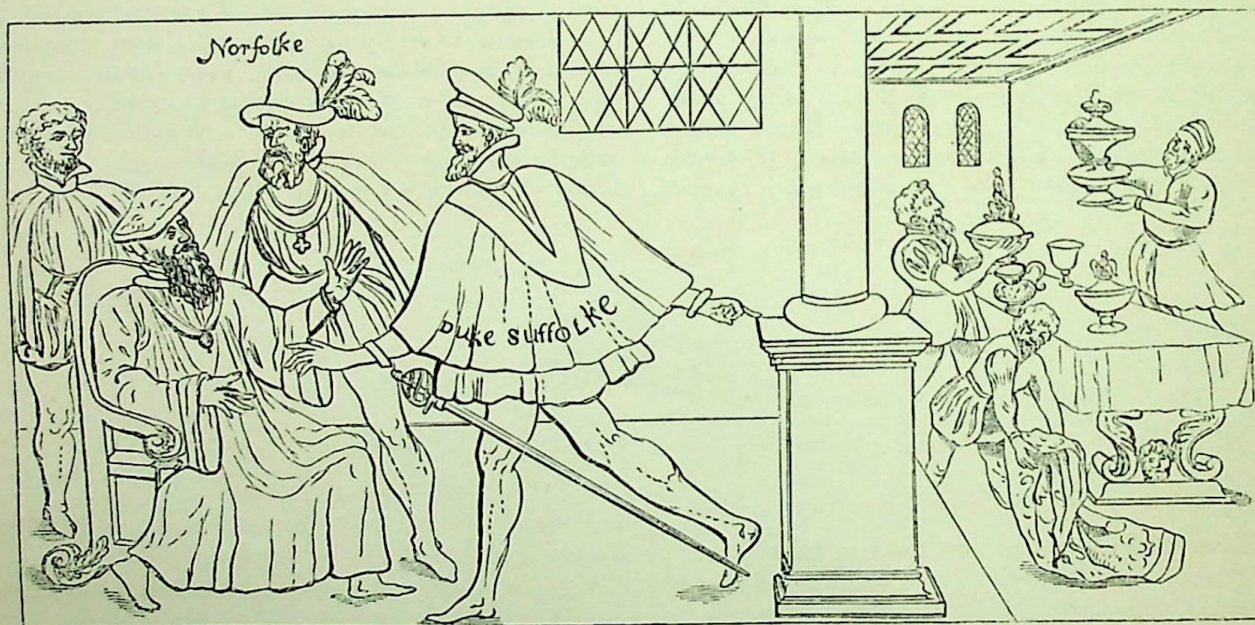
"And after long talk between the dukes and him, they departed, with the great seal of England, to Windsor, unto the king. Then went my lord cardinal and called all officers in every office in his house before him, to take account of all such stuff as they had in charge."

The articles of accusation against Wolsey are given at length in the old historians; but they were first correctly printed by Lord Coke in his 'Institutes.' The more important of them are found in the charges heaped upon the fallen man by Surrey Suffolk, and Norfolk.

The touching exclamation of Wolsey—

> "Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
> I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
> Have left me naked to mine enemies"—

is found in Cavendish:—

"Well, well, Master Kingston," quoth he, "I see the matter against me how it is framed; but if I had served God as diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs."

[Wolsey surrendering the Great Seal.]

[Scene I.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street in* Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

1 *Gent.* You are well met once again.
2 *Gent.* And so are you.
1 *Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and behold
The lady Anne pass from her coronation?
2 *Gent.* 'T is all my business. At our last encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.
1 *Gent.* 'T is very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;
This general joy.
2 *Gent.* 'T is well: The citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds,
(As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward,)
In celebration of this day with shows, [a]
Pageants, and sights of honour.
1 *Gent.* Never greater,
Nor, I 'll assure you, better taken, sir.
2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?
1 *Gent.* Yes; 't is the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.
2 *Gent.* I thank you, sir; had I not known those customs,

[a] We have punctuated this according to a suggestion by Boswell.

I should have been beholding[a] to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?
1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was remov'd to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.
2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady!— [*Trumpets.*
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of Trumpets: then, enter

1. *Two Judges.*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
3. *Choristers singing.* [Music.
4. *Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and, on his head, a gilt copper crown.*
5. *Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know;—
Who's that that bears the sceptre?
1 *Gent.* Marquis Dorset:
And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.
2 *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman: And that should be
The duke of Suffolk.
1 *Gent.* 'T is the same; high-steward.
2 *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk?
1 *Gent.* Yes.
2 *Gent.* Heaven bless thee!
[*Looking on the* QUEEN.
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he strains that lady;
I cannot blame his conscience.
1 *Gent.* They that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.
2 *Gent.* Those men are happy; and so are all, are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.
1 *Gent.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.
2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed;
And, sometimes, falling ones.
1 *Gent.* No more of that.
[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a Third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?
3 *Gent.* Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more; I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.
2 *Gent.* You saw the ceremony?
3 *Gent.* That I did.
1 *Gent.* How was it?
3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.
2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.
3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her: while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman

[a] *Beholding.*—This is not a corrupt word, but one constantly used by the writers of Shakspere's day. We have an example of it in Greene's 'Groat's Worth of Wit.'

That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up: and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams [a]
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, 'This is my wife,' there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But, what follow'd?

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar: where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems,
Laid nobly on her; which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum.* So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gent.* Sir,
You must no more call it York-place, that is past:
For, since the cardinal fell, that title 's lost;
'T is now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

3 *Gent.* I know it;
But 't is so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one, of Winchester,
(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,)
The other, London.

2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gent.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there 's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend.—The king
Has made him master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I 'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, *Dowager, sick; led between* GRIFFITH *and* PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death:
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden: reach a chair;—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted,) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words,—'O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!'
So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself

[a] *Rams*—battering-rams.

Foretold should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity:—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Tied [a] all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: I' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.[b]
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower.
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn music.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her;—Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend curtsies; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.

[a] *Tied.*—There is a great controversy amongst the commentators whether this word means *limited*,—infringed the liberties—or *tithed*. We have no doubt that the allusion is to the acquisition of wealth by the cardinal.

[b] We have not followed the punctuation of the old copy; for that a man should not only be a scholar from his cradle, but a ripe and good one, is more than remarkable. We have no doubt that the passage was formed upon a sentence in Holinshed:—"This cardinal was a man undoubtedly *born to honour*."

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me.
[*Music ceases.*
Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!
Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.
Pat. Heaven comfort her!

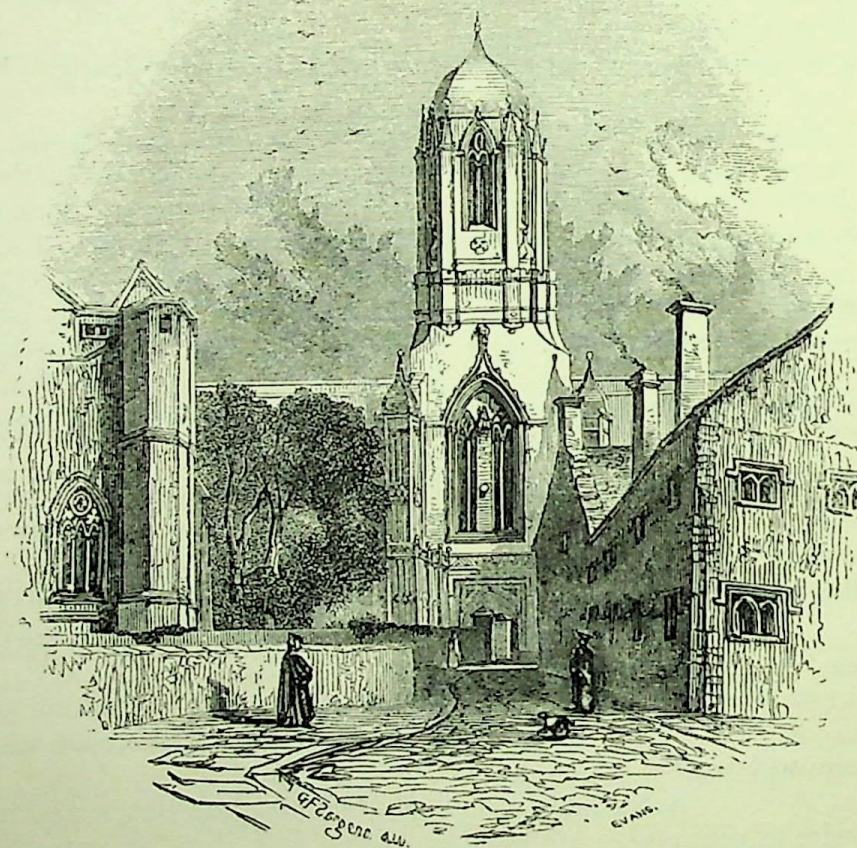
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—
Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?
Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.
Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.
[*Exeunt* GRIFFITH *and* Messenger.

Re-enter GRIFFITH, *with* CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.
Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?
Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'T is like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?
Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?
Pat. No, madam.
[*Giving it to* KATHARINE.
Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.
Cap. Most willing, madam.
Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men;—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me;—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by;
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents:—And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.
Cap. By heaven, I will;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!
Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless'd him,

For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good
wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may
know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. [*Exeunt, leading* KATHARINE.

[Christ Church, Oxford.]

[Sir T. More.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT IV.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

The ceremonies attending the coronation of Anne Bullen are most minutely described by Hall. From that source Shakspere derived not only the narration in the first scene of this act, but "the Order of the Procession." Sir Thomas More was the chancellor on this occasion; and he is introduced again in the fifth act.

We have only space for a fragment of Hall's description; nor, indeed, would it afford any illustration of the text to transcribe his somewhat tedious exposition of the magnificent homage of the court and the city to one upon whom the axe fell within three years:—

"When she was thus brought to the high place made in the middes of the church between the choir and the high altar, she was set in a rich chair. And after that she had rested awhile she descended down to the high altar and there prostrate herself, while the Archbishop of Canterbury said certain collects; then she rose, and the bishop anointed her on the head and on the breast; and then she was led up again, where, after divers orisons said, the archbishop set the crown of St. Edward on her head, and then delivered her the sceptre of gold in her right hand, and the rod of ivory with the dove in the left hand, and then all the choir sang *Te Deum*," &c.

The circumstances which preceded the death of Wolsey are described by Cavendish:—

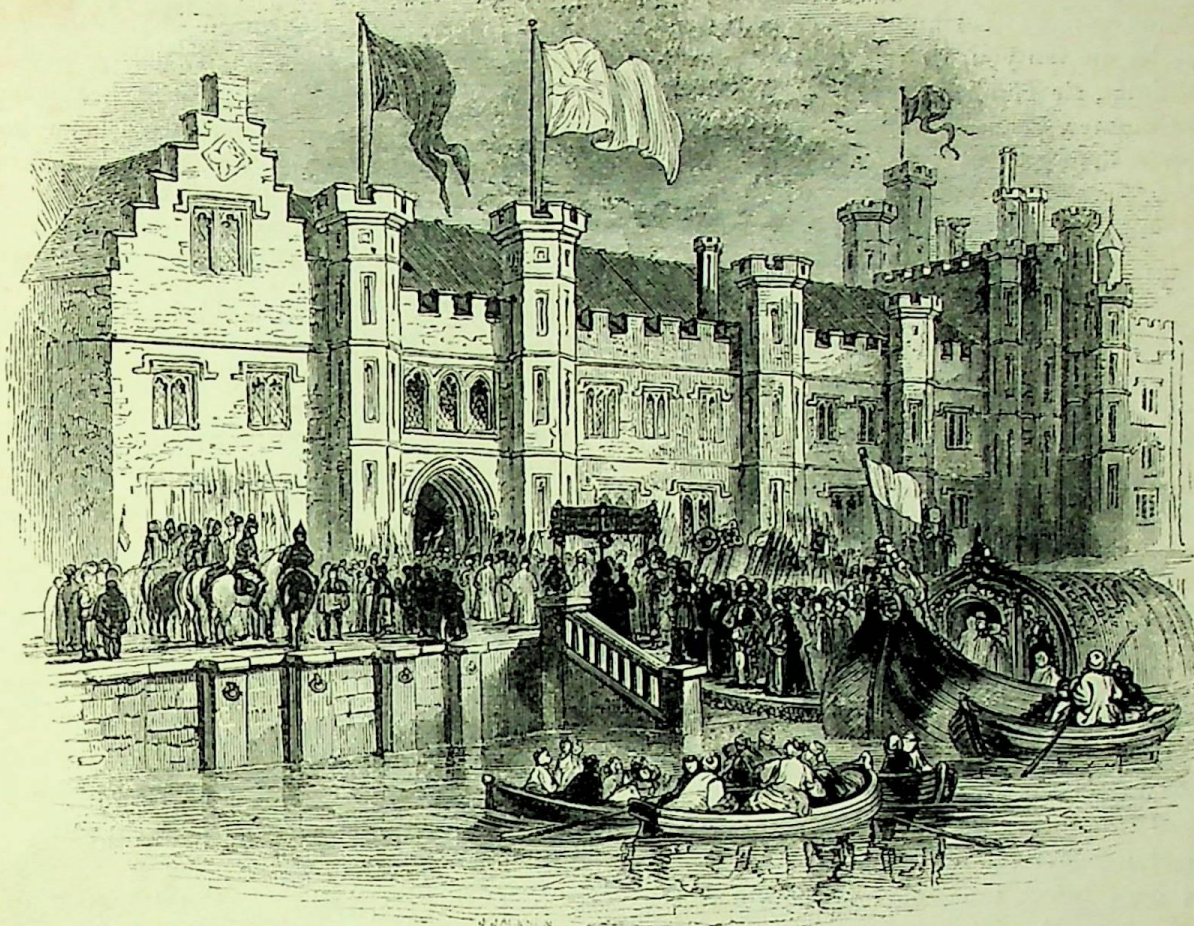
"And the next day he took his journey with Master Kingston and the guard. And as soon as they espied their old master in such a lamentable estate, they lamented him with weeping eyes, whom my lord took by the hands, and divers times by the way, as he rode, he would talk with them, sometime with one and sometime with another. At night he was lodged at a house of the Earl of Shrewsbury's, called Hardwick Hall, very ill at ease. The next day he rode to Nottingham, and there lodged that night, more sicker, and the next day we rode to Leicester Abbey; and by the way he waxed so sick that he was divers times likely to have fallen from his mule; and being night before we came to the Abbey of Leicester, where, at his coming in at the gates, the abbot of the place, with all his convent, met him with the light of many torches; whom they right honourably received with great reverence. To whom my lord said, 'Father Abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you;' whom they brought on his mule to the stairs' foot of his chamber, and there alighted; and Master Kingston then took him by the arm and led him up the stairs, who told me afterwards that he never carried so heavy a burden in all his life. And as

soon as he was in his chamber he went incontinent to his bed, very sick. This was upon Saturday at night; and there he continued sicker and sicker.

"Upon Monday in the morning, as I stood by his bedside, about eight of the clock, the windows being close shut, having wax-lights burning upon the cupboard, I beheld him, as me seemed, drawing fast to his end. He, perceiving my shadow upon the wall by his bedside, asked who was there? 'Sir, I am here,' quoth I. 'How do you?' quoth he to me. 'Very well, sir,' quoth I, 'if I might see your grace well.' 'What is it of the clock?' said he to me. 'Forsooth, sir,' said I, 'it is past eight of the clock in the morning.' 'Eight of the clock?' quoth he; 'that cannot be:' rehearsing divers times 'eight of the clock—eight of the clock—nay, nay,' quoth he at the last, 'it cannot be eight of the clock, for by eight of the clock ye shall lose your master, for my time draweth near that I must depart out of this world.'"

The letter of Katharine to the king, of which the substance is in Holinshed, was first published by Polydore Virgil, and was translated by Lord Herbert:—

"My most dear lord, king, and husband,—

"The hour of my death now approaching, I cannot choose but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever: for which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles. But I forgive you all, and pray God to do so likewise. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have heretofore desired. I must entreat you also to respect my maids, and give them in marriage (which is not much, they being but three), and to all my other servants a year's pay besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell."

[Scene IV. Palace at Greenwich. Returning from the Christening.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Gallery in the Palace.*

Enter GARDINER, *Bishop of* Winchester, *a* Page *with a torch before him, met by Sir* THOMAS LOVELL.

Gar. It 's one o'clock, boy, is 't not?
Boy. It hath struck.
Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir Thomas!
Whither so late?
Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?
Gar. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero
With the duke of Suffolk.
Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.
Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What 's the matter?
It seems you are in haste; an if there be
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: Affairs that walk
(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.
Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen 's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She 'll with the labour end.
Gar. The fruit she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.
Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She 's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.
Gar. But, sir, sir,—

Hear me, sir Thomas: You are a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'T will not, sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,—
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—
Beside that of the jewel-house, he 's made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade [a] of more preferments,
With which the time will load him: The archbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue: And who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think I have
Insens'd the lords o' the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is,)
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they mov'd,
Have broken [b] with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented.[c] He 's a rank weed, sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your servant.

[*Exeunt* GARDINER *and* Page.

As LOVELL *is going out, enter the* KING, *and the* DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind 's not on 't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy 's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha!
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'T is midnight, Charles,
Prithee to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Will not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night.

[*Exit* SUFFOLK.

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'T is true: Where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us.

[*Exit* DENNY.

Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake;
I am happily come hither. [*Aside.*

Re-enter DENNY, *with* CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.

[LOVELL *seems to stay.*

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.
What!— [*Exeunt* LOVELL *and* DENNY.

Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?
'T is his aspect of terror. All 's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

---

[a] *Trade*—habitual course, path *trodden*.—See Richard II., Act III., Sc. IV.

[b] *Broken with*—communicated with. So in the Two Gentlemen of Verona:—

"I am to *break* with thee of some affairs."

[c] *Convented*—summoned.

Cran. It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. 'Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me
your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being con-
sider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: You a brother
of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know
There's none stands under more calumnious
tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;
Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard
you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh
not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the
whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their
practices
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been
done.
You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them; if they shall
chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man
weeps!
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest
mother!
I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.—[*Exit* CRANMER.]
He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. [*Within.*] Come back. What mean
you?

Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I
bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good
angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her—'t is a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 't is as like
you
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell,—

Enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir.

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I 'll to the queen. [*Exit* KING.

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I 'll have more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this the girl is like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now
While it is hot, I 'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Lobby before the Council-Chamber.*

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-Keeper, *&c., attending.*

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—Hoa!
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me;

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: The king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit* BUTTS.

Cran. [*Aside.*] 'T is Butts,
The king's physician; as he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door; a fellow-counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter, at a window above, the KING *and* BUTTS.[1]

Butts. I 'll show your grace the strangest sight,—

K. Hen. What 's that, Butts?

Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha! 'T is he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'T is well there 's one above them yet. I had thought
They had parted[a] so much honesty among them,
(At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there 's knavery:
Let them alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon. [*Exeunt.*

The Council-Chamber.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, *the* DUKE OF SUFFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, *Lord* Chamberlain, GARDINER, *and* CROMWELL. *The* Chancellor *places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the* ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. *The rest seat themselves in order on each side.* CROMWELL *at the lower end, as secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.
[CRANMER *approaches the council-table.*

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: But we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable

[a] *Parted*—shared.

Of our flesh; few are angels:[a] out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,
(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords: for those that tame wild horses
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewell, all physic; and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
'Pray heaven the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower,
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end,
'T is my undoing: Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 't is a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be conveyed to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?

[a] We follow the original. Malone reads—

> "But we are all men,
> In our own natures frail, *in*capable;
> Of our flesh, few are angels."

The text of the original is not clear, but it is not mended by this dilution. We believe that the poet attached a definite meaning to the expression "capable of our flesh."

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords;
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Cham. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'T is no counterfeit.

Suf. 'T is the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'T would fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'T is now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
'Would I were fairly out on 't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.

Enter KING, *frowning on them; takes his seat.*

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear,
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now; and in my presence,
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach; you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.
Good man, [*to* CRANMER] sit down. Now let me see the proudest
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that 's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think his place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom; There 's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men,) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I am sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well, he 's worthy of it,
I will say thus much for him, if a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: How may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons;[2] you shall have
Two noble partners with you; the old duchess of Norfolk,
And lady marquis Dorset: Will these please you?
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.
Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.
K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart.
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, 'Do my lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Palace Yard.*

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter *and his* Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: Do you take the court for Paris-garden?[3] ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.[a]

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue: Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to them.—I'll scratch your heads: You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 't is as much impossible
(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons)
To scatter them, as 't is to make them sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.
Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?
Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.
Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand, to mow them down before me: but, if I spare any that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-drake[a] did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out, *clubs!*[4] when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff to me; I defied them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let them win the work: The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse,[5] their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of them in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.

[a] *Gaping*—shouting. The "gaping pig" of Shylock meant probably the roaring pig.

[a] *Fire-drake.* An *ignis-fatuus* was so called; and the name was also given to any artificial firework.

There 's a trim rabble let in: Are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An 't please your honour
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule them.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for 't, I 'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards,[a] when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;
They are come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I 'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I 'll make your head ache.

Port. You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail;
I 'll pick you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Palace.*

Enter trumpets, sounding; then Two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK, *with his marshal's staff,* DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *Two* Noblemen *bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts; then Four* Noblemen *bearing a canopy, under which the* DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, *godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a* Lady: *then follows the* MARCHIONESS OF DORSET, *the other godmother, and* Ladies. *The troop pass once about the stage, and* Garter *speaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter KING *and Train.*

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop,
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord.—
[*The* KING *kisses the child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hands I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they 'll find them truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall bless her:
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her:
In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,

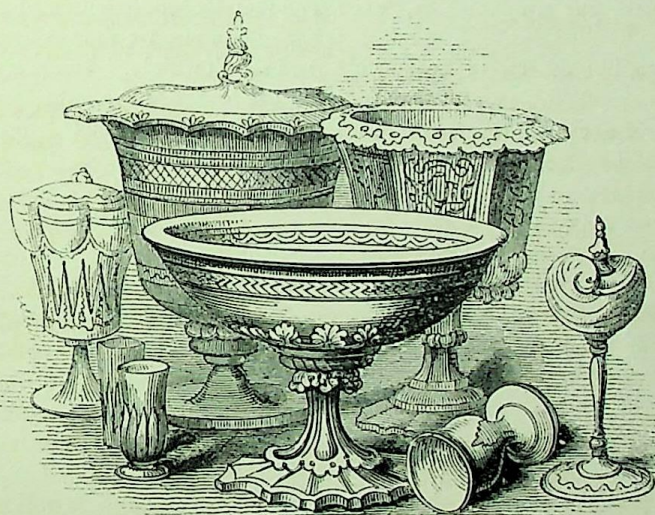
[a] *Bumbards*—ale-barrels.

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour, and the greatness of his name,
Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him:——Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

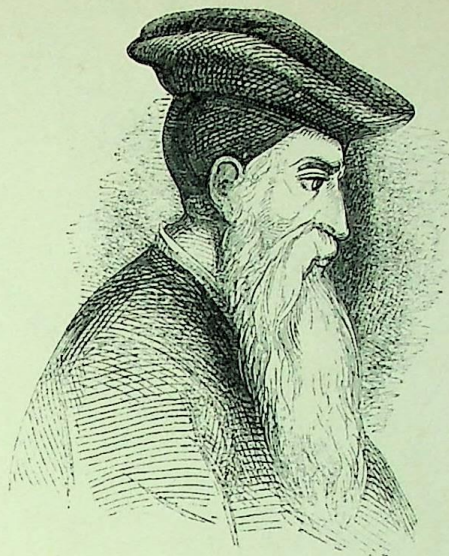
K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.[a]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man; never, before
This happy child, did I get anything:
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.
I thank ye all,—to you, my good lord mayor,
And you, good brethren, I am much beholding;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords;
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house; for all shall stay;
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

[a] The passage ending here, and beginning
"Nor shall this peace sleep with her,"
is held to be an interpolation, and is ordinarily printed in brackets. Differing from the usual opinions, for reasons stated in our Introductory Notice, we have removed the marks by which the supposed interpolation is commonly distinguished.

[Group of Christening Gifts.]

EPILOGUE.

'T is ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here: Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 't is clear,
They 'll say 't is naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—'that 's witty!'
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we are like to hear,
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd them: If they smile,
And say, 't will do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 't is ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

[Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

[1] SCENE II.—" *At a window above.*"

THE old mode of building castles or mansions, by which a principal room could be commanded from a window opening into it, is illustrated by a letter from Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1573:—" And if it please her Majesty, she may come in through my gallery, and see the disposition of the hall in dinner-time, at a window opening thereunto."

[2] SCENE II.—" *You'd spare your spoons.*"

The allusion is to the practice of sponsors at a christening presenting the child with spoons, called apostle spoons. The old plays contain many allusions to this custom ; as in a comedy of Middleton's :—

" 2 *Gos.* What has he given her?—what is it, gossip?
3 *Gos.* A fair high standing cup, and two great *'postle spoons*, one of them gilt."

[3] SCENE III.—" *Paris-garden.*"

The bear-garden on the Bankside, remarkable enough to be distinguished in the maps of London in the time of Elizabeth.

[4] SCENE III.—" *Who cried out, clubs!*"

The cry of *clubs* was sure to draw together the London " truncheoneers ;" and the appearance of " the hope of the Strand " cannot fail to remind us of the heroic apprentices of the watchmaker of Fleet Street, in that inimitable picture of ancient manners, ' The Fortunes of Nigel.' See Illustrations of Romeo and Juliet, Act I., Sc. I.

[5] SCENE III.—" *The Tribulation of Tower Hill, or the limbs of Limehouse.*"

These allusions are perhaps now inexplicable. Johnson supposed *the Tribulation* to have been a puritanical meeting-house. But why should the " youths that thunder at a playhouse " be endurable by the frequenters of the Tribulation. Because, says Steevens, such an audience was familiarized to excess of noise by the bellowings of their preachers. Is it not, that the puritans, hating playhouses, approved of the uproar of those who " fight for bitten apples," because it disturbed those that came to hear ?"

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATION.

SHAKSPERE, who, according to Malone, read no history but Holinshed's, may now be traced to another source—to one of the most popular books in our language, ' Fox's Acts and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs,' printed in 1563. Our poet saw the dramatic power of this scene, though the occurrence took place long after the birth of Elizabeth :—

" When night came, the king sent sir Anthony Denny about midnight to Lambeth to the archbishop, willing him forthwith to resort unto him at the court. The message done, the archbishop speedily addressed himself to the court, and coming into the gallery where the king walked and tarried for him, his highness said, ' Ah, my lord of Canterbury, I can tell you news. For divers weighty considerations it is determined by me and the council, that you to-morrow at nine of the clock shall be committed to the Tower, for that you and your chaplains (as information is given us) have taught and preached, and thereby sown within the realm such a number of execrable heresies, that it is feared, the whole realm being infected with them, no small contention and commotions will rise thereby amongst my subjects, as of late days the like was in divers parts of Germany,

[Cromwell, Earl of Essex.]

and therefore the council have requested me, for the trial of the matter, to suffer them to commit you to the Tower, or else no man dare come forth as witness in those matters, you being a counsellor.'

"When the king had said his mind, the archbishop kneeled down, and said, 'I am content, if it please your grace, with all my heart, to go thither at your highness' commandment; and I must humbly thank your Majesty that I may come to my trial, for there be that have many ways slandered me, and now this way I hope to try myself not worthy of such report.'

"The king, perceiving the man's uprightness, joined with such simplicity, said, 'Oh Lord, what manner o' man be you? What simplicity is in you? I had thought that you would rather have sued to us to have taken the pains to have heard you and your accusers together for your trial, without any such indurance. Do you not know what state you be in with the whole world, and how many great enemies you have? Do you not consider what an easy thing it is to procure three or four false knaves to witness against you? Think you to have better luck that way than your master Christ had? I see by it you will run headlong to your undoing, if I would suffer you. Your enemies shall not so prevail against you; for I have otherwise devised with myself to keep you out of their hands. Yet, notwithstanding, to-morrow when the council shall sit, and send for you, resort unto them, and if, in charging you with this matter, they do commit you to the Tower, require of them, because you are one of them, a counsellor, that you may have your accusers brought before them without any further indurance, and use for yourself as good persuasions that way as you may devise; and if no entreaty or reasonable request will serve, then deliver unto them this my ring (which then the king delivered unto the archbishop), and say unto them, If there be no remedy, my lords, but that I must needs go to the Tower, then I revoke my cause from you, and appeal to the king's own person by this token unto you all; for (said the king then unto the archbishop) so soon as they shall see this my ring, they know it so well that they shall understand that I have reserved the whole cause into mine own hands and determination, and that I have discharged them thereof.'

"The archbishop, perceiving the king's benignity so much to him wards, had much ado to forbear tears. 'Well,' said the king, 'go your ways, my lord, and do as I have bidden you.' My lord, humbling himself with thanks, took his leave of the king's highness for that night.

"On the morrow, about nine of the clock before noon, the council sent a gentleman usher for the archbishop, who, when he came to the council-chamber door, could not be let in, but of purpose (as it seemed) was compelled there to wait among the pages, lackeys, and servingmen all alone. D. Butts, the king's physician, resorting that way, and espying how my lord of Canterbury was handled, went to the king's highness, and said, 'My lord of Canterbury, if it please your grace, is well promoted: for now he is become a lackey or a servingman, for yonder he standeth this half-hour at the council-chamber door amongst them.' 'It is not so (quoth the king), I trow, nor the council hath not so little discretion as to use the metropolitan of the realm in that sort, specially being one of their own number. But let them alone (said the king) and we shall hear more soon.'

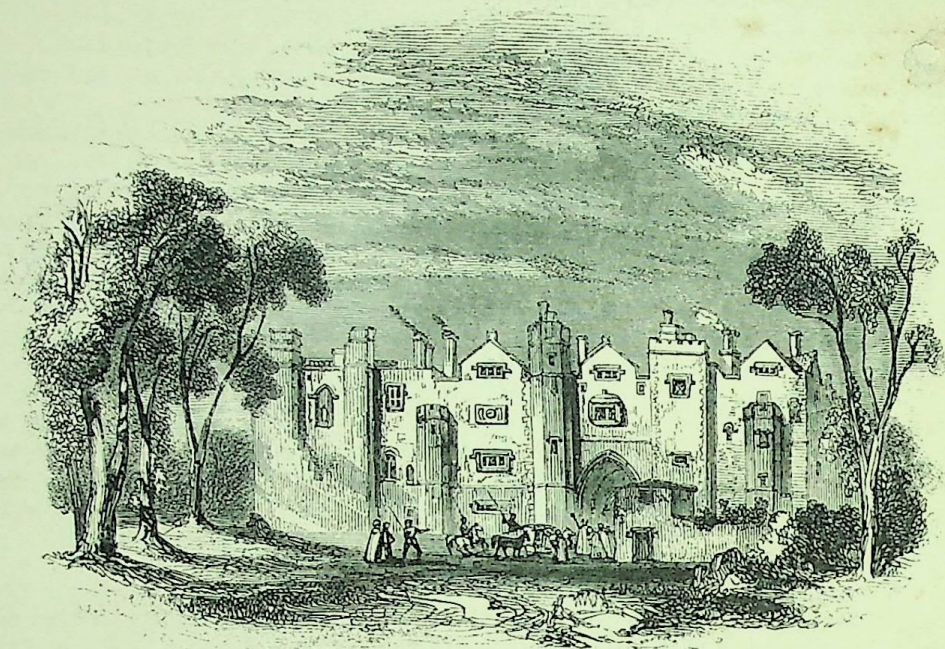
"Anon the archbishop was called into the council-chamber, to whom was alleged as before is rehearsed. The archbishop answered in like sort as the king had advised him; and in the end, when he perceived that no manner of persuasion or entreaty

could serve, he delivered them the king's ring, revoking his cause into the king's hands. The whole council being thereat somewhat amazed, the earl of Bedford, with a loud voice, confirming his words with a solemn oath, said, 'When you first began the matter, my lords, I told you what would become of it. Do you think that the king would suffer this man's finger to ache? Much more (I warrant you) will he defend his life against brabling varlets. You do but cumber yourselves to hear tales and fables against him.' And incontinently upon the receipt of the king's token they all rose, and carried to the king his ring, surrendering that matter, as the order and use was, into his own hands.

"When they were all come to the king's presence, his highness, with a severe countenance, said unto them, 'Ah, my lords, I thought I had had wiser men of my council than now I find you. What discretion was this in you thus to make the primate of the realm, and one of you in office, to wait at the council-chamber door amongst servingmen? You might have considered that he was a counsellor as well as you, and you had no such commission of me so to handle him. I was content that you should try him as a counsellor, and not as a mean subject. But now I well perceive that things be done against him maliciously, and if some of you might have had your minds, you would have tried him to the uttermost. But I do you all to wit, and protest, that if a prince may be beholding unto his subject (and so solemnly laying his hand upon his breast, said), by the faith I owe to God, I take this man here, my lord of Canterbury, to be of all other a most faithful subject unto us, and one to whom we are much beholding, giving him great commendations otherwise.' And, with that, one or two of the chiefest of the council, making their excuse, declared, that in requesting his indurance, it was rather meant for his trial and his purgation against the common fame and slander of the world, than for any malice conceived against him. 'Well, well, my lords (quoth the king), take him, and well use him, as he is worthy to be, and make no more ado.' And with that, every man caught him by the hand, and made fair weather of altogethers, which might easily be done with that man."

The christening of the Princess Elizabeth at Greenwich is the last "show" of this "historical masque." In the description of this ceremony Hall is again superb. The most important part of the day's proceeding is briefly despatched by the chronicler:—

"The godfather was the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury; the godmothers were the old Duchess of Norfolk and the old Marchioness of Dorset, widows; and the child was named Elizabeth: and after that all thing was done, at the church-door the child was brought to the fount, and christened, and this done, Garter chief king of arms cried aloud, 'God, of his infinite goodness, send prosperous life and long to the high and mighty Princess of England Elizabeth:' and then the trumpets blew, then the child was brought up to the altar, and the Gospel said over it: and after that immediately the Archbishop of Canterbury confirmed it, the Marchioness of Exeter being godmother, then the Archbishop of Canterbury gave to the Princess a standing cup of gold: the Duchess of Norfolk gave to her a standing cup of gold, fretted with pearl: the Marchioness of Dorset gave three gilt bowls, pounced, with a cover: and the Marchioness of Exeter gave three standing bowls, graven, all gilt, with a cover."

[Cranmer.]

[Leicester Abbey.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

> "I come no more to make you laugh; things now,
> That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
> Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
> Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
> We now present."

This is the commencement of the most remarkable prologue of the few which are attached to Shakspere's plays. It is, to our minds, a perfect exposition of the principle upon which the poet worked in the construction of this drama. Believing, whatever weight of authority there may be for the contrary opinion, that the Henry VIII. was a new play in 1613, there had been a considerable interval between its production and that of the Henry V.,—the last in the order of representation of his previous Histories. During that interval several of the poet's most admirable comedies had been unquestionably produced; and the audience of 1613 was perhaps still revelling in the recollections of the wit of Touchstone, or the more recent whimsies of Autolycus. But the poet, who was equally master of the tears and the smiles of his audience, prepares them for a serious view of the aspects of real life:—"I come no more to make you laugh." He thought, too, that the popular desire for noisy combats, and the unavoidable deficiencies of the stage in the representation of battle-scenes—he had before described it as an "unworthy scaffold" for "vasty fields"—might be passingly adverted to; and that the Clowns of the same stage, whom he had indeed reformed, but who still delighted the "ears of the groundlings" with their extemporal rudeness, might be

slightly renounced. He disclaimed, then, "both fool and fight:" these were not amongst the attractions of this work of his maturer age. He had to offer, weighty and serious things, sad and high things, noble scenes that commanded tears; state and woe were to be exhibited together; there was to be pageantry, but it was to be full of pity; and the woe was to be the more intense from its truth. And how did this master of his art profess to be able to produce such deep emotion from the exhibition of scenes that almost came down to his own times; that the fathers and grandfathers of his audience had witnessed in their unpoetical reality; that belonged not to the period when the sword was the sole arbiter of the destinies of princes and favourites, but when men fell by intrigue and not by battle, and even the axe of the capricious despot struck in the name of the law? There was another great poet of this age of high poetry, who had indicated the general theme which Shakspere proposed to illustrate in this drama:—

> "What man that sees the ever-whirling wheel
> Of Change, the which all mortal things doth sway,
> But that thereby doth find, and plainly feel,
> How Mutability in them doth play
> The cruel sports to many men's decay?" *

From the first scene to the last, the dramatic action seems to point to the abiding presence of that power which works

> "Her cruel sports to many men's decay."

We see the "ever-whirling wheel," in a succession of contrasts of grandeur and debasement; and even when the action is closed, we are carried forward into the depths of the future, to have the same triumph of "mutability" suggested to our contemplation. This is the theme which the poet emphatically presents to us under its aspect of sadness:—

> "Be sad, as we would make ye: Think ye see
> The very persons of our noble story,
> As they were living; think you see them great,
> And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
> Of thousand friends; then in a moment see
> How soon this mightiness meets misery."

Bearing in mind the great principle of the play, it appears to us to open with singular art. The Field of the Cloth of Gold is presented to our view, not as a mere piece of ordinary description, but as having a dramatic connexion with the principal action. By this description we are at once, and most naturally, introduced to the characters of the proud nobles whose hatred Wolsey has provoked. The sarcastic Norfolk may probably abide the frown of the great cardinal; but in the temperament of the impetuous Buckingham there is inevitable danger. What a portrait of self-willed pride has the poet drawn of Buckingham in all that scene! How the haughty peer first displays his rough contempt of "such a keech" as Wolsey; then throws out his random allegations against his honesty; next encounters him with an eye "full of disdain," and is scarcely kept from following him to the king to "outstare him;" and, finally, lashes himself to the utterance of a torrent of words, while his friends evidently tremble more for him in the consequences of his blind hatred than they look with hope to its power to injure the man whom they equally hate. And how does all this close? In—

> "my life is spann'd already:
> I am the shadow of poor Buckingham."

We see the coming end of the rash and haughty man;—his "noble blood" will be reckoned as nothing in the "beggar's book;" the "butcher's cur" will tear him.

If the arrest of Buckingham had been followed by his "coming from his arraignment," we should have seen indeed the "misery" following upon the "mightiness;" but we should not have seen the moving cause of this rapid transition of fortune. There sits the absolute king, prejudging his victim before examination:—

> "I stood i' the level
> Of a full-charg'd confederacy."

But an interruption takes place. The queen comes, in the spirit of honesty and justice, to repre-

* The Faerie Queene. Two Cantos of Mutabilitie.

sent to the king that his subjects "are in great grievance." Upon his minister does the king lay the blame, and desires the grievance to be redressed. This looks like equity and moderation :—

> "We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
> And stick them in our will."

The queen, who has obtained the redress of the subjects' wrong, is to "sit by," and hear the charges against Buckingham. To her upright and sagacious mind it is evident that [illegible]ges are the exaggerations of revenge, stimulated by corruption. The king will see only [illegible] side of the evidence. When Katharine exhorts Wolsey to "deliver all with charity," Henry desires the witness to "speak on;" when Katharine lays bare the "spleen" of the Surveyor, with Henry it is still "Let him on." The allegation rests only upon the testimony of a discarded servant as to words spoken; but upon these is the duke condemned;—for, after the decision of the king, a trial is but a form :—

> "He is attach'd;
> Call him to present trial: if he may
> Find mercy in the law, 't is his; if none,
> Let him not seek 't of us."

It is evident that the hatred of Wolsey produces the fall of Buckingham; but the ambitious minister wields a power which may turn and rend him. All with him, however, is apparent security: his greatness is at its height. The king visits his mighty subject as a familiar friend;—there is masquing and banqueting; and the gay monarch chooses the "fairest hand," and hovers round the one "sweet partner." This is the "state" which is the prelude to the "woe." Between the prejudgment of Buckingham by the king, and his formal condemnation, the cardinal's masque is interposed. It is the wonderful art of Shakspere in this play to command our entire sympathies for the unfortunate. He has taken no care to render Buckingham an object of our love or even respect, till he perishes. We think him a wilful man; we see that there is a struggle for power between him and Wolsey: it is his "misery" alone that makes us "let fall a tear." Amongst the "noble scenes" of this drama, that in which Buckingham addresses "all good people" is very noble. The deepest pathos is in—

> "When I came hither I was lord high constable,
> And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun."

But there is a deeper pathos that will "draw the eye to flow." It is foreshadowed to us even while the eye is still wet for Buckingham :—

> "Did you not of late days hear
> A buzzing of a separation
> Between the king and Katharine?"

The courtiers speak of this freely :—

> "*Cham.* It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
> Has crept too near his conscience.
> *Suf.* No, his conscience
> Has crept too near another lady."

And shall we "let fall a tear" because a just and spotless wife is about to be parted from a self-willed, capricious, tyrannical husband? If we read her character aright, we shall understand where lies the depth of her "misery." It is not in Anne Bullen's description alone that we can estimate "the pang that pinches." It is not alone that she has "lived long" with "his highness"—

> "Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
> To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter than
> 'T is sweet at first to acquire."

This is the interpretation of a young woman, to whom "majesty and pomp" look dazzling. In her notion the "divorce" from "temporal" glory is

> "a sufferance, panging
> As soul and body's severing."

It is held that this pity of Anne for her mistress is a stroke of dramatic art to render her amiable under her equivocal situation. Is it not rather the poet's profound display of the weakness of Anne's own character? The sufferings of Katharine lie deeper than this. She is one who feels

that she is about to be surrounded with the snares of injustice. She is defenceless—"a most poor woman and a stranger." She has been "a true and humble wife." But she is proud—nobly proud:—

> "Sir,
> I am about to weep; but, thinking that
> We are a queen (or long have dream'd so), certain
> The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
> I'll turn to sparks of fire."

The eloquence of that "simple woman"—her lofty bearing, her bold resolve—is not born of the clinging to temporal pomp: it issues out of the bruised spirit, whose affections are outraged, whose honour is insulted, whose dignity is trodden upon. She is all in all in this great scene. Before the grandeur of her earnest and impassioned pleading the intellect of Wolsey quails, and the self-will of Henry resorts to a justification of his motives. What a picture next is opened of the "poor weak woman, fallen from favour!" The poetry of the situation is unequalled: the queen, sitting amongst her women at work—and listening to that delicious song of "Orpheus with his lute made trees." Then is revealed the innermost grief of that wounded heart:—

> "Would ye have me
> Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
> Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
> His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
> And all the fellowship I hold now with him
> Is only my obedience. What can happen
> To me above this wretchedness?"

But the pride still remains—the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella speaks in the fallen woman's

> "nothing but death
> Shall e'er divorce my dignities."

She has lost even the power of making her dependants happy:—

> "Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?"

and then comes, out of this tenderness, the revulsion from that lofty passion to the humility of an absorbing despair:—

> "Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray, forgive me,
> If I have used myself unmannerly."

There is nothing in the compass of poetry more touching than this exhibition of the gradual subjection of a high spirit to the force of circumstances.

Another turn of "the ever-whirling wheel!" Wolsey next falls. He had none of our sympathies. We gaze upon his commanding intellect; we marvel at "his unbounded stomach;"—but we fear the crafty and daring politician. Up to the moment when the treacherous Henry gathers up his power to hurl the bolt at him—

> "and then to breakfast, with
> What appetite you may"—

we rejoice at the "instant cloud." But by the exercise of his marvellous art the poet throws the *fallen* man upon our pity. He restores him to his fellowship with humanity by his temporal abasement. The trappings of his ambition are stripped off, and we see him in his natural dignity. He puts on the armour of fortitude, and we reverence him.

The scene is changed. The stage is crowded with processional displays. There has been a coronation. We see it not; but its description is worth more than the sight:—

> "The rich stream
> Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
> To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
> A distance from her: while her grace sat down
> To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
> In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
> The beauty of her person to the people."

Anne passes from the stage;—Katharine is led in sick. Her great enemy is dead. She cannot but number up his faults; but she listens to "his good." They have a fellowship in misfortune;

and she honours his ashes. She is passing from the world. The grave hides that pure, and gentle, and noble sufferer. Anne is crowned. Her example of

> "How soon this mightiness meets misery"

was not to be shown. But who can forget it? Then comes the shadowing out of new intrigues and new hatreds; and the despot puts on an attitude of justice. Elizabeth is born. The link is completed between the generation that is past and the generation which looks upon

> "The very persons of our noble story,
> As they were living."

Shakspere has closed his great series of 'Chronicle Histories.' This last of them was to be "sad, high, and working." It has laid bare the hollowness of worldly glory; it has shown the heavy "load" of "too much honour." It has given us a picture of the times which succeeded the feudal strifes of the other 'Histories.' Were they better times? To the mind of the poet the age of corruption was as "sad" as the age of force. The one tyrant rides over the obligations of justice, wielding a power more terrible than that of the sword. The poet's consolation is to be found in the prophetic views of the future. The prophecy of Cranmer upon the reigns of Elizabeth and James is the eulogy of just government—partially realized in the age of Shakspere, but no the less a high conception, however beyond the reality, of

> "What makes a nation happy and keeps it so."

We have a few words to add on the style of this drama. It is remarkable for the elliptical construction of many of the sentences, and for an occasional peculiarity in the versification, which is not found in any other of Shakspere's works. The Roman plays, decidedly amongst the latest of his productions, possess a colloquial freedom of versification which in some cases approaches almost to ruggedness. But in the Henry VIII. this freedom is carried much farther. We have repeated instances in which the lines are so constructed that it is impossible to read them with the slightest pause at the end of each line:— the sentence must be run together, so as to produce more the effect of measured prose than of blank-verse. As an example of what we mean we will write a sentence of fourteen lines as if it had been printed as prose:—

> "Hence I took a thought this was a judgment on me; that my kingdom, well worthy the best heir of the world, should not be gladded in 't by me: Then follows, that I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in by this my issue's fail: and that gave to me many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in the wild sea of my conscience, I did steer toward this remedy, whereupon we are now present here together; that 's to say, I meant to rectify my conscience,—which I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—by all the reverend fathers of the land, and doctors learn'd."

If the reader will turn to the passage (Act II., Sc. IV.) he will see that many of the lines end with particles, and that scarcely one of the lines is marked by a pause at the termination. Many other passages could be pointed out with this peculiarity. A theory has been set up that Jonson "tampered" with the versification. We hold this notion to be utterly untenable; for there is no play of Shakspere's which has a more decided character of unity—no one from which any passage could be less easily struck out. We believe that Shakspere worked in this particular upon a principle of art which he had proposed to himself to adhere to, wherever the nature of the scene would allow. The elliptical construction, and the licence of versification, brought the dialogue, whenever the speaker was not necessarily rhetorical, closer to the language of common life. Of all his historical plays, the Henry VIII. is the nearest in its story to his own times. It professed to be a "truth." It belongs to his own country. It has no poetical indistinctness about it, either of time or place: all is defined. If the diction and the versification had been more artificial it would have been less a reality.

END OF HISTORIES.

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